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**The
Haverfordian**

June

Volume XLIV Number 1



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The Haverfordian

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The Dance

Mercutio—Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have
you dance.

Romeo—Not I, believe me: you have dancing
shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

IF IT is fitting for youth to describe life and love and happiness, it is more fitting for an old man to write about life's real meaning. Havelock Ellis is only sixty-five years old, but life has gone much faster with him than with most men, because he has lived so much of it earnestly. He has not only lived it, but thought about it a good deal. His last book* is the key to all that went before; for its ideas have been running through his head ever since he was young. It is the attempt of a philosopher to tell what life means to him. It gathers together the greatest aspects of living and puts them together in a homogeneous whole.

Life is not a serious affair to most of the older generation. They take it frivolously indeed. The idea of life's being a dance scarcely occurs to a young man, who, though he does dance, thinks dancing one of the lighter and more ungodly forms of spending time. Havelock Ellis thinks that dancing is one of the most worthwhile ways that exists for self-expression. It is the basis of fine art and is really the only common and vital force

*The Dance of Life, by Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923. \$4.

that still remains in our civilization, by which everyone that can move participates in the expression of beauty. In itself dancing can scarcely be called a fine art, but "there are many arts, not among those we conventionally call 'fine', which are fundamental for living."

Dancing and religion cannot be separated, try as you may. Religion, after all, is the symphonic expression of all the pulsations of living, and dancing expresses the pulsations themselves. Every primitive religion since the dawn of our social consciousness has been largely a dance. Many men today give their service to God in a dance, notably the Roman Catholic mass. Even the word "mass" itself may come ultimately from the Sanscrit word *math*, which means to set in motion. Everything in the spirit and mind is set forth in terms of motion, however minute; then, is not dancing a high manifestation of spirit, for its motion is an *ordered* beat? We talk in rhythm, eat in rhythm, breathe in rhythm, live our daily lives in rhythm. Why then should we not move our bodies in rhythm? All the important deeds of life are in rhythm. The highest things that men have ever done have been the supreme embodiments of these rhythms. Nothing more than that. "If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life."

Dancing and love are very closely allied and always have been. A colloquial expression that almost everyone has heard is, "I will dance at your wedding." But you do not dance at anyone's wedding, at least not in our urbane society of today. Instantly upon thinking of dancing a man thinks of a woman and a woman of a man. So dancing becomes not only the expression of physical and spiritual exuberance, but of sexual feeling, too. The three of them are one, of course, but sometimes our expressions give outlet to one or two, but leave the other

two or one to take care of themselves. Dancing gives outlet to them all. There is often a feeling of immense well-being after dancing, even though there is physical exhaustion, too. It is the well-being of a co-ordinated character; it is the revivification and tonicity of a human being.

We think in rhythm, even as we dance. Indeed, some men's thinking bears very close resemblance to dancing; they go round and round forever and when they end have only had the fun of going around to pay for it. We spend years in being "educated", only that we may think in the accustomed rhythms. When we step a bad step we are punished for it. Sometimes we may even be cast out of the dance and made to dance our own step or seek admission in another less difficult or more congenial set. Day by day within our own little dance we step to the pipings of five or six different musicians. One of them pipes "Physics" at us and we dance with vigor and devotion; another pipes "French", another "History", and each time we hop out and foot it to a new tune. Perhaps someone far enough away can tell what a beautifully harmonic pattern our different dances make, but that is far from us. They are pretty dances themselves, but do they mean anything in the Dance of Life? Something, or course, but we cannot tell until we are old, perhaps never.

A thinker is an artist and a dancer, at least an interpretative dancer. There are a good many scientists who abhor the thought of art or artistry in thinking of their science, but who do admit that art has a certain power "in its place." They are deluding themselves and are like the sand-hogs who dig the foundations for a great piece of architecture. They are doing the dirty work of science, but get none of the joy of creating the beautiful whole. Great scientists have been great artists. They have heard the pulsing pipings of the uni-

verse and have been able to say that these rhythms, however small, are beautiful, and *why* they are so. They have attuned their ears to the tinklings of the atoms and have molded their knowledge with powerful hands into shapes that make men wonder. Most great scientists realize that science is an art, just as music or painting is. Einstein says of Max Planck, the physicist: "The emotional condition which fits him for his task is akin to that of a devotee or a lover."

As long as life is a dance we must dance it well and in tune with the greatest music that we hear—be it the music of the spheres or the words of a preacher like Jesus. That is always the great problem: what is the best step? It is the art of morals to find out the best step in the dance. The moralist is the dancing master and some of his pupils learn easily, some learn hard, some never learn at all. Some go to one dancing-master, some to another. Everyone dances to the same great tune, but not everyone dances the same step to it. There are few collisions on a dance floor, yet everyone may be dancing a different step to the same rhythm. When one man tells another his morals are low, he is a fool. Their steps may be different, but one of them is not necessarily bad; if it were, he would trip and fall and be trampled on.

If we have nimble souls we can dance the Dance of Life in our motions, in our thoughts, in our writing, in our religion, in our morals. If we have leaden souls we must be wallflowers and watch the others dance. It would be better to die.

Ames Johnston, '25.

Faith's Prodigy

JUD EMERSON had a religion, one which might have originated from some deep reverie, but which actually originated from the fluent words of the parson. There was no complication about this form of worship. Jud had been raised in the midst of a society of mill workers where there was not much room for a common creed. People just had something they called religion. Of course they could not be heathens so they took various means of letting the world know that they were religious; either by possessing one of those huge family Bibles, with sufficient space set aside for births, marriages, and deaths; or by some routine out of the ordinary for the observance of the Lord's day, maybe to church or a family worship of some sort. On the whole, religion was just something to have, an ornament, a piece of furniture.

Now, Jud's family was wont to go to church, occasionally; for special observance of Christmas, Easter and New Year's; or on threat of some dire calamity fallen on the house or vicinity. It so happened that the parson of this little district was one who doted on faith. Faith was his keyword, about which he read various passages from the Bible, then gave a vehement sermon on his text, which was sure to contain the keynote of the sermon, faith. Vehement I might say from the stand-point of the persuasive rendering; the widespread use of the arms, the resounding fist on the oaken pulpit, the rising on tiptoe to put the words of the Lord farther into the air; then the use of the handful of metaphors and similes to enlighten his congregation more clearly as to what he was trying to put forth. The stentorian

voice put the fear of God into their souls, and incidentally kept them awake; for it must be remembered—the reverend lost his own line of thought at times.

But he meant well, the parson. He had been schooled in a small seminary where a point is made, and only this point, of conveying the word of God to the parish in a way by which the minister's annual income would be best influenced. This school taught the firm and confident hand-grasp, the oily manner of hunching the shoulders, the head to be inclined at a forty-five degree angle (alternating of course from the left to the right), at the same time looking into the face of the parisher with the contrite heart effect. In other words, it trained its pupils to earn their bread without much manual labor. This parson had his congregation at his fingers' ends. His compassionate manner and his keyword "faith" were his only means of subsistence, and he manipulated them well.

So faith became the much used word of the congregation and leaked into the Emerson home sometimes, when old man Emerson was "afeard to lose his job," whereupon Ma Emerson admonished her husband to have faith in the Lord, and everything would come out all right. Thus little Jud, standing by, absorbed the word into his system and used it when he felt the necessity of some toy or new article of clothing.

The time came when Jud came to man's estate, alone in the world, and still clinging to the parson's keynote "faith". In fact he decided to let faith do all the work. When he went to bed, he would kneel and pray in much the same way every night, assuring the Lord that he had faith in Him, and imploring Him to supply the wherewithal to lay his head and nourish his body.

Apparently his prayers were answered, for he got a

job in a local factory where he worked simply as a matter of habit at the work upon which he had been "fetched up". But pretty soon he began to let faith do his work. He believed in God. God would take care of him. Why wouldn't He? Jud had more religion than his fellow-workers. In fact he had never heard them say anything about religion, nor faith either. They gambled and played ball on Sunday, while Jud only read wild west stories or called on Molly. Now, why would the Lord take care of these "blasphemers", as Jud called his co-workers, and not take care of Jud. He had taken care of them so far, because they still had their jobs. Jud guessed the Lord took care of them just out of pity. "Then," Jud reasoned, "He'll be extra good to me 'cause I got faith in 'Im."

This reasoning took on all the complications of a day-dream. Jud dreamed of wealth and sumptuousness—Molly in a spotless calico, with a straw bonnet hanging on her freckled arm, picking daisies and forget-me-nots for her own Jud. Suddenly Jud felt someone standing behind him; it was the foreman. "Say, young man, it's three times that I've caught yer a-nappin'. Suppose yo' be the leavin' of us."

"Yer mean I'm fired?"

"An' sure, d'yer think I was talkin' to the Man in the Moon?"

This incident had happened many times and oft, when Jud came to the conclusion that to all intents and purposes God did not want him to work in a factory. Here Jud reached the end of his thinking power and went to see Molly.

Molly was a farmer's daughter and "fetched into this world to do the daily chores," as her father would have put it. Working from early morn till sunset, Molly usually came to sit in the swinging bench on the porch, rocking gently to and fro, singing a simple

but airy tune the while. Here she brought her sewing, mending, darning, and that of the rest of the family. Naturally there was not much room for poor Jud. But Jud was not in a position to wait till Sunday, he needed "spir'tual advice", as he called it, but which really amounted to nothing but a heated discussion as to where faith could carry him next. He therefore sought the one side of Molly's bench which was not piled with the sewing, mending, darning and what-not cut out for the evening's toil.

"Lost me job at Sothclaw terday."

"Lord a-livin' Jud, when are ye ever goin' to hold one; still hangin' to thet faith business o' your'n?"

"Sure'n," affirmed Jud, as if Molly were infringing on his sacred rights. "That's me religion and I think it's pretty good."

"Jud, you're a loafer."

"No I ain't. 'Tain't that I don't wanna work, it's just that God don't want me ter."

"What is He a-wantin' yer for, anyhow?"

"I ain't quite figgered—"

"Figger nothin', yer never did figger."

"Gee Mol, ain't yer got a kind word fer me somewhere," whined Jud.

"No I ain't. I've told yer ten times agin that yerafeared o' workin' and what's more yer needn't come around no more 'til yer done thrivin' on yer faith."

So Jud lost Molly. He did not feel the loss as would other fellows of his age, when they had lost their best feminine partner. There was nothing of romance in Jud's life. For Jud had not come into the sexual instincts that were wont to come over the adult youth. Molly was just a companion; to talk to, to pluck flowers for, not that the flower plucking had any sentiment attached thereon, but just because Molly liked flowers, and anything Molly liked, Jud liked. He loved the soft

moonlight because Molly did, not because it aroused any feeling of emotion within himself. One thing, however, Molly didn't like; but Jud could not bring himself to the same persuasion—The Faith Theory of Sustenance.

It was not a matter of putting his theory into practice. No, it was quite well established along those lines. So Jud's next step was to follow the maxim "Practice Makes Perfect." This led to the necessity of bigger channels in which to work; therefore he migrated to the big city. Here Jud tried everything from taking Pekinese pups out for a walk, to the selling of balloons at the women's republican convention. In his first position Jud allowed his faithful charges to gain too much weight by permitting them to feed on the refuse of the gutters. In his last job, well, the women all left their offspring at home to give their undivided attention to politics, I suppose. So Jud sold no balloons. It was a shame. The pretty balloons, green, yellow, and red; cigar-shaped and round, and nobody would buy them. Jud did not walk over to the park where there was a profusion of children. The thought never occurred to him. So he sold his rubber wares for twenty-five cents and trotted off to drown his sorrow in a cup of Instant Postum.

The twenty-five cents bought the last three repasts. Whereupon Jud began to subsist on faith alone. Down, down he went; into the very pits of Hell, or what might have been Hell to any normal-minded individual. But to Jud it was simply God's will. After a while Jud was beginning to feel that God was not fulfilling His part of the bargain. "There He is sitting up in Heaven with no troubles of His own," reasoned Jud once more. Of course He was sitting, for hadn't the parson said something about "sitting on the Right Hand of God the Father." If the Son were sitting, was not the Father? queried Jud, trying to put two and two together. Thus was the personification of a deity in the simple, placid

mind of Jud. But Jud felt it his duty to pray once more his timid prayer of faith.

* * *

It was a cold winter afternoon; the kind that keeps you moving—when standing still is torture. Christmas was near and on every corner could be heard the clanking of the tambourines and the tinkle of the little nickel bells. Molly had come to town. She was going to celebrate her nuptials next week and so had come down to "fetch home" some last things for her trousseau. Molly had a kind heart, so she stopped before one of the shivering Santa Clauses in answer to a nimble cry for "Keep the pot a-boilin', keep the pot a-boilin'." Molly gave fire, or rather fuel to the pot and gave a kindly smile to its brewer.

"Hullo Mol," came a flimsy voice through a dirty gray beard of cotton.

"Why Jud!" she gasped, then recovering, "Still living on faith, Jud?"

"No, Mol, I'm earning my board and keep now." Jud's face was beaming with pride.

"Do yer call this a-workin'?" Mol was sorry she said this. As she looked into his face she saw she was wrong. Yes, Jud was working and working hard. It was a lazy looking job but it was meant for Jud's kind. The Salvation Army was Jud's little world. There were only two requirements, faith and a willingness to work. The first Jud always did have; the second just came natural after the Salvationists had resurrected him from the gutter. Somehow, working for God wasn't half so bad as working for the nasty foreman. Jud could dream away all his heart desired and nobody was the worse for wear, except when Jud held the money box upside down. In which case the Children's Christmas Dinner suffered the loss of a few pennies. But not many, for Jud would come to earth every once in a while and correct this minor detail.

J. Dean Joly, '26.

The Tragedy of the Last Little Princess

THE King of Many Years was squatting on his favorite eight-cornered red velvet cushion—a magnificent cockatoo was embroidered on it in purple and salmon beads. This cushion had cost fully three and thirty hides full of beautifully polished pebbles from the Spring of Thousand Colors, and furthermore the cockatoo was the King's own particular bird; so he squatted very carefully and took care not to let his feet touch the velvet, for he was King of the Country of Purple Shadows.

The King of Many Years was squatting very thoughtfully, and his right cheek rested pensively on his left hand. And all the Nubians whispered,

"The King thinketh deeply. 'Tis strange. What can ail him?"

To which the live cockatoos that sat perched in a row on an ebony rod precisely over the King's baldachin replied in their own way.

The King of Many Years was indeed confronting a serious problem—a problem that might have puzzled men of an even more analytic mind than he possessed. For his wives had in order presented him with six children—one, then another, then another, and another, till there were six. And they had all been princesses—not one single prince in the whole lot! And now he had received word that a seventh child was crossing the Valleys of the Joyous Agony; was it to be a prince, or a seventh princess?

While their father was squatting on his favorite

cushion in the Chamber of Cockatoos, the six little princesses were sitting in the jasmine garden, talking of the impending arrival. All six of them were clad in emerald-dyed kimonos, with gilded coronets on their straight black hair, and they were playing with their angora kittens. They were playing, but in reality they all thought of the seventh child, and they all hoped that it would be a prince as much as they feared that it would be a princess. They were really convinced that it would be a princess.

"And she will have straight black hair, like the rest of us," said the first.

"And an emerald-dyed kimono," said the second.

"And a gilded coronet," said the third.

"And curled-up shoes," said the fourth.

"And an angora kitten," said the fifth.

"And a mole on her left shoulder," said the sixth, who was still the youngest. All the little Princesses were very much distressed by these birthmarks on their left shoulders, and it was at least a consolation that all the future offspring of the King of Many Years would be afflicted by a similar disfigurement.

—It was a Princess.

A Seventh Princess.

The King's only answer to the news had been, "I'm through with *that*."

And so they all called her the Last Little Princess. The other six each had a name—the name of a flower; but this one was called the Last Little Princess, and that was all.

But it was strange; for the hair of the Last Little Princess was curly and golden, and stranger yet, she had no birthmark on her left shoulder—the mole was on the right!

The Last Little Princess grew to be more beautiful every day, and the people were astounded, and whispered many strange things; for she was different!

Different. . . .

She did not have straight black hair; she had curly, golden hair.

She did not wear an emerald-dyed kimono; she wore a long silken robe with all the colors of the rainbow.

She did not wear a gilded coronet; her unbound locks fell downwards like a crystalline cataract in twilight.

She did not wear curled-up shoes; for her feet were ever bare as she walked in the jasmine garden.

She hated angora kittens; she had a little canary bird that flew about in freedom, and a squirrel that had his home far away, and a chipmunk that came forth only at daybreak.

And then, she had a birthmark on her right shoulder.

Her six sisters reproached her and coaxed her and threatened her, but the Last Little Princess did not do as they did, merely for the sake of uniformity. She followed her impulses, and ran after the opal-colored butterflies while the six sat over the pool in the jasmine garden, with their six angora kittens.

The Six Princesses grew older, and before long they arrived at the marriageable age. Princes of the countries beyond the Great Blue Waters came to woo. And one by one the Princesses left the country of Purple Shadows for distant lands. Each one was borne off by a dark-haired prince, who bound his hair in a tight ribbon of deep green samite, and wore an ancestral sword, studded with jewels, at his side, and never smiled. Each one was borne off by a prince like this, on a milk-white elephant, followed by a host of retainers.

And the people of the Country of Purple Shadows cheered and nodded their heads. . . .

But the Last Little Princess was still young, and would not be wooed by the dark-haired princes, but whispered to her canary and her squirrel and her chipmunk.

And the people of the Country of Purple Shadows wondered, and their eyes shone, and they whispered,

"The Last Little Princess will be sung of by our seed a thousand years hence!"

The Last Little Princess was ill—very ill. The physicians whispered and the astrologers murmured, while the heavy curtains of her bed moved like parched grasses in the July air. And the night fell on the gardens and on the palace and on the Last Little Princess.

Next to the head of the Last Little Princess, a window was opened, so that her spirit might glide into the blue; through it, a large, black bird flew into the chamber, to the bed of the Princess. And she moved her eyelids, and drew a deep breath, and the bird disappeared.

The Last Little Princess lived!

But months later, the canary complained to the nightingale that she loved him no longer, and played with a white angora cat. And the chipmunk and the squirrel returned no more, for they were afraid. The Little Princess now wore an emerald-dyed kimono, and curled-up shoes, and imprisoned her hair in a gilded coronet, and grieved that it was not dark like the ocean bottom; and she smiled at the princes that came to woo her.

Lo, the Last Little Princess is borne off by a dark-haired prince, who has his hair bound in a tight ribbon

of deep green samite, and wears an amethyst-studded ancestral sword at his side, and never smiles—borne off on a white elephant.

And the people of the Country of Purple Shadows cheer and nod their heads; only a few look away, and return sadly, very few.

A DREAMER'S EPILOGUE

A thousand years have passed, and the Last Little Princess is not sung of by the seed of the People of the Purple Shadows. . . .

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

Hindoo Song

(The song of the outcast mistress of a border chieftain.)

I stood and watched a scorching sun slide slowly 'neath the sea,

(Return before the morning sun, or earth's dark robes are drawn).

Another night is falling, bringing other dreams of thee,

(Return before the morning and the dawn).

Forsaken by the women, cursed, deserted by the men,

(Return before the morning makes the fleeting moon-beams fail).

The hillside is my hiding-place, my home the fox's den,

(Return before the morning stars grow pale).

The beacon on the mountains, Lord, will guide thee coming back,

(Return before the morning drives the northern lights away).

Mine eyes are fixed expectant where it flames against the black,

(Return before the morning brings the day).

The mists that clothe the marshes weave a shroud of mallows white,

(Return before the morning, for the vale of death is nigh).

I feel death's ruthless presence stealing o'er me through the night,

(Return before the morning—or I die).

B. B. Warfield, '25.

From Marble Hall

THE country that lies along our grimy Schuylkill valley displays all the sad disfigurement of an industrial center. In the valley are the gray towns with their factories and mills. All day, the endless trains are rumbling through, and the dark smoke hovers above the river; all night the red flare of the roaring furnaces fills the sky. Along the hills, stretches the borderland of ragged, struggling little farms, the soil scarred by deserted mines and quarries, its hard roads filled with interurban traffic that sends its dust clouds drifting across front yard and meadow land.

One of these scattered hamlets, not far from Conshohocken, is Marble Hall. Marble Hall for many years supplied Philadelphia with her famous doorsteps and window ledges. It was an owner of the quarry at Marble Hall, moreover, who donated the sarcophagus of Washington, with the record of his generosity copiously inscribed upon it. Although the quarry was abandoned many years ago, and lies half filled with water, it is still impressive, and still deserves its name. It is oblong in shape, and must be two or three hundred feet in length, but the casual wanderer sees nothing of it, until, pushing through the surrounding foliage and underbrush, he comes suddenly upon a sheer precipice of gray-streaked marble, with the stagnant water lying black in the shadows far below him; there he may discern the floating, misshapen corpses of animals that have blundered over the steep walls, which rise on all sides, save at one end. In two places, rude arches have been left from wall to wall, which break the squareness of the scene.

One can still recall in imagination the lost beauty of this neighborhood, which flourished a generation ago. Here and there, among shacks and bungalows, stand dilapidated country mansions, as monuments of its former popularity. It was in one of these, a huge, square building of *rusticated* stone, that I first met Mr. McDougall. The house wore the tall windows of the Civil War period, but every ornament, every trace of its former splendor, had vanished, save only its bare bulk, and the shadowy, wide-spreading maples that surrounded it, and bordered the long walk to the front door. The big door itself stood open, and the multitudinous chickens wandered freely in and out of it, seeming to find the floor within as inviting to their nimble beaks, as the yard without.

Being all athirst—for it was in the heat of a cloudless summer afternoon that I first met Mr. McDougall—I walked around to the rear, where, as I had expected, there was an inviting pump set in the floor of the back porch—quite a long back porch, where every known article of farm or household use, from shovels and plows to washtubs, was piled or hung. Here also were the ubiquitous chickens, strutting in and out, and two black pigs, very tame.

As I approached, a man emerged from within. He was wearing overalls, and was unusually tall. His hair was straight and gray, hanging over his forehead; his face was red, deep-furrowed everywhere with wrinkles, thin and worn, as were his long, bony hands; one of his ears had been cut away almost in entirety.

“My name is McDougall,” said he, “What do you want?” His tone was somewhat hostile, as if he were suspicious of my innocent presence. I asked for water.

“Help yourself,” he replied, and handed me a milk bottle from which to drink.

While I was accomplishing this feat, he sat down on the doorstep, lighted a black clay pipe, and began to inquire into my history. I satisfied him as to my presence on the road with a lie, for it is dangerous to try to persuade such a one that you are walking through his country simply to look at it. I ventured to ask after the state of his farm.

It was thus that we spent the entire afternoon, seated beneath the gently stirring maples, while old Mr. McDougall recited the tribulations of the agricultural life, related every misfortune that had ever broken the lonely monotony of his miserable existence. He began with the boys who stole his chickens, and passed to the blunderings of his dago hired man who had drowned the fattest horse on the place by deliberately and intentionally driving it into Preston's iron mine, and finally, waxing confident, to his son.

Jamie, it appeared, was his only living child. Jamie was an ambitious, "practical lad, with no head for business." He had worked at the mills, but could not stand the tedium; it was the same with the farm, and the furnaces did not suit him either. He had aspired to be a locomotive engineer, a motor boat builder, a prize fighter, an aeronaut, and other things, but without success. Jamie had tried truck driving, had been arrested for no reason whatsoever, and fired by his employer; he had set up a stand to sell fruit and honey and bunches of violets and things to the Sunday motorists, and even this had failed. Then the girl he loved had been persuaded to marry a prosperous young grocer, because Jamie was a ne'er-do-well.

"After that," said McDougall, "he wouldn't try to do anything. He used to go down to the Marble Hall and hang around the cliffs, looking down into the slimy water. Some thought he meant to kill himself, but I

knew he was too practical to do it, if he wanted to kill himself, by jumping into that stinking hole. He would of died hard.

"He wouldn't talk about it to me. Jamie's not one of your talkative fools. I ast him what he did down there, and he said he was thinking how rich he would be if he owned all the houses that had marble from Marble Hall in them. He guessed most of the monuments and burying stones at Laurel Hill must have come from there. But Jamie's usually a cheerful lad, and careless about that sort of thing. He said a mighty deal of fine stone must of come from Marble Hall, but they wouldn't get any more now.

"He used to drop stones into the water down there, and talk to himself. Some people thought he'd gone sort of crazy about the girl's marrying this grocer lad, and they wanted somebody to take him away. They say she happened by one day and saw him mooning around as usual, and called him coward and told him to go to work on some steady job. I don't know what Jamie said. They say she would of liked to of married him, if he only had a head for business. Jamie's a handsome lad."

Jamie, it seemed, had gone West, and somewhere in the West, had made good. Soon he would be a rich man. I asked at what occupation.

"Fooling the police officers," replied the old man, with paternal pride. "The world took from Jamie what Jamie will take from the world sevenfold." He drew an envelope from his pocket and produced from it a number of tattered clippings describing various feats of banditry and burglary.

"You see this one?" continued McDougall, "Well, they sold that truck load of liquor to a millionaire for more than a thousand dollars. The coppers don't know Jamie yet; they're just learning."

Until I finally bade him good-bye, the old man maundered on about his son's exploits, sucking his dirty pipe and spitting into the yard. The world had defied Jamie and Jamie would defy the world; but Jamie was a practical lad; some day he would meet another pretty girl and settle down; perhaps they would come back to the farm; then they would have an automobile and ride into the city on Saturday nights; Jamie would do well out there in the West; he needed to get away from the sickening valley, with its broken-down mines and kilns, and people, from his careless old father, from the dull, pig-littered old homestead, from Marble Hall.

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

A Letter, Late At Night

*Old Goldenheart, the dearest of old dears . . .
(Oldening thee by affection, not by years)*

*A word with thee,
A word that would like to be
As spacious and as free
As this December night of naked sky
Where one man lays his hand on other, to cry
“I love thee, love thee, O thou blest old fool!”*

*Well-mingled spirit, rich with the savory earth
Of humor; poet, jester of fecund mirth
So masterfully simple that it shows
No minim speck of sham, pretence, or pose—
So lit and winged with antic mimicry
That conies of the upper cults, or casuals of the press
Are scarcely competent to guess
Behind that gusty offhand ribaldry
The full control and pressure of great art—
Satire so waggishly disguised
Its victims would have been surprised
To know themselves were being satirized—
Satire that loved them even while it skinned them,
And chloroformed them first, before it pinned them. . . .*

*Old Goldenheart! A reverent doubtful spirit
And opal-minded, where an inward red
Burns in the milk and moonlight of the gem—
Humble and defiant, as all men are,
(Falling, as we do, from star to star),
Droll tragedian, lip pouted to consider
Life's technicals, so crooked and so slidder,*

*With such strange prizes for the highest bidder—
Old curly cherub, with the poker face, not always shaven,
But with such prankish pensiveness engraven,
You, in an age when almost everyone is clever
Never declined—No, never—
Into the easy triumphs of the smart,
Old Goldenheart.*

*So now, my dear, your hand. . . .
This is queer comfort; but you'll understand.
Now, in her weaving as it moves and shifts
Life slogs you the most terrible of her gifts;
And Chance, the wanton slattern,
In her bright deadly pattern, strange design,
(Spinning a greater artist, it may be)
Slashes her cruellest vivid twine,
The changeful silk of needless tragedy.
And we can guess
How one who labored patiently and sore
Building up his honorable store
Of happiness and refuge, secret peace,
Then sees it crash about him—how once more
The old intolerable loneliness
Darkens round him again; and he is tired, tired,
And everything is barren that he desired.
For, when the great clutch of Life takes us by the nape
Forcing us to our knees
There is no ease and no escape
Save in that terrible noble loneliness
Where man may fully, unshamefully confess
His miserable stress.*

*So, some day, with us all:
Then, even in the numbness, dizziness,
Going about our estrangèd pitiful busyness
The disciplined grin, the tittles of the day*

*Are suddenly poised on blackness, unbelief,
And we turn eyes away from small familiar things,
Their thousand little stings.
Yet this you shall recall—*

*We others, too,
Require your comfort, strength more than our own
That comes to us from you: since he alone
Can comfort, who himself has known
Horror and sickening ironies and pain.
Your honor, annealed in fire,
We also may require.*

*And all, all poets who have gone before
Are surely your brothers now.
Why I can see Chaucer coming in at the door,
I can see just how
He'd greet you, and the darling twinkled way
He'd say some trivial casual tendermost thing
As he, he only, could
(Something not all would relish; but you would)
And others who understood—
Sam Clemens, Goldsmith, Lamb . . . or even Swift.
My dear old fellow, will
You remember that Dan Chaucer loves you still?*

*Life, Goldenheart, my old,
Is a tale that is told,
But only told in part. A dream once came to me
Of a grassy headland by the sea
And a lonely shuttered house, shaken with wind:
A house most strangely wistful, locked, deserted,
Yet, I firmly knew, could I win inside
There would be consolations long denied;
But every time I tried
To approach those blistered windows, fierce concerted
Apparitions, faces not quite human, grinned*

*And mocked and peeped round corners. Blusters of wind
Banged and clapped. There were fearful cries
Disgusting to the soul, and shrieks of glee.
I cursed and went.*

*Yet . . . there's a sour pride
In knowing Life must play such idiot pranks
Hoping to terrorize.*

*Ah, Goldenheart, I think that those inherit
The bitter coronal, who can most finely wear it:
Shuddering and abased,
But not disgraced;
Proud, proud to have outfaced
The champion stroke, the merciless dirty wit
Of the Player Opposite.
And honor, wine and sunlight yet remain,
Clean wind and washing rain,
And that gigantic mirth that men so need,
And loneliness indeed,
Loneliness, which I rate high,
And the love of friends,
And by and by
Silence, the end of ends.*

Christopher Morley, '10.

Ballade To The Sun

*"Immortal Sun! They crowd the Temple stair!
Hear Thou! Thy children still Thine aid implore
And still Thou burnest cold on our despair:
Our armies all lie shattered, torn in war
By iron-robed white men from the Eastern shore;
Our valiant Princes, once in arms renowned,
Our Chiefs, their fiercely wielded weapons tore!
Smile now, O Tonatiu! Thou hast frowned.*

*"O Tonatiu! Hear Thy children's prayer!
Thou gavest life; our ancient strength restore.
We reared these walls, through years of toil and care,
Where Priests in sculptured hall and corridor
Shall burn Thy Incense Lamps forevermore;
We reared the Temple and the Temple Mound;
We mined and shaped Thy flashing Treasure Store—
Smile now, O Tonatiu! Thou hast frowned.*

*"Thy Priests their robes of gold and azure wear;
They pass, all glittering, through the gilded door,
Thy waiting Sacrifice stretched quivering there,
Red in the flaring torches, borne before;
To Thee, O Sun! Thy children's voices soar!
To Thee, O Sun! the throbbing drums resound!
The dark blood creeps across the polished floor—
Smile now, O Tonatiu! Thou hast frowned."*

ENVOY

*Immortal Sun, on cities sacked of yore,
On silent, crumbling temples, jungle bound,
On tombs of mighty kings, long lost to lore,
Smile now, O Tonatiu; thou hast frowned.*

C. C. Sellers, '25.

The Higher Code

IT HAS often been said, and not without reason, that nowhere on earth do men form stronger friendships or more lasting enmities than in the vast, silent places of the frozen North. Undoubtedly the conditions which prevail in this corner of the globe may be put down as the primary cause of this phenomenon. But there are many instances when one must go far deeper into human psychology if an adequate explanation is to be found, and such was the friendship which had so recently sprung up between Harvey Lester, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and Robert Kerns, the outlaw. In the long weeks which they had spent together both men had felt the bond growing stronger and stronger and each had come to acknowledge it in his own way. Lester had realized its significance more than ever during the past week. Even now as he lay gazing at the flickering shadows cast by the fire upon the ceiling, the problem which this attachment had created was revolving itself in his mind. He represented the law, and for twenty-three months he had followed this man's trail, always bearing in mind the parting injunction of his superior, not to return until he could bring back his man "dead or alive." He was positive now that Kerns was no murderer, and yet—

His thoughts were interrupted by a racking cough which made him sit upright upon the edge of his bed, and brought a red stain to his lips. At the gasp of pain which followed, Kerns dropped the deck of cards with which he had been amusing himself, and sprang to his side. With one arm he encircled the sufferer's waist, while with his free hand he wiped away the stain. For a

moment, neither spoke, and then the man on the cot placed his hand upon the wrist that still bore the ring-mark of a handcuff, the sight of which caused him to smile. It was indeed a capricious fate that was playing with their destinies.

"Hadn't you better lie down?" suggested Kerns finally.

The other rose in silence and made his way unsteadily to the table where he sat down, and began gathering up the cards. As his friend seated himself opposite, Lester began to laugh softly, his gray eyes glowing with a grim cold humor.

"It's queer, the way things work out, isn't it?" he said thoughtfully.

"I'll admit it is rather strange," replied Kerns, "but I fail to see where you find so much humor."

"It's been just twenty-three months since I set out to get you," continued Lester. "Just twenty-three months to the day, and a merry chase you led me, too. I haven't spent two nights within ten miles of the same place. It was a great game, Bob, a great game, and I'm afraid it was my last. But I won, Old Timer; you'll have to admit that. And I won fairly, too; the breaks were all even."

"Yes," assented Kerns, "you beat me, and I'll even go so far as to admit that the breaks were all mine. You played the game so fairly that when the frost got your lung——"

"You helped me to this cabin, and have been nursing me like a baby for the last week," finished Lester. "And, what's more, you did it after I had chased you through two years of Hell, knowing full well that if I recover and finish the journey, a hangman's noose awaits you at the end. Either a broken neck for you, or a broken

pledge for me. You could take my life just as easily as not, but instead, Old Pal, you risk your own in more ways than one just to save it. And that's where the humor comes in."

He paused, and again his frame was torn by that racking cough, and as he gripped the edge of the table, that red stain appeared on his lips again. After a moment he continued:

"Yes, and you've been doing more than risking your own life, Kerns. You're *starving* yourself, and have been for the last three days trying to make the grub hold out until we can reach Circle City."

The other shook his head. "No, you're wrong there, Lester. If I haven't been eating as much as usual the last few days, it's merely because I haven't had enough exercise to make me hungry."

"It's no use," said Lester. "I've watched you when you ate. You could just as easily as not finish every scrap of food we have left, in one good meal, and then you couldn't save me, no matter how hard you tried. All you'd have to do would be to dig a fair-sized hole for me outside the cabin, and then you'd be a free man again. The promise you made when I took the handcuffs from your wrists would bind you no longer."

"Don't talk that way, man, it won't work." Kerns spoke slowly and carefully, choosing his words. "I've thought of all that more than once. But men don't do things that way out here. You hunted me because you believed that I had transgressed that law which you represent. Be that as it may, the North has a higher code of its own which was established long before the white men ever invaded North of Fifty-three. It is more a code of honor than a code of laws, such as you represent, and differs from it in many ways; sometimes for better and sometimes for worse. A man can break

your law, and still keep his self-respect so that he can look the world straight in the face; but the higher code—never."

For a moment the two men looked straight into each other's eyes. Then Lester slowly stretched his lean hand across the table and grasped the other's warmly.

"I think I understand," he said quietly. "I was born and raised in England, but a man doesn't have to live in the North long to learn that higher code. But that doesn't settle what's going to happen to both of us when—"

"Yes, I've thought of that too," interrupted Kerns. "And I'm leaving here tomorrow morning for Circle City, even if it's snowing harder than ever."

"But, man, it's forty-five miles, and with this soft snow to flounder through, you couldn't make it back here in less than four days at best."

"No, you're wrong again, Lester. I'll make it in a day and a half each way, and there's enough food to last you ninety-six hours."

"But you?" cried Lester. "You can't make that trip on an empty stomach."

"I have eaten tonight, and I can get plenty at Circle City."

"But good God, Bob, can't you see that you're only wasting that food keeping me alive? I've seen this frozen lung business a dozen times or more. I'll never be—"

"Hadn't you better lie down again, old man?" asked Kerns quietly. "You're getting feverish."

The next morning Kerns left the cabin at dawn. The snow had stopped falling during the night, but the top had not yet frozen over, so that traveling was slow and laborious. He had left Lester as comfortable as possible, with everything he would need placed on a stool

within his reach. It was the sixteenth of the month, and notwithstanding the other's protests, he had promised to be back no later than the evening of the eighteenth. In spite of the fact that his snowshoes sunk deep into the new fallen snow, he made fairly good time, going straight down the bank of the Yukon, stopping only occasionally to rest his aching muscles. When darkness fell, he judged that he should be within about fifteen miles of Circle City. It had not been his original intention to reach there in one day, but as he was not anxious to spend the night in the open if he could avoid doing so he decided to push on; especially since there was a strong wind blowing on his back. But as time passed the strain began to tell; each time he lifted his foot his snowshoes seemed to be made of lead. As the night progressed, the gale from the north steadily grew stronger, and at times, a particularly powerful blast would cause him to lose his balance and pitch forward on his hands.

Kerns covered those last fifteen miles in about four and a half hours, traveling in a sort of daze. When he arrived at Circle City, it had begun to snow, and the thermometer was falling rapidly. He found no difficulty in obtaining food and lodging for the night.

When he arose the next morning, his muscles were stiff and sore from the excessive strain of the previous day. To add to his consternation, about two feet of fresh snow had fallen, and even now all that one could see was a swirling eddying mass of huge, star-shaped flakes. That gale from the north, those heavy gray clouds, the size and shape of those flakes, with the mercury hovering between thirty-five and forty below zero, could mean only one thing: an arctic blizzard which might last anywhere from two days to a week, and which would make traveling a most effective method of suicide, especially if the direction taken were *against* that wind. He could borrow dogs, but they would be

useless. Tired as he was, and aching in every joint, he would have been branded forever if he had asked anyone to undertake the perilous journey for him. Then, too, had he not promised that he himself would return the following night? But what did that matter? Was he not already branded a murderer? As a murderer, yes; but as a coward, as a man who had betrayed the trust of a friend, as one who had broken the higher code—death was much to be preferred.

Kerns' mind was filled with such thoughts as he hurriedly consumed the breakfast which had been provided for him. And then came another idea. Why need Lester's condition be known at all? If no one knew, no one could call him "yellow", and as for his own conscience, he doubted very much whether he or any other man could reach the cabin alive in that storm. Circumstances altered cases sometimes, and if it really was impossible to keep his promise, what would be the use of throwing away his own life trying? It might even have been that God had given him this chance for his life and his liberty, and if so, it would certainly be a crime to throw it away. Even Lester himself had tried to persuade him not to come back. Poor old Lester, how could anyone help liking him? Never had Kerns known a man whom he admired more. He wished that they might have met under different circumstances. If they had been born brothers; or, if they had been boyhood friends and then partners, it would have been better still, for brothers had a habit of quarreling too frequently, if for no other reason than because they were brothers.

And this led to another trend of thought. What would Harvey Lester do if their positions were reversed? Would he have reasoned in the same way? Somehow Kerns was doubtful. He had come to know the man pretty well during those last few days in the cabin. At

times he had been almost awed by the other's greatness of spirit. The reasoning which he had just used to save his own life did not seem to fit Lester. Yes, that was it; his way of thinking was too small to fit a man like Lester. Then he recalled the conversation in which they had discussed this very subject, less than thirty hours before. He remembered how he had resented the other's implication that he or any real man could even consider the line of action which he had been contemplating but five minutes before—namely, taking advantage of his friend's misfortune to save himself. He thought of what he himself had said regarding that Higher Code, and of the pride he had felt when he had been able to say truthfully that he had never broken it. He could not forget the look of mingled admiration and respect which Lester had given him as the two had clasped hands over the table. That look had expressed the other's sentiments more plainly than any number of words could have done, and it decided Kerns once and for all as to what his future course should be.

A quarter of an hour later, Kerns floundered slowly and laboriously past the last cabin which marked the little town of Circle City. It is not likely that anybody saw him depart, and if so, he was probably taken for a half-crazed prospector, too far gone mentally to warrant wasting the energy to warn him. The old Indian who had provided him with food and shelter had supplied him with the store of food which he now carried in a neatly rolled bundle on his back, but had asked no questions regarding his destination.

Doggedly he struggled on, mile after mile, his eyes frozen three-fourths shut, his entire body numbed in every joint by the biting cold and penetrating wind. The torturing pain from his abused muscles which had marked every step of the first few miles became deadened as time went on. If Kerns had had any hope of success

when he started out, it had vanished entirely by now; but still he pushed stubbornly on, like one bent on showing his contempt for the forces of Nature which were opposing him. He could not help thinking from time to time how strange it was that he should be risking his life—no—giving his life in a reckless attempt to save the life of a man who, if he lived, would, in all probabilities, reward him by leading him to the gallows. It was ridiculous; and yet, they had really been like partners for those few days in the cabin, and Lester had treated him as a friend, had admired and respected him as a man—as one who had never broken that Higher Code.

On the evening of the second day after Kerns had left the cabin, Lester lay much as he had been sixty hours before. He had spent most of his time lying on his cot, gazing abstractedly into the fire, or watching the reflection of its fitful flames dance to and fro on the ceiling. The first day, he had spent a couple of hours sitting at the table, amusing himself by playing solitaire; but after that, his condition had grown steadily worse, and he found that the slightest exertion tended to bring on one of those racking coughs which were becoming all too frequent. Consequently, he had only moved when the occasion demanded; arising occasionally to throw some fresh logs on the fire, or to reach for food or water. All his thoughts, when he did any connected thinking, centered around Kerns. Again and again he had reviewed in his mind the events which had transpired since he had left Headquarters nearly two years ago. And now, as darkness fell once more, and the long winter night set in, he wondered for probably the twentieth time that day whether the other would be able to make good his promise.

He knew that it had been snowing since the previous morning, and that a strong wind was blowing from some direction, probably the East. Fortunately for Lester's

frame of mind, he did not know how much snow had fallen, how hard the gale was blowing, nor from what direction. Neither did he realize that the mercury had dropped to fifty-five below. He was prevented from knowing these things by the fact that three sides of the cabin had been completely covered by drifting snow, thus shutting off the sound of the storm; and that the little window in the southern wall was covered both inside and out by a thick coat of ice, thus effectually blocking his vision. But even if the man had known these things, it is a question whether he would have given up hope entirely; for during those last few days they had passed together, and the long hours he had spent alone, his faith in the other man had been to such an extent that, in his estimation, his friend's honor could stand all tests, and no miracle was too great for him to accomplish.

As the night wore on, Lester's fever, which had hitherto remained at a couple of degrees above normal, rose rapidly. He found himself expecting every minute to hear Kerns' cheery greeting as he neared the cabin; or to see him bursting in through the door. He wished the man would hurry, because the fire was dying out, and somehow he didn't seem to be able to summon the energy to replenish it. When he tried to move, his arms and legs felt as if they were made of lead. He knew that it must be very cold in the cabin, because the water in the tin cup which he had left on the stool beside the cot had frozen solid within the last hour. Yet he didn't feel cold; in fact, at times, he seemed to be almost burning up. He couldn't understand it; however, that wasn't so strange, for he didn't seem to be able to understand anything just then. His mind was just one vast, swirling confusion, and everything in the room was becoming vague and unreal. The only thing that he did know definitely was that he wished Bob Kerns would hurry up so he could help him pull himself together. He no longer considered

the possibility that Bob might not come, because Bob had given his promise, and—

Then, suddenly, although he had not heard the door open, he was startled by the sound of a light footstep beside his bed, and turning his head, he saw Kerns bending over him, looking down into his face. He tried to cry out, to speak some word of greeting, but his lips seemed glued together, and he could not utter a sound. He tried to reach up to clasp his friend's hand, but his arms were as if paralyzed. Then, slowly, Kerns reached down and gently pressed a cool palm against his forehead; and at the touch, something within Lester seemed to snap and he leaped up, throwing his arms around the other's neck joyously.

"Bob," he whispered happily, "I knew you would come, Old Timer, I knew it."

"Yes," replied Kerns, "I thought you'd be expecting me. And I'm glad I came, too, Lester, because— Well, you see, on a journey like we have ahead of us, a man likes company. Then, too, I hoped that after we reached the end of the trail, we could be partners together."

"I think we can, Bob," was the reply. "But we have a long trip ahead of us, and maybe we had better be getting on our way. Are you sure you brought enough food?"

"No, Harvey, I left my pack beside my body out there in the snow, about half-way between here and Circle City. That's one of the advantages of this journey—a man doesn't have to worry any more about food."

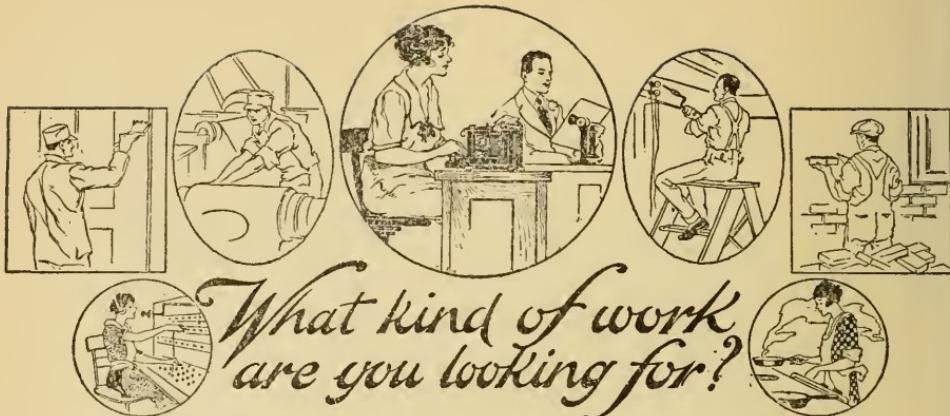
H. D. Greenwell, '24.

Notes

Christopher Morley, '10, the alumnus contributor to this issue, is a native of Haverford. His father, Dr. Frank Morley, was Professor of Mathematics here. Upon his graduation, Christopher Morley studied for three years at New College, Oxford, on a Rhodes Scholarship from Maryland. Since then he has been successively on the editorial staffs of Doubleday, Page and Company; the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Evening Public Ledger* and the *New York Evening Post*. He recently resigned from the last, where he had been conducting the column known as *The Bowling Green*. He is the author of a number of books, among the most read and best loved are *Parnassus on Wheels*, *The Haunted Bookshop*, *Travels in Philadelphia*, *Shandygaff*, *Pipefuls*, etc. His latest book, *Pandora Lifts the Lid*, was published on May twenty-third by Doran.

Mr. Morley is now travelling in Europe. His home address is Green Escape, Roslyn Heights, L. I.

THE HAVERFORDIAN takes pleasure in announcing the elections of Walter Ames Johnston, '25, to editor-in-chief, and Chalmers Van Anglen Pittman, '25, to business manager. THE HAVERFORDIAN also takes pleasure in announcing the election to the editorial board of Frederick Prokosch, '25, and to the business board, of Robert Hooton Richie, '26; Harold Earl Bates, '27, and Warren Edwin Gilson, '27. The new position of advertising manager has been created and the board announces with pleasure the election of Douglas W. Eiseman, '25, to fill it.



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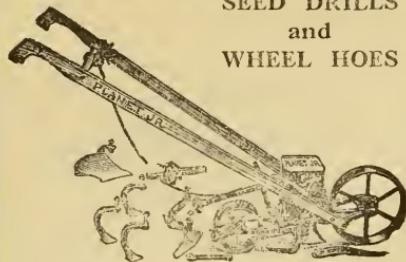
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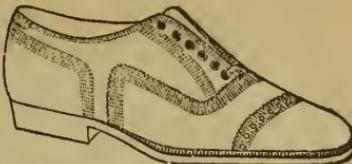
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIV HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1924 No. 2

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *tenth* of the month.

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Guinevere Laments

To the Morning

*Breath of the morning, touch of the dew—
You have pierced me through and through!
Oh, I was foolish. I was mad,
(Scorn me not, oh nut-brown lad!)
For, in truth, I lay in bed
With parching, desolating Dread,
And I rode into a trap,
Sitting in the devil's lap.
Oh my Lord, deep in the night,
I have mingled fire and fright;
Oh, my Lord, I, too, have fed
Flaming birds with salty bread.
Was I kind or was I not,
Answer me, Sir Launcelot!
Freedom, cleanliness, love I had—
Oh, I was foolish, I was mad.
Kiss of the lilac, bliss of the sky,
Comfort me, or I shall die!*

The Morning Replies

*Lay your poor and burning head
On my shoulder, blinded one;
Oh, and oh, but it weighs like lead
Softening in the heat of sun—
Let me always, let me now
Kiss the pearls upon your brow—
Rest in peace, for you have done
All the penance that is asked:
(Misery, as True Love masked.
Has done all, my blinded one.)
Rest your poor and burning head.
Oh, but it feels like burning lead!*

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

Citizen Dog and Citizen Horse

CAN and do animals think? Do they ever reflect on what is going on about them? Do they draw inferences? Do they have abstract ideas which come to them without any stimulus from outside? Most comparative psychologists who have made a scientific study of the intellectual processes of animals, answer "no" to all these questions. The higher animals, such as the dog, cat, horse and monkey, possess memory, the emotions of love, hate, jealousy, and many other intellectual characteristics, which seem similar to those of man; but that they really think or reason, or that they consciously imitate or make comparisons or inferences cannot be proven. Such is the teaching of modern science.

It is consequently a matter of great interest that a group of new facts has recently come to light touching the mental processes and capabilities of dogs, horses, and other domestic animals, which puts the subject in a new light and shows that these animals are far more highly endowed intellectually than was heretofore supposed.

Some of these facts are not, however, altogether new, but only newly proven. About twenty years ago great interest was aroused, not only among scientists, but generally, by the achievements of a horse in Germany that was called "Der kluge Hans" or "Clever Hans," which had been taught by his owner to do things which far surpassed the tricks of any trained animal ever exhibited in any circus or sideshow. The owner, a retired school teacher named von Osten, asserted, however, that his horse was in no sense a trick animal, but that he had been educated very much as a child would

be educated, and that his intellectual achievements were, so far as they went, of the same order as those of a person. He had taught Hans, in the first place, to count up to high numbers, to solve mathematical problems, and to express himself by strokes of his fore feet. Hans had also learned to read numbers on a blackboard, and when an arithmetical problem, such as an addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, or any combination of them, was written on the board, to solve it in his head and give the correct result by tapping with his fore hoof. Solving simple problems in arithmetic was, however, the least remarkable of Hans' accomplishments. His education went so far beyond this point that I shall not stop to describe it further, especially as in more recent years other animals, which I will speak about, have learned to do equally remarkable things, but shall only speak of the effect he produced on the German reading public.

The newspapers and other public prints quickly got hold of the story and gave it a wide publicity, and Clever Hans in a very short time became the best known horse in Germany. The learned world finally became interested and eminent psychologists spent weeks applying laboratory tests to Hans to determine whether he was really exercising his intelligence in performing his intellectual feats or had been cleverly trained to respond to signals—in other words, whether he was after all only a trick horse, or if he had really been taught to use his mind in a way similar to that in which an educated person would use his. The results of these investigations and experiments were published, and were disastrous to the reputation of Herr von Osten and his horse. The master, it is true, was absolved from all attempts to trick or impose upon the public, but was declared to have deceived himself in his interpretation of his horse's responses to his questions. The horse was declared to be

like other trained horses in the extreme sensitiveness of his perception of the slightest movements of his questioner, and that he simply responded to signals, often or perhaps usually given unconsciously, and never really thought out for himself the answers to the problems and questions put to him.

This decision was accepted by the great majority of people who had concerned themselves in the matter, and public interest in Clever Hans at once died out. And yet, Herr von Osten was right and his critics were mistaken; recent events have shown beyond a reasonable doubt that Clever Hans probably could do all that was claimed for him.

The report just mentioned was published in 1907, and although it put a quietus on Clever Hans and his master it did not kill interest in the study of the mentality of domestic animals in Germany, but greatly stimulated it in many quarters. The Germans are lovers of animal pets, and von Osten's methods began to be tried by other people on dogs and cats as well as on horses. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, and during it, the results of some of these operations began to be known and published, but the furore created by Clever Hans was not in any way repeated.

In the case of all these animals, the methods followed were the same and the results were similar; the success in teaching the different individual animals varying, of course, with their natural abilities, which vary among animals just as they do among people. They were all taught to count up to high numbers and to indicate them by tapping with the fore feet; they also learned to read figures on the blackboard, and to perform in their heads arithmetical computations of all sorts, and often of a complex nature. Most of them, also, were taught to read letters and words written on the blackboard and in some cases contained in books, and also to communi-

cate their thoughts by written language. They could not, of course, themselves write, but were taught a code in which each letter was represented by a number of taps with the fore foot, and thus they could tap out sentences, very much as a telegraphic operator does on his instrument, which would be taken down on paper by some person. Thus, they were in a position to converse with their human friends, to ask and answer questions, to exchange ideas, and to offer observations on passing events.

Such feats as these are so extraordinary, and even uncanny, so entirely beyond the range of possibility, according to all our preconceived notions, that most people could hardly be brought to believe them even with the most authentic proofs to support their reality. We cannot deprive ourselves of the belief that there must be some trick about it, even though we cannot put our finger on it. But here again it is the multitude of witnesses that fixes the truth beyond a reasonable doubt. If it were a single dog or horse that had been thus taught there would be a reasonable suspicion of trickery in the attainment of such results, but many animals have been. There cannot, consequently, be any doubt that when these things become better known in this country our preconceived notions are bound to undergo a change, and the education of household pets will be taken up here also. The reason they are not well known here already is that the war isolated Germany, where these developments have been going on, and intellectual contact with the outside world has hardly yet been re-established.

When an animal makes use of a code, which has been taught it, to tap down letters of the alphabet which it combines to form words, it must not be expected as yet that it will use either alphabet or words correctly. A dog or a horse, of course, until it is taught, has never

heard of an alphabet and possesses no conception of one, or of words as such, or of grammatical constructions. Consequently, when it dictates it spells phonetically, each letter representing a certain sound, and uses only the letters which indicate the word being spelled, without reference to the correct orthography. Letters, especially vowels, are frequently left out of a word when such an omission does not change its sound; thus, the German words "essen" and "haben", which mean *eat* and *have*, are usually spelled *sn* and *hbn*. Also, certain letters in the German have apparently the same sound to the animal's relatively untrained ear; thus, it cannot usually distinguish between *d* and *t*, *b* and *p*, *f* and *v*, and *g* and *k*, and it usually employs the two letters in each of these combinations indiscriminately.

In the formation of sentences the same principle prevails. The sentences are always elliptical, articles being omitted and usually pronouns as well, nouns and verbs being the principal words used, and then only such as are necessary to represent the bare idea. Thus, a horse that was being asked questions suddenly tapped "stl gn" (Stall gehen), in English, *Stall go*; he had had enough conversation and longed for his stall. Animals tire quickly at first with the unaccustomed mental exercise, and it is common for them to tap, when they are getting weary, "gnug", "mag nit", or "gn lasn" (genug, mag nicht, gehen lassen), in English, *enough, don't want to, let me go*. A dog that was being washed got soap in his eyes, and tapped on the wash-basin, "kein seif nmn brnt so," (keine Seife nehmen, sie brennt so), in English, *Don't take soap, it burns so*. A dog was given a cake by a stranger which was wrapped in white paper and quickly got it out and ate it. His mistress, who was not present at the time, asked him later what he got, and received the answer, "kuchn weis babir" (Kuchen weis Papier), in English, *Cake in white paper*.

A dog whose name was Sepp saw his image in a mirror and was asked what he saw, and answered "aug seb" (auch Sepp), in English, *Sepp too*. A dog that overheard his mistress discussing him with a stranger who remarked that he should not be wearied by too much questioning, suddenly tapped, "hat regt" (hat recht), in English, *Quite right*.

A person, hearing for the first time of animals that can perform arithmetical problems in their heads and also that have ideas and can express them by tapping, naturally wants to know two things: first, how they are taught, and second, how it can be proved that they are really educated and are not simply responding to signals given them by a trainer.

The method of teaching is similar to that by which a child is taught; very simple things are taught first, and by frequent repetitions are fixed in the animal's mind and the more complex matters follow. The animal must be intelligent, as a stupid one would not respond to teaching, largely because it would not be possible to hold its attention. It must also be of the right age; a young dog in its first year is usually too easily distracted to be able to concentrate the attention on the matter in hand. There is also a great difference in the different races of dogs in their ability to learn, and an Airedale would present a better prospect of success than a fox-terrier. It is important that the lessons be of very short duration at first. An animal's mind that is just beginning the unaccustomed practice of systematic thinking is very easily wearied; ten or fifteen minutes is usually long enough for the earliest lessons, and as soon as it is noticed that the attention of the animal is no longer being held the lesson should come to an end.

The dog is first taught to count. There is a variety of ways by which this can be done, none of which is difficult with an intelligent animal if the teacher is

endowed with patience. One method is the following: A piece of sugar or anything else the animal likes is placed on the floor before him, and you hold up one finger and say "one" a dozen times, and then give him the food. This is repeated a good many times, and each time you lift up the dog's fore foot and make it tap once in your hand or on some other object, and give him the food. After a while you refuse to give him the reward unless he taps himself. It may take several days for him to get the idea, but he finally will, and you proceed to *two*; you place two pieces on the floor, hold up two fingers before his eyes and say *two* and make him tap twice; you keep this up until the animal has thoroughly mastered it, for it is very important that each step be completely mastered before proceeding to the next one. Then the other numbers up to ten are taught in the same way; two or three weeks' time are usually sufficient to give an intelligent dog command of the numerals up to ten, and what is very important, the idea of consecutive numbers and of counting. It will then no longer be necessary to lay down eight or nine pieces of food in order to make him tap those numbers, but the spoken command together with the sight of a single piece will procure the same response.

Simple additions and subtractions can then be undertaken in a similar way, and if the animal has thoroughly grasped the idea of consecutive numbers, will usually be easily learned. Multiplication and division are much more complicated processes, but they can also be taught an intelligent and tractable dog or horse by methods similar to those employed in teaching young children. The prime thing always, as in all teaching, is to hold the attention and to stimulate the interest, and to make it agreeable to learn.

After the dog has learned the first ten numerals and acquired the idea of counting, it is a simple matter to

proceed to the higher ones up to a hundred and beyond. To simplify the expression of these it should be taught to tap units first and tens after, or what is much better, units with the right foot and tens with the left. Above a hundred, the procedure should be the same, the hundreds being tapped last and with the right foot again.

As soon as the animal thoroughly grasps the idea of consecutive numerals and can count and combine numbers in easy mathematical processes, it is time to teach it the letters of the alphabet and the code by which these are to be represented by means of taps. A variety of codes has been adopted by different people for their animals, but the following may be taken as a good example:

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15,
m, n, a, e, i, o, u, l, w, g,k, b,p, d,t, f,v,
16, 17, 18, 19.
h, r, s, z.

In teaching such a code one does not call the letters by their names, but by the sounds they represent, so that the animal learns to associate a given sound with a certain number which it can repeat by tapping; thus, the sound *m* means two taps, and the sound *d* and *t* (which are the same to the animal's ear) means fourteen taps, and by repeating such a sound many times to the animal and accompanying it each time by the right number of strokes with his fore foot he finally gets the idea intended.

When the code has been mastered thoroughly the combination of letters to form short words follows at once and naturally, and usually without any special teaching, since the word-sound is but a combination of the letter-sounds.

Many examples might be given here of responses of dogs and horses to questions put to them, and also of questions asked by them, but two or three must suffice.

A dog was shown a postcard with a picture of a crocodile on it, and was asked what it was. He at first refused to answer, but when brought to his mistress, who knew nothing of the postcard, and asked what he had seen, he tapped, "komig dir weis nid red" (komisches Tier, weiss nicht recht), in English, *Funny animal, don't quite know.* He had never seen a crocodile. The same dog was asked why dogs did not like cats, and replied, "Lol imr hd dsorn wn sid kdsł frleigd fon wegn graln lol hd lib sis dsi di nid dud grdsn lol abr andr hndl die nid gnn ir" (Lol immer hat Zorn wenn er sieht Katzel, vielleicht wegen Krallen. Lol hat lieb süsse Daisy die nicht tut kratsen Lol aber andere Hundel die nicht kennen ihr), in English, *Lol is always angry when he sees a cat, perhaps because of its claws. Lol loves sweet Daisy who does not scratch Lol but other dogs that she does not know.* "Lol" was the name by which this dog called himself; Daisy was the family cat. A dog that was noticeably fond of music was asked what music was, and answered: "fil ton dr past zsam" (viel Ton der passt zusammen), in English, *Much sound that fits together,* which would not be a bad definition for anyone to give.

That domestic animals understand spoken words and sentences is nothing new, nor is it new that they can express their desires and emotions in a general way, but so as to be perfectly well understood, by use of the voice; but heretofore, the ability to express themselves in human language and to exchange ideas by means of it has been denied them. This they can now be taught to do. It is true they will never be able to articulate and speak, the shape and form of their jaws preclude that, but the use of the written, if not the spoken, word will be open to them. There seems to be no doubt, in consequence, that a radical change is bound to enter into our relations to our domestic animals, the importance of which to society and to family and individual life

cannot be overestimated. The dog, at least, will acquire a new dignity in society, and may come, in time, to be given some of the rights of a real person. It has, in fact, a cultural history which is practically as old as that of man, having lived in intimate cultural relations with man almost or quite from the far-off time when he first emerged from the condition of the brute—as long as he has been a man—and has progressed in its development as a social creature very far from the wild stock from which it sprang—almost as far as has man himself. The methods of animal pedagogy are still in their infancy and as crude as possible, notwithstanding the astounding results they have already yielded, but these methods are sure to be developed and improved, and still more remarkable results may be expected.

*H. S. Pratt,
David Scull, Professor of Biology*

Mother Simpson

MOTHER SIMPSON breathed a sigh. Life had been a heavy burden for her since the passing away of her husband some ten years ago. Here, in the little home, she and Alice had struggled so that Alice might get somewhere. Mrs. Simpson had not cared for herself. Life would have meant nothing to Mrs. Simpson if her husband had died and there had been no little voice to brighten the sad funereal moments; for Mrs. Simpson was that sort of woman whose only attribute was love. Though the little curly-headed lass had meant much, she meant twice as much after the loss of her husband. So, this last lonely decade her one passion had been to see the child develop into perfect womanhood.

This vision was vivified by the fact that Mother Simpson had never tasted the fruits of a joyous youth. She had had to strive for a scanty existence. She was the last member of a large family, a victim of the cast-offs of her older brothers and sisters. Many such mothers would rather their daughters go through the same Hell, but not Mother Simpson. Behind it all, perhaps, was the vision that she might re-live the life she had always dreamed of, in that of Alice.

This fantasy ever before her eyes, she had scraped and saved these long years.

MRS. SIMPSON, DRESSMAKER

read the neat little sign that graced the porch rail of the Simpson home. Mother Simpson had always been deft with the needle. Moreover, her pureness of heart and her kindly face had brought many ladies of the community to her threshold.

The old lady wiped tears from her wan face as she gathered her thoughts and recommenced work on the white frock in her lap. It was for Alice. She was to graduate from high school next month, so mother was making the dress on the sly in the small hours of the night. It was a sacrifice indeed; but wasn't Alice worth it all? Thus far the girl had been all that a mother desires. She had never developed the flapper attitude. Her light hair was still long and curly, her face unmarred by rouge. She brought a secret joy to her mother's heart when she told her, each day, of the events at school. If she went to a dance, her mother was always refreshed with a narrative of events the next morning. Thus, Mother Simpson knew her daughter to be sound and pure in all she did. Alice had always helped her mother even at her own sacrifice. So the mother felt no regret in making the dresss.

The tears in her eyes symbolized the approaching end of this youthful spirit. For when through with school it would not be long before Alice would be taken up by the wings of love.

But Alice had no such intentions. She had realized what struggles and sacrifices the mother had made for her. She realized that she must be grateful for it all. Her one ambition then was to be able to provide the old lady with the comforts of home. Alice had fantasies too. She wanted to see her mother in a snug little home all their own. She had even dreamed of a servant to do the housework. These were high ideals, but Alice meant to carry them out. When she had seen her mother happy, she would consider her own outcome a bit. Alice realized that she possessed a real mother. She must; for not many of the girls idolized their mothers. Look at Gerty Cellar. She called her mother "the old lady." But everybody knew that Gerty had been as welcome in the Cellar home as the snow in May.

If Mother Simpson could only see her daughter this very moment she would have cried a bit more. Alice was kneeling at her bed, her hands clasped, her face turned upwards. She almost spoke her prayer. The full moon fairly glowed through the casement window. It cast its whitening rays on the white linen bedding, and went further to descend on this lass at her devotions. To look on such a sight makes one gulp, for there are few of us who can make our devotions with such grace and piety as did Alice. She almost uttered her words aloud; she all but pronounced them. It was a fervent prayer and what God could not answer it?

* * *

It was commencement day. To the majority of young graduates it was to be an eventful day. A day of much jollity and mirth. It was a day of presents, the day when fond parents gave their offspring a start in the world in the form of a pecuniary gift, which was to be put in the savings banks, but which as a matter of fact, was soon spent for a much-longed-for bicycle or what-not. To be sure some of the only children, and the spoiled ones, too, would be riding to the commencement exercises in a little roadster of their very own.

To Alice, commencement was a matter of form which must be gone through with to obtain a diploma. But there were no gifts to be displayed on the parlor table, no flowers to symbolize the good cheer. Mother Simpson in her own simple way had prepared a little cake and other dainties for which Alice must embrace her, and show general signs of gratefulness. There was but one thing that would make the affair unbearable; she had no flowers. How embarrassed she would feel when she must sit on the platform without a bouquet to fondle.

The problem was soon solved, though, for not so far from the Simpson home a lonely young man was wondering to whom he might send flowers. Graham Baker was

an orphan, and he was lonely. He too, was to graduate tonight, but he had no one to escort. How he did hate to go there without a girl friend! Up to this point he had not paid any attentions to the girls, so now they could not be expected to give him any in return.

Then Graham thought of Alice, or Terry, as the boys called her; Terry was also lonely, perhaps. Then must youth be on the alert. Yes, Terry would love to, was the response over the telephone, and within an hour Alice held in her arm a deluge of American Beauties.

"Dear Graham," she murmured, as she drew them closer to breathe in their sweet essence. So the exercises were to be of interest after all.

The little school auditorium was crowded with parents, teachers, and youth. The platform was packed with the graduates, the boys in their Sunday suits and the girls in their dainty white frocks, with flowers heaped in their laps. There sat Alice, the third one in the second row. Mother Simpson had spied her as soon as she entered. Alice was looking for the only friendly face in the audience, her mother's. Perhaps she hadn't come. Mother Simpson was just like that, giving as an excuse that she had no appropriate dress. But there she was. Poor mother in the very back row. Her little white face eagerly set towards the platform. Alice swallowed hard. She knew that Mother Simpson had had to stay behind to clean up after dinner.

Alice smiled as their faces met, and held up the roses, a matter of pride. Then she turned toward the donor. Graham smiled as Alice tried to show her appreciation, for she picked them up as if to let him know she still had her roses. The boy blushed.

Alice did not pay much attention to the pieces that were recited nor to the speeches that were expounded. Her thoughts were of naught but gratitude to Graham and Mother Simpson. But Mother Simpson was drink-

ing the performance in. The weary face was wreathed in smiles. This was a rare occasion for her. She laughed as the rest did at the stale puns thrown out by Professor Darty, but as the forced laughs died, Mother Simpson's hollow chuckle could still be heard.

And so that eventful night passed. It was subject for discussion at the Simpson home for many days after. The roses lasted quite a time. In fact, several weeks more than they should have, since flowers, especially American Beauties, even if they were a bit droopy, were a rare sight.

Alice was an attractive girl. She had many admirers, but she gave them little encouragement. She went out with the boys. There was not a man in the town who did not respect her. She would have been the belle of the town if it had not been for the tasks at home which limited her social freedom. But Alice nearly always went out Sunday afternoons with the crowd.

It was on one of these Sunday afternoons that a group drove up to the Simpson home and walked into the parlor. They always walked right in and made themselves at home until Alice would join them. This afternoon, however, both Alice and her mother were trying to finish up a dress for someone.

"Go along now," said Mrs. Simpson. "There are your friends waiting for you. I can finish this up alone."

"Indeed, you can not," replied Alice indignantly. "There is just a half hour's work for both of us and not an hour for you. They can wait until we're through."

Despite any further urging Alice would not go. The gang in the parlor were making themselves quite at home. The piano was going and everybody was either talking or singing at the top of his lungs. They grew impatient. Alice told them she wouldn't be down for quite a while. They soon got restless again, however.

"Why in hell can't Alice come down now?"

"Helpin' the old lady, I guess," came from Gerty.

"Hey, Frank, your butt's burnin' the carpet," shouted one of the boys.

These remarks all had a glaring effect on Alice and her mother. It meant straightening up the parlor and most likely cleaning it. Mother Simpson was just about to suggest Alice's going again, when the girl got up and rushed down stairs.

"Since you people haven't the decency to wait for me patiently, I won't go out at all," she burst out, striving hard to keep back the tears, but they were coming fast so she fled. The gang departed and the dress was finished.

"Now you've spoiled your whole afternoon."

"No, I haven't. If people can't have respect for you or the parlor, I don't want to go out with them."

So Alice went down to fix up the parlor. She found a note on the table:

"Dear Terry:

As soon as I can shake the crowd I'll come back for you.

Graham."

"Poor Graham," she murmured, "of course he didn't cause it all." Graham seemed to have a soothing effect on her. He was different, refined, and at least a gentleman. Alice hugged the letter to her bosom, and went off to refresh her tear-stained face. Then she showed the little note to Mother Simpson. The old lady looked up from it.

"Graham—is he a nice boy?"

"Why of course, mother. What in the world are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking of the days when I am gone and you must have someone to take care of you."

The girl sank to her knees and buried her head in her mother's lap. "Oh, mother, I will never leave you. You have brought me up, now—now it is my turn." Then she told her mother of her plans. But the kind mother shook her head in silence.

Alice had a peaceful afternoon strolling through the woods with Graham. They were but two children, calling one another's attention to the different things of interest, the birds, the squirrels, and the pretty leaves. At last they came to a little brook. Yes, the kind that rustles over the mossy stones. They sat down to look and rest.

"I hope you're not cross with me for the way we acted this afternoon," he ventured.

"Of course not. It wasn't you, Graham, but Gerty's calling mother the 'old lady'—well, that just hurt a bit."

"You must think an awful lot of your mother," he mused.

"She's the only one I have, Graham."

"But I—I have none at all," he answered hoarsely.

"It must be hard to get along without one—isn't it?"

"Oh, somehow I get along. Father was as good as a mother before he died last year," he paused to swallow. "Now I'm kind of lonely. Terry, would you be my mother?"

"Yes, I'd do anything I could for you."

He drew her towards him and grasped her hand. He tried to kiss her.

"No, no, anything but that, Graham."

"Sorry—I really meant it."

"Perhaps you were in earnest and everything, but circumstances can't permit it."

"You mean your mother?"

She nodded; then she told Graham of her plans. She told him how she must take care of her mother first, then—

"But I will help you," he said. "We shall be as one." They would take care of mother together.

"But where will we get the money?"

"I have some money coming to me from father. But I'll have to go after it. It may be a year, but I'll get it."

They began to draw pictures of the future, and Graham kept drawing his prize closer and closer towards him. By this time Alice had decided that she would resist no longer. Perhaps the powerful arm which embraced her, the brawny hand that grasped her little white hand, the feel of a bearded cheek against her unblemished one, the touch of a broad shoulder—all went towards a new reaction which she had not yet experienced. It was all so gigantic and wonderful that Alice almost forgot her troubles in those few moments they gazed together at the little flowing stream. To think that she had a companion that cared enough for her and mother at the same time.

It was a long year when Graham went off to claim the mine on which his father had died in a town out west. Thus far Graham had not pushed the issue. But the sudden task of making a little girl happy had given him zest and determination.

Meanwhile Alice was secretly drawing up her plans. The fantasies were to come true. Mother Simpson was soon to enjoy the freedom of a home with no mortgage to pay off and no interest. However, the widow worked on in contentment. She knew nothing of the secrets in store for her. Alice was now as good a seamstress as her mother. But there was one thought which ran through Mother Simpson's head—the ever-present fear that she was in the way of Alice's happiness. She knew young Graham had gone away, and she supposed Alice had sent him. Finally she asked her:

"Alice, what became of the nice Baker boy?"

"Oh, he went away—on business."

"Well, haven't you heard from him? You never mention him any more."

"He wrote but last week."

"And you never told me!" The girl blushed and Mother Simpson smiled. "One thing I do know. That——"

"Of course, mother—I should have told you—Graham loves me." As usual, Alice sought her mother's bosom, to weep out the only wrong she had ever done her. But Mother Simpson comforted her daughter. She knew it was the way with the maid.

At last the day arrived and the little house was in readiness. Graham and Terry had gone down to see that everything was in good shape, and to put some more flowers around. Then back to the Simpson house. The old sign they tore down.

"Mother!" called Alice as they burst through the door.

There was no answer.

"She must be asleep," they said to one another. So they tiptoed softly up the stairs, and opened Mother Simpson's door.

Mother Simpson had to rest and cast off her weariness in sleep. But Mother Simpson never woke—she had no more work to do.

J. Dean Joly, '26.

The Hibbard-Garrett Memorial Prize Poems, 1924

THE TORCH EXTINGUISHED

(Reprinted from THE HAVERFORDIAN, March, 1924.)

*My Lord Lorenzo, your commands are done,
And old Gonzalo will not trouble you.
His books are burned and he himself will keep
From breaking any more your just decrees.
When first I entered his rebellious home
We found him cowering low beside the fire,
And piled behind him stood his musty books
Like traitorous monsters lurking row on row.
Shrilling with rage he offered us defy,
Peering with blind eyes from out the darkness
As from his hole a mothy owl will glare.
My soldiers tore him from his dark retreat
And held him squalling while I did my task.
Ah! My lord, such soldiers! Warriors fit
To ferret out a crime as any band
That Alexander had, or mighty Charles!
When I command them they possess no eyes,
And know full well to keep a secret tale;
While they would just as lief rip up a throat
As press their heels upon a squirming toad.
But when—I fear I weary you, my lord—I
lifted up his dark-stained tomes with fear
And one by one prepared to cast them forth
Into the blazing hell where they belong,
Each with its rich white vellum stained by use,
And fairly blazoned with monastic art,
The aged fool leaped from my soldiers' grasp
And flung himself upon me heedlessly,
Tearing at my eyes as if to tear me
Blind as himself, but from a different cause.
I struck the foolish dotard with my blade—*

*You will, my lord Lorenzo, grant me grace,
Since I was striving but to save myself—
And he fell prone beside his burning books,
Embracing them with soft caressing arms;
And, whispering to himself "Tis better thus,"
So died. I finished your commands with haste.
The burning pages gave forth such a light
As enabled us to play a game at dice
Until the last flame flickered low and ceased,
Showing that our work was rightly ended.
We then retired, leaving the scrawny corpse
As much in ashes as the books themselves.
With your permission now, my lord, I will
Dismiss my men until the morrow's task,
So that . . . But ah! My lord! You delight me
With your rewarding generosity!
From this gold chain I will have made a wreath
To twine with gems about the fairy throat
Of my sweet mistress! Good my lord, adieu.*

Austin Wright, Jr., '25.

TO—

*When thou art near, a thousand little joys,
A thousand pleasures fill my love-drunk mind.
My sense is stupefied; to those without
I am as one apart from all mankind.
To hear thy voice, thy laugh, is all I ask;
To sit and gaze where beauty dwells supreme.
For in the sunshine of thy love to bask
The gods themselves more than eternity would deem.
But who am I, of all the world, to ask—
Away, vain thoughts! Thou'rt but an idle dream
That flits across the mind, a bright phantasm
That disappears and leaves an aching chasm.*

Horatio C. Wood, 3rd, '24.

Gleanings from the Matriculate Catalogue

READING the Matriculate Catalogue is one of my favorite diversions. It is like reading the dictionary: one can begin and stop anywhere, and always learn some new thing. It is better than a short story; for its chapters are each complete in itself, and yet each is shorter than the shortest of short stories. The Catalogue deals with life and—death. It is radiant with the happiness of marriages and children and honors and business success. But like life itself, each story ends or will end with the sombre note, "d.—."

For a Haverfordian to read the Matriculate Catalogue is of course to read the record of one's brothers, the sons of the same Alma Mater. I can follow their progress across the continent as their successive addresses and occupations lead me; I can see them teaching and preaching and pleading and doctoring in a hundred communities, carrying into their day's work some of the standards and ideals to which we have all been exposed by contact with good men in the lovely setting of the college campus; I can watch their children multiplying and maturing, and I find myself wondering when the little shavers will be ready for us back at the old place, still carrying on the classes in Founders and Chase where their fathers sat before them.

A perusal of this Catalogue, I say, with pencil in hand reveals some interesting family history. The big clans all bear characteristic Quaker names. At the head of them all stands the Morris clan with 42 members listed, but close upon its heels come the clans of Wood, White, Taylor, Smith, Jones, Haines and Brown. If I am not mistaken, the Winslow family is the only one

which has had four generations at Haverford from father to son, a noble record attained in less than ninety years. May there be many more such records made within the next quarter of a century!

To what an extent Haverford has served the community along the Main Line is revealed by the fact that since 1900 over two hundred men have matriculated from the section between Overbrook and Coatesville. This increase in local patronage is a striking feature of recent years, for many years ago when the College numbered about one-quarter of the students now enrolled, there were more states represented than at the present time. In other words, the local appreciation of Haverford has grown, while the competition of many excellent colleges in the West and in New England has cut down our proportionate enrollment from these sections of the country.

I have not yet undertaken to reckon the number of matriculates engaged in medicine, law, engineering and other learned professions. But the figures for the ministry and teaching are easier to list. In addition to the members of the Society of Friends who are ministers in the Society, there are 25 members of other denominations already in service or in preparation for the ministry.

There are well over 200 teachers and professors. Six of these are college presidents, and over a dozen are headmasters of preparatory and high schools. Haverfordians are on the faculties of over 30 universities and colleges including Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Smith and the universities of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, California, Nebraska, Syracuse, and Washington. It appears that Haverford is holding up her end worthily in the department of education.

In public life we may deplore that Haverfordians have not found occasion to do what their integrity and

intellectual parts have fitted them to do. Many have rendered valued service locally and along special lines, but I recall no one at the present moment with great responsibilities as servants of our country except David Blair, '91, who is Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and J. Addison Logan, a member of the Class of 1900, with whose important post-war service in Europe all are familiar.

I remember hearing a story of an interview between President Sharpless and Mr. Robert U. Johnson, sometime Ambassador to Italy and Editor of the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Johnson had occasion to speak during the conversation in turn of David Bispham, Maxfield Parrish and Christian Brinton. As the name of each was mentioned, the President dryly remarked, "Yes, I know him. He is a Haverfordian." Upon each occasion the amazement of Mr. Johnson grew, breaking out finally in reproachful surprise that Haverford had not signally honored these artistically gifted sons. As a result all three of them received an honorary degree in 1914!

Of young writers in prose and verse Haverford has proved a prolific mother. Four years here must encourage flights upon Pegasus and gentle saunterings upon the more manageable steed: Pearsall Smith, Rufus M. Jones, Valentine, Brinton, Morley, Dam, Richard M. Gummere, Walter S. Hinchman, John F. Wilson, Stork, Inman, Chamberlin, Frost, and Morris Longstreth are only a few of those still with us who, if they do not live by their pens, can at least always take up their pens with delight to the reader, and whose works must join the collection of *Haverfordiana* to be made for the Centenary in 1933.

*W. W. Comfort, '94,
President of the College.*

May Sinclair

SOMEONE once said that art was the longing of one single living creature to express to the world the thrill of a solitary poignant experience; and he must have told the truth, for the most wonderful artists in the universe are the nightingale and the lark, for their ecstasies are so sweet or so sublime that we can not grasp them, and their "method of expression" is the gift of God.

There are little artists and great artists. The little artists are those that strike a note here, a note there, on one of the keyboards of mortal experience (and there are many, many of them); and usually these little artists happen to strike the same notes as those that have gone before them, with the result that the world knows them quite well by now. But the great artists, who are extremely rare, know many more notes, on many more keyboards, and they alone reach the spring; and *they*, consequently, very frequently strike notes that have never been sounded before, and the world is surprised. Sometimes it marvels at the beauty of these, and sometimes it condemns them as things that are untrue, and heretical, and absurd, and possibly even unreasonable, simply because it is composed of little artists, who strike a note here, a note there, and do not understand any others.

It is difficult to tell whether May Sinclair has reached the spring yet, but she has assuredly struck notes, many of them, that have never been struck before. We have often heard of, or seen, or read of iterated experiences such as Monsieur's discovery that his wife has mistaken his razor for an instrument of more robust construction, or Madame's finding her husband in the company of a rather bare not to say obvious woman, or the revelation

to the poor girl that such things as milkbottles and virtue can be broken only once; and our little artists of today go on telling of, or acting, or writing of them, quite cheerfully. But who has ever heard of, or seen, or read of this experience?

By the gate of the field her sudden secret happiness came to her. She could never tell when it was coming, nor what it would come from. It had something to do with the trees standing up in the golden white light. It had come before with a certain sharp white light flooding the fields, flooding the room.

. . . She stood still by the gate . . . holding her happiness.

We never have, probably, and are inclined to doubt its existence in this world, and content ourselves with saying that the writer is trying to take a mean advantage of us, and isn't succeeding very well.

Universal recognition came to May Sinclair with the publication of "The Divine Fire." But in this, and until she wrote "Mary Olivier," she gave only slight indications of the undercurrents. But in writing "Mary Olivier—A Life," from which the quotation above is taken, she definitely became an individual and a pioneer. In this story she takes a life, and treating it as finely and as carefully as though it were a frail crystal, relates the most occult and secreted phases of it with a bewildering delicacy. "The Romantic," a later book, is a stronger, less subtle rendering, and therefore one less typical of her art. "A Cure for Souls" is the story of a clergyman's mind—more real, less fine. But perhaps the sheer artistic side of the author's development reaches an acumen in her short stories, some of which have been collected under the title, "Uncanny Stories."

Regarding May Sinclair's work in the large, she seems to possess certain powers to a degree that sets her apart from the rest of the world's fiction writers in a way that makes comparison with the majority of them almost absurd,—her penetrating knowledge of psychology, her

exquisite technique, and her surpassing sensitiveness.

In respect to the first mentioned, Miss Sinclair gives evidence of her insight by developing and delineating psychological experiences so strange and extraordinary that if it were not for certain indescribable touches and brushmarks, which we must involuntarily recognize as earmarks of the region within human experience, we should doubt their authenticity. But there are these touches, and they enable the reader to realize that even the most intricate pathways of sex psychology, criminal psychology, and pathology along which the author leads her characters—that these, too, are undeniable. This is the way in which she demonstrates her ability as a psychologist: we are made to understand everything, and it is in this respect that May Sinclair, the Artist, differs from May Sinclair, the psychologist; for we understand the latter, while the former is frequently beyond the grasp of our intellect, or rather of our emotions.

To select an example, one might compare the quotation from "Mary Olivier" with her account in "When Their Fire Is Not Quenched" of a woman who is attempting to escape from the personified impurities of her mortal life after her death:

She turned to the door again and shook it; she beat on it with her hands.

"It's no use, Harriott. If you got out now, you'd only have to come back again. You might stave it off for an hour or so, but what's that in an immortality?"

"Immortality?"

"That's what we're in for."

"Time enough to talk about immortality when we're dead. . . . Ah. . . ."

They were being drawn towards each other across the room, moving slowly, like figures in some monstrous and appalling dance, their heads thrown back over their shoulders, their faces turned from the horrible approach. Their arms rose slowly,

heavy with intolerable reluctance; they stretched them out towards each other, aching, as if they held up an intolerable weight. Their feet dragged and were drawn.

Suddenly her knees sank under her; she shut her eyes; all her being went down before him in darkness and terror.

Strange as is May Sinclair's method, it is, nevertheless, impossible that the reader should not feel the inevitability of the situation.

This technique, in her case, is simply a matter of intellectual choice—it is a question of how to tell the story, how to portray the workings of a mind. It is not in the fact that she consistently uses the pictorial method that the value of her technique lies. It is her selection of material so simple, so sincere, so universal, as a medium for literary expression, that makes her method so remarkable, so perfect. It is her skill in gathering and crystallizing the essence of a universe of thought or emotion in a single sketch. To explain this method of expression, several instances might be of use:

. . . her being drank at every pore the swimming darkness.

. . . it was as if she drew him by intangible, supersensible threads; the walls of flesh were down between them.

. . . the walls of personality were worn thin, and through them she felt him trying to get at her.

Finally, and inseparable from her technique, because without it this could never have found expression, is her fineness of feeling. And it is this that makes her a great artist, for it is this that enables her to strike notes that have never been struck before. It is in this field that her technique saves her, for it supplies her with a medium wherewith she can strike these notes for which our language has no words, simply because they have never been struck before. Traces of this power can be distinguished in all of the quotations given above.

If it were possible to conceive of a flower so incredibly

wonderful that its petals could inhale those streamings in the air that are so ephemeral and so filigree that only the most delicate thrill to them, and could again breathe them out upon its picker, Miss Sinclair might be compared to it; and it is her lot that the pickers do not thrill to this exhalation, for they can not.

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

The Vision of Charlemagne

*The sleepless monarch watched the skies alone
And seemed to see, where shapeless clouds on high
Before the coldly glittering stars were blown,
A stir of silken banners in the sky;
He saw the myriad star-flakes seem to fly
Like sparks beneath an army's hoofs, and soon
Saw silent hosts of paladins sweep by
In gleaming steel, beneath the winter moon,
A saintly shape, before the fierce array,
Rose high—a pilgrim gown, a glowing brow—
“O King,” he heard the sweet-voiced vision say,
“Recall thy debt, recall thy sacred vow.
Thou hast an ancient crown, a fearless sway:
Thou, Emperor of Christendom!—Obey!”*

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

The Chinese Conference at Haverford

DURING the past two decades early September has witnessed the annual assemblage of Chinese students attending American seats of learning. Since 1910 conferences for the eastern section of the country have been held at Cornell, Brown, Syracuse, Princeton, Williams, and other places. The meeting held this year on the Haverford campus was the Twentieth Annual Conference of the Eastern Section of the Chinese Students' Alliance in the United States of America.

Two hundred and twenty-five interesting men and women were in the group. Small of stature, yellow of skin, the hope of the eighty thousand of their kind in this country and of the half billion on the back side of the earth, they invaded and took possession of the entire Haverford plant for the first ten days of September. They came from fifty-seven American institutions. They brought their own atmosphere. The mid-western Conference met in Chicago simultaneously, and with like purpose; namely, to consider ways and means of effecting the Chino-American understanding and to attempt solution of the problems of their republic.

It is beyond the scope of a pen not versed in the intricacies of the history and relations of the two countries to write critically on the degree of success or failure of the gathering in accomplishing its purpose or justifying its existence. The capable chairman for the ten days was Dr. Clarence K. Young, a doctor of philosophy at Princeton, and trained in diplomatic relations by His Excellency Sao-ke Alfred Sze. He expressed himself

in the last issue of the daily conference publication to the effect that the main issues had been ignored. "Not even a reasonable attempt has been made," was his warning, "to reflect our country and ourselves to the American public." Awareness of "the heavy responsibilities awaiting us at home," he declared to be still less evident. The record of the conference is "brimful of social gatherings, dances and other third grade attributes of western civilization."

Candidate Dawes would allow that such an alignment of facts might properly be termed vitriolic. From them may be taken a text. Had Dr. Young expressed his thought as he might rightfully have done, he would have accused his countrymen of having absorbed too much collegiate irresponsibility to befit the occasion. Diplomacy restrained him. Gus Alexander, New Haven tailor, who has followed the conference for a decade as its recognized sartorial expert, expressed the thought more bluntly. "Five years ago," mused Gus, "they were my most looked-forward-to trade. Every penny for goods sold, cash or credit, was in hand by the close of the conference. Today I have sizable accounts months old and collection letters going clear to Peking. They're getting too blamed much like the rest of us."

It was the duty of the chairman to demand the greatest possible result and action on the main issues of the conference as outlined on the opening day. That they were somewhat neglected may be true. The energy expended on them by the group as a whole would not suffer in the least, however, by comparison with the effort that our own student body ordinarily devotes to an important issue concerning college or national welfare. There were daily meetings addressed by prominent men, frequent presentations of papers, and forums for discussion, always well attended by the individuals studying the topics discussed. The Science Society of

China and the Chinese Engineering Society held their seventh annual joint convention and heard talks on a dozen engineering subjects. The Chinese Students' Political Science Association in America held its first annual convention as such. The economists delved into the study of banking methods; the philosophers were metaphysical and philosophized. Edward J. Cattell, for three decades Philadelphia's City Statistician, greeted the group on behalf of the city's Chamber of Commerce. Dr. Comfort's welcome contained a timely warning against threatening militarism in the republic, coming as it did within a few hours of the first news of civil war in the Shanghai region. Jeremiah W. Jenks, famed political scientist of New York University, pointed out the Chinese student's duty to his republic. Dr. Sun of Johns Hopkins Hospital, spoke for Consul General Chang at the patriotic service on the steps of Roberts Hall. Dr. Charles K. Edmunds, newly elected provost of Johns Hopkins University and one time president of Canton Christian College, was well qualified to emphasize the importance of building up an educational system for all China. Letters or personal representatives brought messages from Calvin Coolidge, Sao-ke Alfred Sze, Gifford Pinchot and many other important persons.

The Conference had its co-educational side, a factor contributing heavily to its picturesqueness. Thirty-two girls from almost as many institutions gave the assemblage a proportion of females approximating closely the proportion for the Chinese population of the whole country. Foregoing comments implying the resemblance of the men to the composite American collegian are applicable as well to the women. Creative originality in dress, boy bobs, and other "attributes of Western civilization" substantiate the statement.

At least one avowed purpose of the Conference was observed and carried through with a very fair degree

of success. Dr. Sze in his written message stressed the importance of recreation as a means to a sound healthy body. Dr. Young in turn labelled athletics as one of his four main issues. The issue was at once and without effort recognized by the assembly, with the result that Haverford's athletic equipment was taxed to an extent that it seldom is during the course of the regular college year. Volley-ball tournaments, basket ball, and swimming made the gymnasium rock. A full twelve-event track meet was held and very creditable performances were turned in, considering that no training or preparation had been made by the competitors. A very proficient brand of soccer was played by teams including in their lineups the wearers of the 'varsity letter of some of the country's largest and best known institutions. An informal trace of football and baseball was present. Most prominent of sports was tennis. Seven courts were kept busy seven hours a day. Tournaments, consolation tournaments, and exhibition play by experts covered the full period of their stay. Two of the three members of the Chinese Davis Cup team were on hand. They were Paul Kong, intercollegiate doubles champion of New York State, and C. K. Huang, Cornell singles and doubles champion, the latter bearing a striking resemblance to Kumagae of Japan. They had come fresh from their contest with the Australian team at Forest Hills, and although they had not even so much as imagined they could succeed against the Anzacs, who later earned the right to challenge America, they had put up a very creditable performance in inaugurating Chinese participation in this annual classic. Peter Sah, University of Wisconsin, and Wisconsin State champion, also was present. In exhibition play with some of the ranking racquet wielders of the Philadelphia district, the deep court mastery typical of noted short stature players was displayed to the largest gallery that has

ever witnessed Haverford campus tennis. Their oft expressed ambition to develop a few Tildens from their ranks was plainly manifested.

The ability to work hard, play hard and rest hard is often pointed to as the quality that makes great men great. The fact that the delegates did play hard need only be mentioned as a statement to supplement the account of their athletic activity. Numerous evidences during the week of their capacity for work are worth mentioning. Executive ability and diligence were back of the Conference management, of the production of a well organized eighty-page booklet forerunning and outlining the ten days' program, of the daily four-page, four-column newspaper, of the carefully worked up operetta produced by the girls, of the closing banquet.

Two of these accomplishments are marked for mention. First is the newspaper. Speaking from experience, when ten or twelve capable individuals show their desire for bringing credit from their fellow students on themselves by devoting the energy required to put out a good college publication, they go in for hard work in which their chief source of satisfaction invariably must be gotten from experience gained and service rendered. It rarely comes in the form of appreciation from those served. When ten delegates to a Conference where pleasure is an outstanding aim devote every minute of their time and considerable expense as well to such service to their fellow conferees, their altruism can hardly be questioned. News articles on the situation at home and accounts of conference events flanked feature writeups on beauty contests or supposedly strange Haverford traditions in true newspaper fashion. Editorials in bold face held their regular allotted space as did sports news, society items and advertising. Let here be expressed at least a small measure of the honor due its perpetrators.

Second in line for recognition of diligence is the operetta. This was the contribution of the women delegates to the success of the Conference. Coming when events were five days under way, it was responsible for the apparent absence of the co-educational element up to the time of its presentation. Its producers had devoted all the preceding time and in some cases most of the summer to preparing costumes and working out stage details. Unlike the publication staff, praise was not wanting for their good work, nor was it in the least undeserved. Music, stage settings, and histrionics all surpassed the expectation of the audience. The production was brought by the delegates from Wellesley, where it was first given by the Wellesley Barnswallows' Dramatic Association. It was called: "The Singing Highwayman," and included the necessary elements of love and romance, in a French setting of the seventeenth century.

The value of the Conference in making friendships among the scattered band of students in the country is evident. It has long since demonstrated its worth to them in many ways. The conference on the Haverford campus was referred to as the most pleasant and successful one of the twenty years; the plant and facilities fitted their demands exactly. The publicity and attention attracted to it was wholly desirable and an advantageous step in associating Haverford's name with progress in educational work. The combination resulted in satisfaction to all parties involved.

John R. Hoopes, '21.

Isabella, 1492

*When darkly the battle clouds glower
And civil dissensions portend you,
When Aragon watch dogs devour
And the wolves of Castilia rend you,
When with trial and torture they bend you
To toil in their yokes and to strain,
It is she that is true to befriend you—
Open your eyes, O Spain.*

*She is swift in a perilous hour
To give of her strength to defend you,
She is sure in your seasons of power
Of her bounteous wisdom to lend you.
She has conquered the Moor who would shend you
Behold you are free from his stain,
Not a pagan remains to offend you—
Open your eyes, O Spain!*

*When Portugal's pride was in flower
And threatened on sea to out-wend you,
When your mariners, aging and sour,
Were afraid of the chance to extend you,
She summoned a stranger to send you
To new worlds far over the main,
Whose fame will live on and out-end you—
Open your eyes, O Spain!*

ENVOI

*Isabella, may honor attend you
And glory emblazon your reign!
(And a word to the wise I would tend you,
Open your eyes, O Spain).*

B. B. Warfield, '25.

Editorial Comment

And when matyns & the first masse was done: there was sene in the chircheyard ayest the hygheaulter a grete stone four square lyke unto a marbel stone: And in myddes therof was lyke an Anuyld of stele a foot on hyghe: & theryn stack a fayre swerd naked by the poynt: and letters there were wryten in gold aboue the swerd that saiden thus: whoso pulleth oute this swerd of this stone and anuylde: is rightwys kynge borne of all Englond.

WHO is the man? The editorial board of THE HAVERFORDIAN is beginning to wonder whether it will die of old age and overwork about June, 1925, or whether some young warrior worthy to wield the mighty Excalibur and rule with virtue the table round will appear before them. All the members of the board are Seniors, not because the Seniors enjoy the exclusive right of calling themselves the literary arbiters of the college, but because no member of the three lower classes has yet shown himself worthy of becoming a member of the board. The members of the board are selected: first, for the excellence of their contributions to the magazine; second, for their knowledge of literature; and third, for the interest they show in THE HAVERFORDIAN. We on the board have no idea who the next editor-in-chief will be, whether he will be a Junior, a Sophomore, or a Freshman. Suffice it to say that the man whom we judge most capable of filling the office, regardless of his class, will be elected.

This year several contributions from alumni of the college and from members of the faculty will appear on

these pages. Undergraduate contributions will be much more in demand, then, because our standard will be necessarily higher and there will be more rejections of manuscripts. The editor or any of the associate editors will be glad to go over any manuscript in detail with the writer of it.

Notes

President William Wistar Comfort, '94, one of the alumni contributors to this issue, is the son of Howard Comfort, '70, who was for more than thirty years one of the managers of the college. President Comfort has been on the faculties of Haverford College and Cornell University, serving as head of the Department of Romance Languages and Literature at the latter institution. He was elected President of Haverford College in 1917. Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and University of Maryland have conferred degrees on him.

Dr. Henry Sherring Pratt, David Scull Professor of Biology, is an alumnus of the University of Michigan. He has received degrees from the University of Leipzig, and has studied also at Villefranch-sur-mer, Freiburg, Geneva, Harvard, Innsbruck and Graz. He has been on the Haverford Faculty since 1893 and on the faculty at Cold Spring Harbor since 1896. He was a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 1916-1917. Dr. Pratt was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1885.

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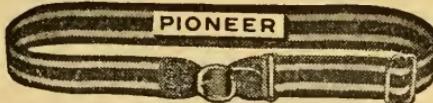
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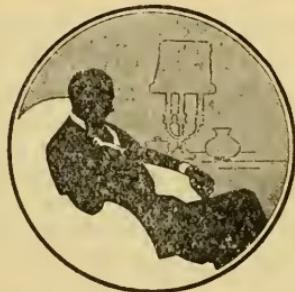
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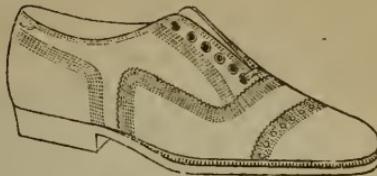
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T. L. FANSLER

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIV HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1924 No. 3

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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The Venerable Magician

*He built his weary soul with secret might,
A fortress on a dark forbidden shore
With battlements, that flaming cressets bore
High in the shadows of an endless night;
His fierce-eyed demon armies whirled in flight
From haunted chasms, all unbridged, before,
And Indian rubies lit the carven door
And touched the teeth of guardian shapes with light.
He built a throne of ivory and jade,
With seven softly burning lamps around;
Proud angels ruled the court his arts had made
And souls of men bowed humbly to the ground.
His sceptre knew no bounds of earth or star,
For he was old and he had wandered far.*

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

The Man Who Saw Death¹

There is a burst of laughter from the three young men as the curtain rises. They are rolling dice. They are all slightly under the influence of the wine they have been drinking. The LANDLORD and the BOY are serving drinks to them and to the other customers.

ALBERT (*rolls the dice*): High man wins, you say? Ten.
BILL: Looks like Albert's safe. (*Rolls.*) Six.

JACK: A little side bet with you, Bill. Five bob says I roll higher than you. (*He puts the money on the table.*)

BILL: Jack always was one for making side bets. Done!
JACK (*Rolls*): Five. I lose all around. Landlord!

LANDLORD: Here, sir.

JACK: More wine. Drinks all around for everyone. I pay.

LANDLORD: Yes, sir. (*He and the BOY busy themselves with the serving.*)

FIRST CUSTOMER: Oh, he's liberal, win or lose, he's liberal.

SECOND CUSTOMER: A fine gentleman, and there's no doubt.

F. CUSTOMER: A fine gentleman, indeed. He curses with the best of them.

S. CUSTOMER: And drinks, too. Lor' how he do love drink. And hold it, too, he can. He's strong, he is.

F. CUSTOMER: Aye, he's strong. He has no need to carry weapons—as I've heard those others do.

S. CUSTOMER: Carry weepons do they?

F. CUSTOMER: Aye, but not him. He's a gentleman.

S. CUSTOMER: A fine gentleman, and no mistake.

(*The three young men have by this time finished their wine.*)

¹ Presented in Manila, November, 1922, by The Little Theater Players.

JACK: Landlord, give us a pack of cards. I have a new trick. (*The boy brings the cards.*) Now watch me closely. (*They become so absorbed in the trick that they do not hear a distant bell tolling.*)

F. CUSTOMER: Hark'ee! The bell.

S. CUSTOMER: The Death Bell! Someone's dead; and there's no doubt.

F. CUSTOMER: Who is it? (*They look at each other and shake their heads. There is a burst of laughter from the three young men.*)

BILL: That was a good one, Jack. Now let me show you one. (*He knocks over his bottle of wine.*) Landlord, another bottle here. (*Bill sees the solemn expression on the face of the LANDLORD and looks around. All of the men are sorrowfully whispering and shaking their heads. JACK and ALBERT also look up.*)

ALBERT: Why, what's the matter?

LANDLORD: The Death Bell. (*The three listen.*)

JACK: Boy, run out and ask about it and tell us who is dead. (*He apparently dismisses the matter.*) Come on, Bill, show us your trick. (*The three turn back to their cards. They again become absorbed and have apparently forgotten all about the death bell. BILL performs the trick. The customers whisper among themselves. Slight pause.*)

ALBERT: But, Bill, how did this card get here? That's the card I chose all right, but how did it get with these others?

BILL: That's the trick.

(*The boy comes in again.*)

JACK: Now do it again. Let's see if I can get it. Now you take this card —— (*The rest of his speech is drowned by the conversation that follows.*)

F. CUSTOMER (*Beckons to the boy*): Who's dead?

BOY: It's the younger Mr. Blakely.

F. CUSTOMER: Why, he was here last night.

S. CUSTOMER: He hadn't done nothing to deserve death.

F. CUSTOMER: It ain't always them as deserves to die as does.

S. CUSTOMER: It ain't.

F. CUSTOMER: And it ain't always them as deserves to live as lives.

S. CUSTOMER: It ain't, and no mistake.

F. CUSTOMER (*To the boy*): Tell us.

BOY (*He has attracted the attention of the three young men, they listen, without apparent enthusiasm, to his story.*)

His man told me that the foul fiend Death came up behind him, Mr. Jamie I mean, and cut his heart in two.

F. CUSTOMER: A sad day for Squire Blakely.

(*At these words the three young men realize that it is their friend, Jamie Blakely, being discussed. Their befuddled brains can hardly grasp the situation. They listen as intently as they can.*)

F. CUSTOMER: Death steals in—in any house, don't seem to matter—like a thief and snatches up men's souls.

BOY (*Eager to go on with his story, relishing the gruesomeness of it*): And he was just a-sitting there, Grimes said, just ate his breakfast, a-sitting there as bright as could be—and all at once he flopped, just flopped. Like that. Death had cut his heart in two, and his face all black because his heart was cut.

F. CUSTOMER: The monster, Death!

JACK (*Rises unsteadily to his feet and calls out thickly*): I'd like to see the monster Death. Jamie was my best friend. (*The other two pull him to seat and fill his glass again.*)

S. CUSTOMER: But, Harry, can a man see Death?

F. CUSTOMER: I heard of a man once that people said saw Death.

S. CUSTOMER: But, Harry, can a man see death and not die?

F. CUSTOMER: And why should you expect a man like me to answer that question?

S. CUSTOMER: Maybe Mr. Jamie, maybe he saw death. Maybe, and there is no doubt.

(*At the words "I'd like to see the monster Death —," an OLD MAN enters. He is grizzled, with shaggy hair and ill-kept beard. His clothes are of some material, originally black; they are worn and tattered, and hang loosely on him. He comes in slowly, as if tired, and, unnoticed by any of the guests of the tavern, takes a seat at an empty table. He looks about the room and sees JACK, who sits facing him but who does not see him. The OLD MAN shakes his head sadly. He pulls a worn, black note-book and the stub of a pencil from under the folds of his garments, writes in the book, and replaces it in some hidden part of his cloak. JACK has been sitting quietly, gazing stupidly before him. BILL and ALBERT have been listening to the conversation of the two other customers.*)

JACK (*Lifts his glass to his lips and in doing so sees the OLD MAN*): Hallo, old 'un.

OLD MAN: Good evening, sir. (*To the whole company.*)

Good evening, gentlemen. God bless you all.

JACK: Why, sir, God bless yourself. You probably need it as much as we.

OLD MAN (*sadly*): Yes, perhaps I do. I am an old man and I've come a long way and I've a long way yet to go tonight.

ALBERT: How far have you come, old man?

OLD MAN: You would not believe me if I told you.

BILL: Oh, we'll believe you.

ALBERT: Yes, we'll believe you.

(*The OLD MAN is silent.*)

JACK: Come, old 'un, how far? A hundred miles?

OLD MAN: Yes, and more.

JACK: A thousand miles?

OLD MAN: And more.

JACK: Two thousand miles?

OLD MAN: More than two thousand miles.

(*A burst of laughter follows the OLD MAN's replies. The others in the tavern are interested in the teasing of the OLD MAN.*)

BILL: And how did you travel, old man? On horse?

F. CUSTOMER: Lumme! a thousand miles on horseback!

S. CUSTOMER: Two thousand miles, he said and no mistake.

JACK: Did you travel all the way by horse?

OLD MAN (*He has preserved all the while his sad tired smile*):

No, I came on foot.

(*This is almost too much for the three young men. They are convulsed with laughter. The attitude of the two customers is not the same; they seem to feel that the OLD MAN is different from the rest.*)

F. CUSTOMER: Two thousand miles on foot!

ALBERT (*As he recovers from his laughter*): And how much farther yet to go tonight? Another thousand miles?

OLD MAN: It may be.

BILL: Perhaps a million miles?

OLD MAN: Perhaps. Who knows?

JACK: How old are you?

BILL (*Nudging ALBERT he says with exaggerated sarcasm*):

Oh, we'll believe you. Oh, yes.

ALBERT: A thousand years or more?

(*The OLD MAN nods.*)

JACK: Old 'un, I'm afraid you are a wee bit touched.

Come, have a drink and that will clear your head.

(*The BOY brings the OLD MAN a glass and fills it.*

The three young men raise their glasses.)

OLD MAN: Wait, before we drink let me tell you a story.

Do you want to hear it?

BILL: If it's anything like the rest of his stories, it ought to be good, eh, Albert?

ALBERT: Maybe he was telling something near the truth, Bill. Maybe, you can't tell.

BILL: Rot!

OLD MAN: And if the language is a trifle archaic, you will pardon it, I hope, for the story took place long ago. But you are all so much like the characters of my story that I can almost imagine you gentlemen as acting it. Well, once upon a time there were three riotous young men drinking in a tavern. A close friend of theirs had died and they were lamenting his death, just as you were doing now —

(As the OLD MAN begins his Tale, the lights grow dim and finally go out. The words "just as you were doing now" are said in total darkness. The action from this point until the stage-lights go on again is the OLD MAN'S story, as acted by the three young men. When the LANDLORD enters bringing lights, we find that the OLD MAN has disappeared. The two other customers have also disappeared. The OLD MAN'S glass is no longer on the table. The three young men have changed places, with the result that JACK is sitting with his back to the OLD MAN'S table.)

JACK: Ho, Taverner!

(The LANDLORD enters, carrying lighted candles.)

JACK: This corpse that passeth by here, he was an old fellow of ours, you say?

LANDLORD: He was, pardee, and he was slain tonight, for as he sat on his bench, there came a privee thief, that with his spear smote his heart a-two. This thief that hath slain thousands in this country men call Death. But, master, ere he comes upon you, methinks you were best warned of such an adversary.

JACK: Is it such peril for to meet with him? I trow that I will seek him by way and eke by street. Hearken, fellows, let each of us hold up his hand and become the others' brother, and slay this false traitor, Death.

By God's dignity, he that slayeth so many shall himself be slain ere it be morn.

ALBERT: Aye.

BILL: He shall be slain.

(*They arise and take the oath: "Thou art my sworn brother for life and death." JACK says it first and BILL after him. They have some difficulty in getting ALBERT to his feet and making him hold up his hand. Finally, with BILL assisting him and helping him to hold up his hand, ALBERT goes through the ritual. He is about to sit down again but BILL prevents him.*)

BILL: By my faith, our fellow here is in good condition for to meet with death.

JACK: The air will clear his head. Come, let us be on our way. Sir taverner, good-night. This monster Death shall be slain ere it be morn.

(*The LANDLORD shakes his head admonishingly. He gives them a lantern as they go out, and after they have gone, closes up the tavern and puts out the candles. The three come out of the tavern and stand in the foreground and argue which way to go.*)

JACK (*Points*): I trow that we will find Death in that direction. (*ALBERT starts off drunkenly in the opposite direction. BILL stops him.*)

BILL: Mayhap in that direction? (*Points another way.*)

JACK: Nay, by my faith. (*They turn to go in the direction he has pointed out.*)

(*The OLD MAN comes in. He is much the same as in the first part of the play, but he is wrapped in a cloak. He carries a lantern and a staff. The stage is dark except for the light from the two lanterns.*)

OLD MAN: Now, lordlings, God be with you.

JACK: What, churl, bad luck to you. Why are you all wrapped up save your face? Why live you so long and you so feeble?

OLD MAN: Because I cannot find in any city or village a

man that will change his youth for my age. Therefore, I have mine age as long as it be God's will. No Death will have my life! And thus I walk, and knock upon the ground, which is my mother's gate, and say:

*"——dear mother, lat me in,
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, blood, and skin!
Allas, whan shal my body been at reste?"*

But she will not do me that grace. But, sirs, it is no courtesy for you to speak so savagely unto an old man. Never do harm unto an old man, no more than you would wish that men should do to you when you are old. God be with you wherever you may be. I must go now whither I have to go.

JACK (*stops him*): Nay, not so fast, by St. John. You spoke just now of that false traitor, Death, that slayeth all our friends in this countryside. By my faith, you seem to be his spy! Tell us where he is, or by the Holy Sacrament, you are of his consent to slay all us young folk.

OLD MAN: Now, sirs, if you be so fain to find Death, keep on this path, for in that grove I left him. See you that tall oak against the night sky? Right there I left him, by a stone. But not for your boasts will Death hide him. God save you and amend you.
(*Goes off*.)

*(The three run over to the stone and look around.
Death is not there. They stand up and stare blankly
at each other.)*

BILL: No Death is here!

ALBERT (*Who has been scratching around the stone*): Look you.

*(They gather around and hold the lantern nearer.
ALBERT brings from behind the stone several bags of
gold. He spills the contents of one of the bags on the*

ground. The gold pieces glitter in the light of the lantern.)

ALBERT: Gold!

BILL: A precious horde, pardee.

JACK: Brethren, hearken to what I Say. Fortune has given us this treasure that we might live our lives in mirth and jollity. This gold is ours, as you know well, but men will say that we are thieves and that we stole it. Therefore we must carry it full slyly and full wisely as we can. Let us draw lots, and he that hath the shortest cut shall run to the town and get a barrow. The other two will guard the treasure carefully. And with the barrow, under cover of the night, we shall carry our treasure into my house or else to yours, as we think best.

(He picks up a twig near the stone and cuts it into three unequal lengths. ALBERT gets the shortest one.)

BILL: By St. John he has the shortest cut. It is for you to go to town to get a barrow.

ALBERT: Aye, to me. I shall return full soon. Keep careful watch over our precious horde.

(He goes off slowly, as if he was in deep thought. The other two watch him until he is out of sight, then they sit down beside the gold. JACK looks around again to make sure that ALBERT is gone.)

JACK: Our fellow is gone. Now, listen to me. Thou art my sworn brother. This gold will be divided between us three; but if I can shape it so that it will be divided between two of us, have I not done you a friendly turn?

BILL: I wot not how that may be. He knows that we have the treasure. What shall we do, what shall we say to him?

JACK (*Leans closer to him*): Shall it be counsel?

BILL: Aye. By my faith, I will not betray you.

JACK: We two be stronger than one. Now, when he is

set, arise as thou wouldest play with him and I will stick him in the sides with my dagger and, look you, that you do the same.

BILL (*Draws away from him*): We shall be murderers.
(*Leaps to his feet and turns away*.) No, no!

(BILL turns as if to say something to JACK and sees him handling the gold. He divides the gold into three equal shares and shows the result to BILL, who is watching him carefully. Then he shares all the gold from one pile equally between the other two, which are greatly increased by the transference. He again indicates the result to BILL.)

JACK: Then we shall be richer far. The gold will be divided between us two and we may play at dice as often as we will.

BILL (*He is weakening*): No, no.

JACK (*Idly plays with the gold, letting it run through his fingers*): Then we may fulfill all our desires.

BILL (*His scruples are gradually overcome by the sight of the gold, he comes over to JACK and sits down*): I agree.

JACK: Now look you that you play your part well.

BILL (*It is evident that he does not like the agreement. Perhaps he even wishes that he had not made it*): I wish that we had told our fellow to bring wine. My throat is parched and dry.

JACK (*Listens*): Hist! Here he comes. Be ready and watch me for a signal. Affect an air of nonchalance.

(ALBERT comes in carefully wheeling a barrow on which are some sacks and two bottles of wine. The neck of a third bottle is seen protruding from the pocket of his cloak. When he is sure that the others are not looking at him, ALBERT carefully takes the third bottle from his cloak and puts it with the other two, keeping his hand on it all the time.)

JACK: Thou hast returned full soon.

ALBERT: Aye, and full slyly too. Look, I have brought

wine that we may drink and pledge our vow anew, before that we carry our treasure to the town.

(ALBERT, keeping his hand on his bottle all the time, gives each a bottle. They are about to sit down.)

ALBERT: Nay, let us stand and drink.

(He watches them slyly. The eyes of the others are on him. Each seems afraid to be the first to drink. ALBERT, to avert suspicion, turns his back on them and raises his bottle. As he does so, JACK gives a signal to BILL and both rush upon ALBERT and stab him. As he falls they wrap his cloak about his face to muffle his cries. JACK and BILL stand and look at the fallen man, BILL is horrified, and JACK is smiling grimly.)

BILL (Nervously): Ah, he is dead.

JACK (Wipes his dagger with an air of bravado): By God's dignity that was well done. Now we will drink a pledge between us two and then to carry our treasure to my house or else to yours.

(JACK has twice said "to my house or else to yours," and from the way he says it the second time, we get a hint that perhaps he means to do away with BILL in the same way that he has done with ALBERT.)

BILL (Takes a sip of the wine): This wine is sweet, much sweeter than I like. (Both drink long draughts. BILL gasps and puts his hand to his throat.) The wine! The wine—the wine— (He is now writhing in agony.) The wine—poison! (Dies.)

JACK (Looks down at ALBERT and shudders): Poison! He would have had all this treasure for himself.

(The poison has by this time crept through his body and taken effect. He sinks down to the ground and as he does so, his cloak covers the lantern. The stage is entirely dark.)

Out of the darkness we hear the OLD MAN speaking in a rather chanting, story-telling voice. As he speaks,

the stage lights gradually go on again. We see the scene the same as when the lights gradually went out: the three young men at a table, JACK facing the OLD MAN, as before; the OLD MAN at his table with his glass of wine; the other customers in the corner; and the LANDLORD behind the bar.

OLD MAN: And thus it came about that through their greed, the two false brothers died and also the one who poisoned them.

BILL: Well, old 'un, that wasn't much of a story.

ALBERT: But I liked it, Bill. It really meant something to me.

BILL: That was a story of long ago. Such things couldn't happen in these times.

ALBERT: I tell you I liked it.

BILL: Rot! Come on let's play cards. (*They get out the cards.*)

S. CUSTOMER: But, Harry, what do you suppose became of the bags o' gold?

F. CUSTOMER: And how should I know?

(JACK crosses to the OLD MAN'S table and sits down. He has sobered much during the telling of the story. BILL and ALBERT are playing cards. The two CUSTOMERS yawn, rise, pay their money and depart.)

JACK: That was a fine story, old 'un. We'll have a drink and then you must tell me another one.

BILL: My king takes your ten. That's one pound-ten you owe me.

JACK: Landlord, more wine here!

OLD MAN: No, this is enough.

JACK: Well, drink it, then, and tell me another tale.

ALBERT: Your trick. You seem to be lucky tonight.

BILL: It's the way the cards run.

OLD MAN: No, I can not drink it now.

JACK: Why not? (*The OLD MAN is silent.*) Why not

BILL: That makes it four pounds.

OLD MAN: Because it is written that I shall drink this glass of wine when the Death Bell tolls again. It will toll for you.

JACK: For me? (*Laughs.*) Old 'un, I fear the story has gone to your head.

OLD MAN: When the Death Bell tolls for you.

ALBERT (*In loud, angry tone*): No, I tell you. I won't play cards with a cheat.

BILL: Who is a cheat?

ALBERT (*Arises and throws down his cards*): You!

BILL: You lie.

(ALBERT says nothing but goes out of the room. BILL remains seated for a moment.)

BILL: He can't call me a cheat! (*Follows ALBERT out.*)

(There are sounds of a scuffle outside. The LANDLORD runs to the door.)

LANDLORD (*Speaks to the two fighters*): Gentlemen, gentlemen, stop! (*He runs over to JACK.*) Make them BO stop, sir. You can do it.

Y (*He has followed the LANDLORD to the door. He speaks now from the door*): The littler one's knocked down.

(JACK goes to the door. As he does so, two shots are fired. JACK is hit by the second bullet.)

BOY (*Still watching the fighters*): He's killed him.

(JACK sinks to the floor. The LANDLORD runs over to him.)

LANDLORD: Are you hurt, sir.

JACK: Yes, he winged me on that last one.

(The LANDLORD and the BOY help him to his chair at the OLD MAN'S table.)

VOICE (*Within*): Stop! In the name of the law! Landlord, landlord, here!

(The LANDLORD and the BOY go out.)

JACK (*Looks up and sees the OLD MAN sadly looking at him*): Bill is dead, I think, and the constable's got Albert. And I— (*He groans with pain.*) It's al-

most like your story, old 'un, except that we have no bags of gold.

OLD MAN: Yes, much like my story. There are three of you, and to complete the picture, here am I, an old man.

JACK (*Realization of the OLD MAN'S character comes to him*):
Old man, who are you? (*Wildly.*) Who are you?
Why—why, you—are ——

OLD MAN: Perhaps. (*He smiles sadly and slowly raises his glass.*)

JACK (*He remembers what the OLD MAN has said about the glass of wine*): No, no, you shall not drink! You shall not!

(*The OLD MAN continues to raise his glass, but pauses with it halfway to his lips.*)

JACK: No! I am strong. I am strong, I tell you. You shall not. (*The OLD MAN slowly lowers his glass.*)

JACK (*Laughs thickly*): I told you I was strong. (*As he turns his eyes away from the OLD MAN, the latter begins to raise his glass again.*)

JACK (*Looks at him quickly*): No!

The OLD MAN lowers his glass. JACK rises unsteadily to his feet; he is weak and he feels the pain of his hurt. He tries to knock the glass from the table, misses and falls to the floor. He shudders, groans, and lies still. The OLD MAN raises his glass, and listens for a moment. A distant bell is slowly tolling. The curtain falls as he drinks his wine.

T. L. Fansler, '21.

George Jean Nathan

TO GEORGE JEAN NATHAN may deservedly be handed the palm for being the *enfant terrible* of our dramatic critics. An iconoclast of professorial pronunciamentoes, Nathan, with an almost too-divine assurance, has gleefully wrenched many of the precious and hitherto-undisputed dictums of his elders among the critical fraternity. It is therefore scarcely remarkable that time was when the Old Guard looked with alarm upon this amazing upstart. He has now, by his own confession, been writing dramatic criticism for nearly twenty years (he is forty-two) and the doyens have by this time recovered themselves sufficiently to speak scornfully—or if themselves not directly attacked, patronizingly—of the impudent fellow. It is doubtful, however, if they have entirely lost their fear of him, for behold in this Nathan a creature so wanting in respect for everything “standard,” “academic,” and “established” as to spoof at the dramatic theories of the august Professor Brander Matthews, for example, a man old enough to be his father, and an author and editor of numerous books on the drama. The attitude Nathan assumes toward his brethren and their theories in general, and toward Professor Matthews and Columbia University in particular are well illustrated in the opening paragraph of his book, “The Popular Theater.”

“To an appreciable extent,” writes Mr. Nathan, “the persistent poverty of our national stage may be said to be due to the dissemination and promiscuous swallowing of the second-hand theory of such well-meaning but naive old gentlemen as the Messrs. Brander Matthews . . . and troupe, the theory, to wit, that the theater is essentially a democratic institution and

must so remain or perish from the earth. Imposing structures of conscientious piffle have been reared upon this foundation. The gospel has been hung around the neck of the college boy, disembogued in the lecture chamber, cuckooed by the Drama Leaguers. And yet, at bottom, one finds it as absurd and inutile as the paragrandine or the New York State Adultery Act. Not absurd and inutile, true enough, when trajected and practiced by the frank hawker of theatrical asafoetida, but worse than absurd and inutile when exhibited by the critic or commentator professing a cultural standard somewhat above that obtaining in a young girls' finishing school or Columbia University."

This is a fair sample of Nathan's direct and vigorous style, a style characterized by sophistication, an instinctive feeling for the fraudulent, and hatred of sham, all expressed with what H. L. Mencken, Nathan's *confrère* for a decade, calls his "devastating wit." Of course the business of determining how rightly he ascribes such a theory to Professor Matthews, and, by inference, a low cultural standard to Columbia University must remain outside the bounds of this article. Whether he be right or wrong, no matter on how many counts we may disagree with him, we are compelled to admit that here is a critic enlightened enough not to gulp down fatuously and untasted any capsule of predigested and facile theory that may come his way.

One can easily imagine that this sniffishness, this refusal to accept unquestioningly the orthodox critical standards, would create enemies. It did. Fellow critics, actors, producers, playwrights, and Philistines are numbered among them, and many of their attacks have been vitriolic and insane; there are few of the major crimes of which he has not been accused. The most serious and persistent indictment and the only one which actually threatens to diminish the esteem in which he should be

held by reason of true value, is that the man is a mere poseur and smart-aleck. There are two principal characteristics in the his which seem to establish grounds for such a charge: the first is his deliberate failure to strike an attitude of academic profundity, the second is his periodic inebriation with his own virtuosity. The absence of the classic gesture in Nathan is a healthy sign, and to argue, or imagine, that he is a less able critic because he writes with more *éclat* and less of the usual obfuscatory pedantry, is silly.

It is in taking up the charge of Nathan's posturing that we come to his real weakness. There are numerous passages in his books for which little or no excuse can be made, and they are so obvious that almost any member of the much-heralded moron tribe could spot them at once. The allies of Nathan may (and generally do) just as well admit them at once and pass on. To be a little more specific, the impeachable passages are those written obviously for the purpose of impressing with the author's indubitable erudition, or for purposes of humor. They take the form of unnecessarily extensive citations of examples, the ludicrous juxtaposition of totally dissimilar things (such, for example, as the House of Representatives and Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum) in the same connection, the application of undeserved titulary distinctions (*Mlle.* Tanguay, for instance), the employment of innumerable synonyms for the human buttocks, and similar dodges. It is amusing to note, however, that so astute is the man that he recently admitted in print, without any attempt at a defense, his use of the last three devices.

Nevertheless, exasperating as it may be—and it is exasperating—to see a stream of impertinent wisdom flaunted before us for page after page, we must not overlook the fundamental sagacity, the penetration, and, above all, the fine skepticism of this critic—for skepticism

is perhaps at once the rarest and most important of critical qualities. If Nathan sometimes fails in what is apparently an attempt to inject the suave *bonton* and distinction of the late James Gibbons Huneker into his writings, it is after all a minor matter compared to the admirable critical integrity and unflinching opposition to all that is cheap and shoddy in the theater.

I. L. Hibberd, '26.

Rendezvous

*You sought to have me for one hour, dear heart,
Alone with thee, here where the silence sings,
In cadence to the hemlock whisperings,
Songs full of hush, of unsurpassèd art.
See twixt the musing mountains, cleft apart
By some bold Herculean chisellings,
The burnished sunset, dyed with thrushes' wings,
Beyond the shadows where the mayflies dart,
So have I come to meet thee from afar,
To greet thee, love, descending from the skies,
Or else, withdraw the star-embroidered screen
Impenetrable unto eyes terrene,
That I may walk the aisles of paradise
And join thee there, where the immortals are.*

B. B. Warfield, '25.

The Religious Conditions in Europe¹

THE religious conditions in Europe are complicated, and in order better to understand them I will group the matter under four heads. First, we should consider the people in general and the place religion occupies with them. Second, we should consider the alteration caused by war and revolution; for example, the disestablishment of the Church. Third, our attention would be directed to the relations existing between the different branches of Christianity, such as the relations between the Catholics and Protestants. Fourth, and last, we should look at the attitude that Christianity takes in regard to the great religions of the East and their invasion of the West.

Let us take up the first point: the attitude of the people toward religion in general, and toward Christianity in particular. Today there is to be observed in Europe a rising wave of religious interest and zeal. This rising and falling wave of religion has always been found in history, and the people are constantly going from the depths to the crest, and from the crest to the depths. Just now the wave is turning back from agnosticism and materialism to religion. But we must speak of this wave with hesitancy, and even with fear and trembling, for it is so shifting and so uncertain in its beginning, in its end, and in its very existence.

In Germany we have had a great estrangement from

¹This article is the substance of a lecture by Professor Rudolf Otto of Marburg University, given at Haverford College, October 14th.

religion. It began in the middle of the last century and developed in the upper and lower classes, and even, to some extent, in the middle classes. It was a period of indifferentism to religion. The people no longer took an interest in the Church, so the churches became almost empty, especially of men. Schools, science, and public opinion became secularized. This was true, not only in Germany, but very nearly throughout all Europe. The only countries not affected in this way were Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Finland, and Russia. Scandinavia kept to the old Lutheran Church and the old Lutheran tradition. The reason is that this tradition is not hard and fast; it is broadminded and full of life and interest; it looks at the people with interest and tries to understand their problems. There was, consequently, no antagonism to the old tradition.

The middle classes in the countries where this upheaval was felt were Church people. Even if they were not church-goers they felt themselves to be Church people. Old Church traditions and customs prevailed. Among the educated and working classes, however, there was indifferentism and even hatred of the Church, of Christ, and of the Christian tradition. The fault for this lies at several doors. First, the Church was to blame, because it lacked the broadness that popular sects and dissenters bring. These free sects English Christendom has and has had. English Christendom has, too, lay preaching and preaching on the street corners to the workers—things which our Church did not have. Second, there was the connection between Church and State. This made the Church appear the stronghold of the State, and the socialists believed that the Church served the State to the detriment of the people. Third, the Church had no real understanding of the needs of the people. It did not realize that the people needed food, and shelter, and clothing, as well

as guidance in ethics and religion. The Church, because it did not understand, could give no one of these.

Socialism really has nothing to do with religion or irreligion. Christianity has from time to time shown strong socialistic tendencies, and everyone knows how it began in socialism. It might easily have been possible to have had Christian socialism. Why, then, did this happen? It is because socialism took up with materialism in the guise of science, and this science seemed to deny religion. The people thought this materialism necessary to socialism. The possibility of this democracy existed in the Church, but they did not realize this, and consequently they did not want to have a Church. They wanted materialism. This sad fact had its consequence.

Nowadays there is a new stirring. Its root we do not know. It might be an outcome of the German Youth Movement and its idealism. These German youths want a fuller outgrowth of spiritual life. They begin to mention the name of God. They begin to discuss ethical and metaphysical questions. How this movement arose no one knows, but it sprang up among the young pupils in the higher schools and among the younger students. It was a groping, a blind throbbing, an uneasy stirring. It was a new longing for beauty, for nature, for love, for friendship, and for simplicity of life. The old German idealism broke through once more. Behind it all were mind and a new idea of responsibility.

At about the same time young people of a more religious tendency were stirred and fired. Their desire took a definitely devotional turn. They wanted to worship together and in a new way, and so they went into the Youth Movement and colored it, and even for a time almost dominated it. They wanted to form new cults and revived a sort of mediaeval symbolism. They felt the urge to master life and the great tendencies of

life. Not only that, but they also wanted to apply these thoughts and these tendencies in society and industry.

Because these men found a growing religious responsibility, the Church is beginning to feel a growing social responsibility. Young clergymen are gathering together and talking about their social duties and reforms. In the scientific, philosophical, and theological world there is a new and growing movement toward metaphysics. Formerly, there was little interest, but now a marvelous swing to the other side takes place. Religion even becomes fashionable. Paul Natorp² of Marburg, a Neo-Kantian philosopher who was deeply interested in Quakerism, and who visited Haverford, ended his life with the crowning thought of God as the *Urlogos*. He found all his speculations tended in that direction. Rickert³ of Heidelberg, Husserl⁴ of Freiburg, and Driesch⁵ with his biological theory of God, are among the leaders. Among the students themselves the interest in questions unheard of in former days is arising, and these students are not men interested mainly in theology. They are men interested in science, philosophy, literature, and social subjects.

Now I turn in closing to the fourth point: The

² Paul Natorp died last year.

³ Heinrich Rickert, ordentlicher Professor der Philosophie an die Universität Heidelberg.

⁴ Edmund Husserl, ordentlicher Professor der Philosophie an die Universität Freiburg. His most important work is *Philosophie als strenge Wissenschaft*.

⁵ Hans Adolf Eduard Driesch, ordentlicher Professor der Philosophie an die Universität Leipzig. His most important works are: *Die Biologie als selbste Grundwissenschaft*, *Die "Seele" als elementarischer Naturfaktor*, and *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism*.

new relations between Christianity and the great religions of the East. The Buddhist ideas are being imported from Japan, and the old Buddhistic philosophies and books are being translated into German. There are German translations of the Upanishads, the most sacred book of the Buddhists, to the number of sixteen. The Mahometans, too, are sending missionaries into Europe. They have recently built a large mosque in Berlin. They aim not merely to make themselves understood, but to make conversions to their religion. This is true of Italy, France, and the upper classes of Russia, as well as of Germany. Men even go over to these religions, or at least are said to go over to them.

It is in these circles, where different religions meet, that the idea of an inter-religious society for advancing common religious and ethical teaching sprang up. Representatives of many religions have gathered together and expressed an ardent desire to combine on these points. *It is true that the great sins are the sins of society.* To remedy these evils would be the purpose of such a body. It is a fruitful idea. All the Buddhists of Japan have averred their wish to join with men of earnest religious zeal on common, human, ethical ideals. Here among the Quakers this project might find especial favor and bear good fruit.

There are many things going on. The condition is complicated and no one can tell its outcome or where it will tend. Every religious person has quite a new responsibility put on his shoulders.

“Captain, Tell Us a Story”

THE August evening was clear and cold. The yellow sun dropped behind Mt. McIntyre like a golden disc, leaving the sky for a moment empty and stainlessly blue. But soon Jupiter came out above the peak beyond which the sun had fallen, and after him all the stars in turn. Slowly up the Marcy Trail, their backs to the western sky, plodded a group of boys, clinging to the bank of the crystalline Opalescent, which beckoned precipitately downwards. The evening sky grew darker and the mountain breeze blew colder as they steadily climbed on until they reached a camping place where the stream divided, just as the last beams of the day faded. The seventeen knapsacks were slid from their shoulders and the boys scattered every which way to attack the dead trees, still standing, though completely dry, many of which remained as witnesses of former forest fires. Fifteen minutes sufficed to gather enough wood to sink a ship and fifteen more to cook a pot of chocolate. Three of the group are now college seniors, the other fourteen are boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age. They were all glad to reach the lean-to which was to shelter them, but as soon as their immediate object was attained they settled down to a quiet quite at odds with their usual hilariousness, and allowed themselves to be taken in by the spell of the night.

Mars rose over the shoulder of Mt. Marcy towering above them, or rather beside them. The trail became steeper at this point and led on up one branch of the brook through a narrow pass. Mars sufficed to light the horizon so as to point out two spire-like pines standing near together, but just opposite, at the top of the pass,

and while the red-hot planet painted them out, a superb pageant presented itself. Silently, splendidly, so slowly that it seemed without motion, the moon rose, full and bright directly between the two tall trees. The whole earth seemed breathless, and even the gurgling stream and the hissing fire seemed to harmonize with the majestic symphony. It was some time before anyone spoke, and then one of the boys rose to fix the fire and while he stood with his hands stretched toward the soaring flames he said, "Captain, tell us a story."

The Captain, or rather all three Captains, did tell them a story, but they are forgotten, lost in the greater memory of the clear, cold night. Probably, indeed, they were not closely listened to, but they were stories, and the story is the thing on such occasions. There were many such occasions for these boys and sometimes they remember a story by the occasion and at other times the memory of a story recalls an occasion. That same evening there were three other groups of like numbers, but different ages, who were camped within thirty miles or so of each other, all having started for Mt. Marcy on successive days from the same camp. They had the same moon above them, whether camping in the depths of Panther Gorge, or on the shores of Avalanche Lake, or in a farmyard hard by Lake Placid; and all heard stories often to be recalled. Next year many of them will return to camp and will clamor for the same tales. "Tell us the one you told us at Opalescent Camp," or "Do you remember the one Johnny told us at Shelter Rock?" The youngsters are insatiable; one is not enough, nor six. The oldest are not exempt from the craze. At least two or three times each summer at the announcement of story telling for the juniors on a rainy evening is coupled with that of fairy tales for Senior Camp, whereupon the assembled multitude roars with delight. Nevertheless, there are many fairy tales told

around senior camp fires and on senior hikes, and they are just as sure as the ten-year-olds to recall the one Johnny told them at Shelter Rock.

It would do a great deal of good to the Editors of certain magazines to investigate the types of stories which appeal to the boys, with due consideration for the ages of each group. The youngsters of ten years or so are sometimes the hardest to please. The idea of a fairy tale in the manner of Andrew Lang's *Red, Green or Yellow Fairy Book*, is scorned absolutely, but if the victim of their demands is clever, he will concoct a story partly *Red*, partly *Green* and somewhat *Yellow*, with all the embellishments he can remember garnered from the rest of the rainbow. They want a continuous stream of miraculous happenings, explosions, mutinies, caves, trap doors, even invisible wings and seven-league boots—but always without the mention of a fairy or any such supernatural agent. Everything must happen as planned by the scenario writer, and worked by the studio electrician out of range of the clicking camera—in other words, realistically, as they always do happen at the Saturday night show. The most successful story teller in the section of camp where the youngsters lived was a chap who had just gotten his Ph.D. in English, on the strength of a critical thesis on *Gulliver's Travels*. He had spent several months looking up possible sources, from Lucian to Rabelais, and he had hundreds of voyages to the moon and Gargantuan adventures up his sleeve. These he doled out liberally, with a long-handled spoon, and the kids never seemed to have enough. One fatal mistake he skillfully avoided. They never were told that these were famous stories written by an ancient Greek, which they ought to be acquainted with, and would read some day in school. If any one doubts the fatality of such a remark, let him try it on an audience such as this. "The Pied Piper," "The Ballad of the

Revenge," and "The Destruction of Senaccherib" are anathema simply because they were read Friday afternoon in school.

As they get a little older, let us say about twelve or fifteen, ghosts and detectives are their principal concerns. Scotland Yard and Limehouse are familiar words to their ears, even though visualized, as one boy admitted, as "A sort of courtyard in the London Police Station," and something to do with green candy, at least in name. They are much more interested in real, active men and familiar places. Of course, crime is not always a necessary adjunct to a story, but it really must be found in one out of three or the evening is spoiled. There is one consideration which saves the jaded victim of the boys' satiable curiosity, to wit: There are some stories which the boys are willing to hear for the thousandth and first time. As a result there is a small group of stories which every master at the Camp knows and leans on heavily in a crisis. What is even more valuable, there is a wild, cruel man, unbelievably strong, wily and shy as a fox, who goes by the name of Blue Boar, and exists solely for the delight of the intermediates, and the terrorizing of the juniors. He has wiped out several whole families in the vicinity of Keeseville, the neighboring town, and ruthlessly destroys any who incur his enmity—and lots of other people for that matter. Woe to him who dares to tread the mountain trails alone. On one occasion a party of autoists stopped at a sign which read: "Spring, 50 yards." One man got out with a tin bucket and disappeared along the path into the woods. He didn't return for some time, and the others, with the exception of a young lady who was feeling poorly, went to find him. About fifty yards along the path they found the man with his throat slit, and they sadly carried him back to the car. Imagine their horror and amazement to find the girl weltering in her gore, with a *blue boar* stamped

on her forehead! This gentleman has had more bloody deeds laid to his charge than Nero or Captain Kidd, but all in all he is a precious boon to the human race as it is exemplified in the councillors at Camp.

It is perhaps needless to say that in telling a story the first person is employed whenever possible. Even if the youngsters won't believe that the events actually occurred to one, it seems to render additional glamour to the most impossible narratives. The author may be shot one evening and drowned the next, or suffer both at once and yet be sure of rising as fresh as ever to take the morning dip.

To insure the best stories for the best occasions, they must often be saved and doled out with proper regard for circumstances. No one ever seems to have enough stories on tap, and there is little danger of any individual telling more than he is asked for. There are many evenings when one feels rather like the original bloodless turnip. Rainy days, with baseball and tennis out of the question, have to be filled in somehow. Then find Tom, Dick or Harry, who has already fallen, and send the whole bunch of kids to his tent. It usually works only too well, especially if you are Tom, Dick, or Harry.

Bedtime is another favorite hour, and usually some one crowds in a story between Tattoo and Taps, two or three tents joining together for the process. To avoid telling tales under these circumstances is sometimes a misdemeanor, which, however, rests with surprising lightness on the most new Anglicized of consciences, but to avoid them on hikes is impossible. The best thing to do is to enjoy them.

Few of the fellows in senior camp this summer will forget an evening in the last week when the feast was over, and the fire low, and the stories began. The headmaster of the camp wove a wondrous tale of an avenging

deity pursuing his victim from the south seas to a western desert. The moon shone dimly on the bluff, and over the blue lake. The pines on the ridge of the hills beyond were silhouetted against the northern stars. The curious tale was the bridge to unreality, the pathway to the realm when dreams come true, and where the truth is but a resplendent dream. It is from these lands that the storyteller brings the touchstone of joy, which he carves with skilled hand into cunning gems, long to be treasured in the quiet vaults of memory.

B. B. Warfield, '25.

Madame Butterfly

Madame Butterfly!
Thy breast is warm with love.
O sing, and lull thy heart
Of love to sleep,
For He has said his last good-bye.

Nevermore thy Love
Will lighten thy tear-stained eyes,
So sing thou must, for He
Comes not again,
His dull soul knows not love.

Ames Johnston, '25.

The Heathen Pastor

PERCIVAL MUNSON, professional ne'er-do-well, was in a ticklish position. His patrimony was running low. Since he had never done a stroke of work in his life, he felt rather up against it. What could he do? Rather, what was he able to do? The young gallant paced the floor of his temporary apartments, meagre though they were, consisting of one hotel room. The only possible talent he possessed was in the art of acting. He had played in school and college performances, but could he obtain a position on the legitimate with a salary generous enough to allow him to lead the fastidious life he was used to, a matter vitally necessary to his existence?

There came a tap on the door. That damn landlord again. Would he never cease his begging for money? There came another tap. No that was too timid a tap for the landlord's. Had he ordered anything? No, of course not, not in his present predicament. Some fool souse, he guessed. He would teach the bugger a lesson. Percival opened the door with a jerk. No one fell in. No one was standing in the hall. He was just on the verge of closing the door when he felt something pawing at his leg. He drew back with a start. There on the floor lay a man. The creature seemed to be having convulsions. Hello! A young minister. Percival pulled him in and closed the door.

"What's the matter, stranger, have a dizzy spell?"

The young man made an attempt to speak but fell back into Munson's arms. Percy drew out a small pocket flask and applied it sparingly to his lips. Rather young for a minister, he thought. Poor egg, looked like he'd been suffering, too. The newcomer opened his eyes, seemingly revived by the stimulant. He looked up at Percy with an imploring look.

"My people," he murmured. "You'll tell my people that I'm taken to the Lord? My people, Oh my flock that I have never lead, nor even seen. Oh, God, why can't I go on with Thy work." He paused as if he could no longer speak, then — "My people at Edington, you'll tell them, you'll —," and here the young parson fell back into Percy's arms. Percy looked at him. He shook him, but life seemed to have passed from the body.

Percy laid his burden on the bed and walked over to the other side of the room. Who were his people, at Edington, his flock? He walked over to the body and searched the clothes. There were some papers in the coat pocket and a wallet. Percy took them over to the light and examined them. There was a letter from a friend, bidding him "God's speed." Ah! A life insurance policy. No it wasn't either. A diploma of some sort. Why the fellow was a fresh graduate from Dumont's Seminary, Arthur Grundy. Another letter, from the elders of the Edington church. They were expecting the reverend on the eleven-fifty that day. The wallet contained some fifty dollars. That would come in handy perhaps.

The young man chuckled.

"Why here's the job for me, a cinch, but the question is where the deuce is Edington." He thumbed the leaves of the telephone directory. EDINGTON, 20 CENTS, he found under the rate card. "Well it can't be far away, here goes."

He split the fifty dollars with the landlord to whom he explained the facts of the case and to whom he left the trouble of the coroner.

Percival Munson alighted from the eleven-fifty at Edington dressed in his dullest suit and his most dilapidated four-in-hand. He looked as much like a minister as might be expected. He carried a black satchel and a brief case. The brief case was

a last-minute addition to improve the dignity of his position and incidentally to keep in the background Green's *Sermons for the Young Minister*. Percy looked around for the elder who was supposed to meet him and soon spied something that in his mind might be that good man, dressed in a frock coat and high silk hat. He inquired.

"No, no. I'm Mr. Calhoun of 'Calhoun and Gregory, Undertakers.' I'm expecting a consignment of caskets on this train. See the little man in the brown coat and baggy trousers? That's Mr. Berry. He's the man you are looking for."

Percy thanked Mr. Calhoun and proceeded towards Mr. Berry a bit more cautiously. The elder greeted him effusively.

"Ah, so this is our young pastor. You look as though you could fill our church with God's own words." Yes, Percy thought he could do that little thing. "Come, Brother Grundy, my car is over on the other side of the platform."

So Percy was led to a ramshackle motor car and driven to his future bread and butter. He wasn't so pleased with Mr. Berry, for he was not Percy's idea of an elder. But this was only one and he might hope for the best. He wondered what the holy edifice would look like. He had pictured it as a towering edifice with flying buttresses, something on the order of the Rheims cathedral. His dreams were shattered as they rounded the next corner, for there it stood, a wooden church with the old-fashioned pointed steeple. Moreover there appeared to be a reception committee. Women! Heaven help him. If there was anything he hated to do it was to hobnob with a collection of old dames. But hush! They were his people and he must not speak thus of his congregation. Come! Off with Percy, on with the sackcloth and ashes.

It was not Percival Munson who descended from the

car. It was the Reverend Arthur Grundy, the actor at his best. He began his march of triumph with slow deliberate steps in co-operation with the slow movements of the body, the bent back, burdened with the cares and worries which do afflict men of the ministerial profession. The head was tilted slightly to one side, the mouth drawn down in one corner, the hands clasped across the chest. All these eccentricities tended to make a profound and lasting impression on the officers and members of the Edington Memorial Church. Percy breathed a sigh of relief as he gave a firm but effeminate handshake to the last of the reception committee. It was the beginning of a tedious task.

His first Sunday came around. Percy had been to church several times in his life and had a fairly definite idea as to how he was expected to carry on. He found Green's *Sermons for the Young Minister* a great help, not only for the sermons, but for the order of service and a chapter on how to pray. So the Reverend Grundy prepared himself a magnificent prayer which would last for fifteen minutes if possible. The congregation must needs cough, blow their noses, and shift their feet at the end thereof. The "good pastor," as Mrs. Brown called him, went back to his chair to recover his breath. Meanwhile the congregation all joined in the singing of a hymn. Percy was amused for a while, looking at the devout faces, but as verses wore on he was nearly driven to prostration, for he found that his "flock" were not much trained in the art of vocal exercise. In fact, he forgot what hymn he had announced. The tune seemed to become less evident as the theme progressed, due to the fact that the men took a fancy to linger on the bass notes, and the women on a defensive alto; all of which seemed to drown out the voices of the simple-minded who had not the talent to sing these strange accompaniments. Then the minister blessed the collection plate and pro-

ceeded to his first sermon which corresponded to the first sermon in Green.

It was hard work for small pay, thought Percy, as he transformed himself into a human pump handle at the front door. Indeed, Percy thought he would run out of salutations before he had bid all his people farewell. But then there was the pleasant walk to the Stonham House where the young pastor was lodged. It was now that he was informed of the Sunday-school at two-thirty. Percy wondered how he would find time to work up the evening service, let alone a little address to the children, of which task Deacon Berry had reminded him.

The reverend addressed the kiddies, and then went around to see that all was in working order. Yes, he remembered that the minister at home had stuck around during the Sunday school hour. Silly practice, but he must earn his bread and butter. So he went around from place to place, patting the little things on the head and speaking righteous words to them, which he made certain were conveyed to the ears of some of the influential members of the church. Christian Endeavor was another extra thrown in the long day's schedule, followed by the evening service. The day of rest over, Percy barricaded himself in his room and sincerely hoped that no more of his blessed people would deign to call that night. Then the telephone bell rang. Percy answered it.

"This is Mrs. Mahoney," said a catty voice at the other end of the wire. "Mr. Grundy I just thought I would be reminding you of the Ladies' Aid meeting tomorrow and we are most desirous to have you there."

Percy swallowed with great difficulty then brought himself up to the worthy reverend Grundy.

"Oh, I'm quite grateful to you, Mrs. Mahoney, I had not known of the meeting before. I shall surely be there."

"Why how funny. You did not know? I was sure

Mr. Berry had it put on the calendar. Well, we'll be expecting you then. Good-bye."

The calendar, oh yes, the deacon had said something about the calendar. There it was on the desk. Percy looked through it. Yes, The Ladies' Aid, Monday afternoon. Tuesday, what! Nothing to do on Tuesday! Wednesday evening, Prayer Meeting.

"How many of these damn things do we have a week. Holy Jerusalem, another on Friday. Ah, I wondered where the catch was in this job. Saturday night: Oh, yes, a reception at Dr. Applejohn's. He's the old gentleman that sat on the first row this morning and nearly set me crazy with his 'Hallelujahs, praise His Names.' The board of elders is holding a special meeting in my behalf on Thursday evening. Like Hell they will! I have a date with Anne downtown, and I'm not breaking it for this crowd. I must call up the deacon though. He might want to know."

The Reverend Grundy had a marvelous time Monday afternoon. After a short, snappy speech to let the ladies know that he was behind them, Percy found himself surrounded with all the dames in town, amidst the clatter of tea cups and the slight audibility of the munching of small slivers of dainty toast. Oh, the questions they did ask! How did he know that he was called to God's work? Had he never been tempted to be led astray? They praised him too, the ladies. What a wonderful voice he had! What inspiration he gave them! Oh, and had he seen Professor Wiggins' Pamphlet on "The Sentiment in the Bible"? No, he had not. He must look it up, and Percy would feign make an annotation of the thing.

If any of Percy's blessed people wanted him that night he had retired, for Percy was a wreck. And Percy did retire, as far as any one else was concerned. He lit a cigarette, brought out a bottle of his very best Gordon Gin, and spent the evening with Voltaire.

Tuesday night he was just on the verge of going out, when the telephone rang. Would he call on Mr. Cofman? Mr. Cofman was very ill with the rheumatism and was in dire need of some "inspeeration." Percy supposed that was something like extreme unction and forthwith despatched himself to the Cofman home. Indeed the "old gent" was in a bad way. Percy read him a few chapters out of the Book and prayed for him the best he could. It seemed to help the old fellow quite a bit; wonderful, this science of psychology.

A month had passed before the gabby ladies of the church had gathered enough material to work up on their pastor. Mrs. Johnson had from good authority that the Reverend was seen in a downtown cabaret with a coarse-looking woman. Mrs. Berry said that her husband had been up to the pastor's rooms one night and had distinctly smelled tobacco. All such rumors were sufficient cause to call a meeting of the board of elders. Their pastor was then advised to stop his filthy habits and not thus be led into temptation again. The meeting closed with a word of prayer from the pastor in which he as much as told the elders to mind their own business, hoping that they would lift their minds to higher and nobler things. Both sides having had their say, the session broke up, and the pastor went home to wrestle with temptation, which in this case turned out to be the bottle of gin.

On top of all his worries, Percy had not as yet received any remuneration for his services. He mentioned the fact to the deacon, moving him to sympathy with tales of bills he had never been able to pay when he had worked his way through college. All of thich caused the deacon to advise a lecture on tithes. The interest on the mortgage was long overdue and the foreign missions must be settled; then they would consider the minister.

"By the way, Deacon, could you advance me a

loan of ten dollars?" Percy was really getting hard up.

"No, I'm afraid I can't. Not that I don't trust you, Grundy, but the last pastor we had took sudden leave of us and twenty dollars of my own. I won't be caught again. Of course, that's no reflection on you, you understand, but I would rather not mingle with the treasury department."

"Why you stingy hound you," murmured Percy after he had taken leave of the deacon. "So the last one took sudden leave. Can't say I blame him."

Saturday evening found the young pastor working on his sermon on tithes for the morrow. He did not need Green's volume this time. His bottle of gin seemed to provide all the inspiration necessary. It was at this time that the deacon came to pay a friendly visit. The good man must needs smell the tainted atmosphere.

"Strange," he said, "there seems to be an odor of alcohol."

"Oh, my dear Deacon, do be reasonable. As if the pastor of your church would so degrade himself! Indeed, you insult me. You merely smell the aciduous fruits of my Tutti Fruity chewing gum."

The bottle had been hurriedly concealed in the young pastor's coat pocket, but the neck was still in evidence. The deacon noticed it and Percy knew it.

"Well," said the deacon. "Be that as it may, I just dropped in to remind you about the sermon on tithes tomorrow. Good-night."

The service was well under way and Mrs. Mahoney was struggling her best to sing "The Tenth Te Deum in E Flat," when the deacon came up to inform the reverend that there was a meeting of the board of elders right after the services and that his presence was most definitely solicited. Percy knew what was in the air. He consulted a timetable. There was a twelve o'clock to town. That would do.

Percy preached the sermon on tithes. So effective was it that one of the brethren got up and suggested that the plate be passed around again. A novel idea, thought Percy. Then the pastor called on his people for a word of prayer. It was a long prayer and rightly so, for the pastor must needs transform the collection plate into his salary. His hands clasped behind him, he nimbly drew all the paper currency towards his pockets. There were many notes that day because the congregation was caught short on the second journey of the plate, and rather than violate their conscience, and to save their good names it was necessary to put in a dollar bill and take out some change. The Reverend Grundy pronounced the benediction, his last one, he feared. Then the congregation sank down to a few moments of silent prayer. The organ crashed forth the noisy postlude and the congregation turned towards the front door with the expectation of shaking hands with their pastor and bidding him a word of cheer. But their pastor once more had taken sudden leave.

J. Dean Joly, '26.

Notes

Rudolf Otto, Dr. theol. et Phil., is Professor of Theology in Marburg University. He was born in 1869, is a graduate of Göttingen, and has studied and taught in Marokko, Japan and Breslau. His most important work, *Das Heilige*, was published in 1908. He is a Demokrat politically. At present he is traveling and lecturing in America.

Dr. F. E. Lutz, '00, Curator of Insects in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, has been awarded the A. Cressy Morrison prize for 1923. This prize is open to members of the New York Academy of Sciences and affiliated societies, and is awarded for an essay on physics, chemistry, astronomy, anthropology, and psychology. Dr. Lutz's essay was a study of ultra-violet in relation to the flower-visiting habits of insects.

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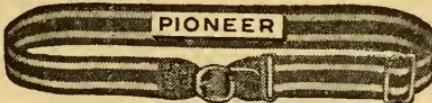
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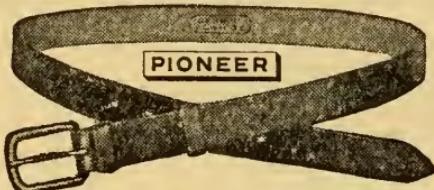
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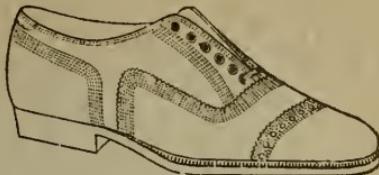
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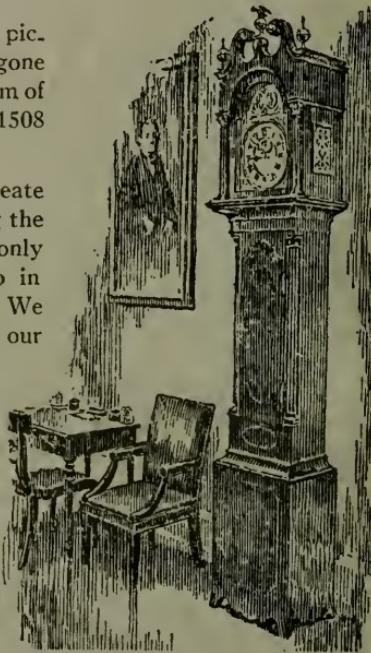
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AVERFORDIAN
published monthly at
Haverford College

JANUARY, 1925

OUR LADY OF LOURDES
C. C. SELLERS

"ET, ROSE, ELLE A VÉCU . . ."
FREDERIC PROKOSCH

IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
ALBERT H. WILSON

THE SUMMER BOARDER
STANSFIELD SARGENT

FRESH THOUGHTS FROM AN OLD MANDARIN
R. T. OHL

THE FINAL CLINCH
R. BARRY, II

OXFORD IN RETROSPECT
L. A. POST

NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT
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MAKING MUSIC SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIV HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1925 No. 4

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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Our Lady of Lourdes

*Ave Maria! This is Our Lady of Lourdes—
Move softly in the presence of the Queen.
A vision—caught within this rugged shrine
Forever—stands beneath the cliff, where green
Around her head the ivy masses cling,
Where crutches hang and grateful tokens shine
Across the mystic pool that dreams between.
While pilgrims breathe of woes and suffering
That through her warm-souled pity may be cured,
The shadow of the Rock Massabielle
Lends gently, in its dim enfolding spell,
The mother's zeal that makes her face divine,
To a supernal beauty softening
The brightly painted statue's pious mien.
The Queen!—Yet, through the twilight lowering,
The jealous mountains guard her small demesne;
Earthly and vast, they hold her rule immured.
On high, the solemn chimes of evening ring,
Blend with their harmony, so deep, serene,
The shadowy murmur of the magic spring. . . .
*Ave Maria!—This is the goddess of Lourdes;
Move softly from the presence of a queen.**

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

“Et, rose, elle a vécu....”

*“Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin . . .”*

Malherbe.

A YOUNG GIRL.
HER MOTHER.
HER FATHER.
THE WIND.
A YOUNG POET.

MIDDAY

The gods of Spring have taken to themselves the quaint old farmhouse in the background, pure white, embowered in white lilacs. There is a tall, full hedge along the left side of the stage, and a white gate divides it in two. From this, a narrow, little flagstone walk twines its way up to the veranda. A large rosebush partly hides the veranda; it is heavily laden with glorious, wide-open roses. An OLD MAN is occupied trimming the hedge, humming to himself, and an OLD WOMAN is standing before the rosebush, looking over the roses. Finally she takes an especially glorious, wide-open one, and carefully she cuts it off.

OLD WOMAN: This is a fair one. Are you sure that you want only one? There are several others here that are just as beautiful. I could make you a bouquet.

VOICE FROM THE VERANDA: One is enough, mother. I want just one big one to hold and smell.

We see on the veranda a little person that we have

not noticed before, on account of the rosebush. But we see now. It is a YOUNG GIRL of perhaps seventeen: her straight, thin golden hair falls down over her cheeks, and she seems pale. She is sitting in a cushioned chair in the shadow of the rosebush, and her skin, showing where her little white gown (a nightgown, probably) leaves her bare, is peculiarly white—it seems almost rose-colored in the shadows. It looks like a rose petal—as if it would break if pressed too hard. She is a faint and delicate princess from a fairy tale, much like one of the many roses in the sunlight here. Only a shadow has fallen on her. The OLD WOMAN, who is her MOTHER, brings her the rose that she has cut, and the YOUNG GIRL presses it into her face.

MOTHER: Wouldn't you rather be in the warm sunlight, dear? I can move you there.

SHE: No, leave me here. I enjoy smelling my roses.

MOTHER: At least let me bring you a shawl.

She goes into the house and brings out a white shawl, which she places on her daughter's shoulders. Then she goes out into the garden and gathers some pansies from a little bed on the right. Some time passes in this way—the OLD MAN trimming the hedge, the OLD WOMAN gathering flowers, and the YOUNG GIRL gradually drooping her head and falling asleep.

Suddenly a wind passes through the garden, and a cloud covers the sun. The YOUNG GIRL raises her head, dreamily presses her rose to herself, then drops it, and lets her head sink suddenly to one side. Her FATHER and MOTHER run up to her. The MOTHER begins to weep silently, and the father picks up the fragile form and quickly carries it in.

The cloud passes again with a breath of WIND, as it passes through the garden; and the rosebush seems to take a deep breath and stretch itself, and awaken. The sun again shines on the garden.

TWILIGHT

(TWENTY YEARS LATER)

It is the same scene, only the grass has grown high, and the hedge is untrimmed, and the house has grown older—much older. The rosebush, too, has aged, and there is but one full blown rose on it—the rest have all withered long ago.

Enter the WIND. The grasses bend for a moment, but the WIND settles down in the garden, and all is quiet again. The WIND soliloquizes.

WIND: Poor, poor rosebush. I don't know whether I am more to be pitied, or you. My dear, you are actually growing old, and how I shall miss your pretty company! One is beginning to notice that you are no longer well taken care of. And to think that I have been passing through this garden daily, for pretty nigh forty years. First, I used to flit through and kiss your roses on the cheek, and ruffle the golden hair of the little fairy princess who used to live here. You were young then—nothing but a pretty, little rosebush, well brought up. But one day, I found that you had a soul—it was after the little fairy princess had died. She was too young to die, and her restless soul must have found you, I think. And I fell in love with you then. But you have aged since then, my dear; I never grow older, you see, and I really am forced to seek other loves. But I'll give your lonely rose a nice gentle kiss just the same.

He rises and kisses the rose. At this moment the young POET enters the garden through the gate, which creaks as it swings on its rusty hinges. He looks about and studies the house; he is trying to get an inspiration for a poem. Suddenly he sees the rose.

POET: Oh . . . a rose . . . the only one left, too!

What a shame that the rest have withered so. But I know whom I shall give this one to.

He picks it, looks at it, and smells it.

POET: Ugh! It is too old. It has lost its smell. No, it won't do, I am afraid. She would laugh at me.

He throws the rose away, and goes toward the gate. As the flower drops, some of its petals blow away; the wind is taking them with him. But neither the wind, nor the poet, see a tiny drop of red on the branch where the rose was picked. But what can the rosebush expect? It is no longer young. The fairy princess is old enough to die now.

POET (*as he opens the gate*): Yes, she would surely have laughed at me. But I have my inspiration!

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

Impressions of Cambridge University

THE system of education in the English universities has become familiar to Americans since the establishment of the Rhodes Scholarships, and it has recently been the subject of experiment and much discussion. It is not my intention to give an account of it here, but rather to note some of the features of Cambridge life which impressed me, and which are perhaps not so well known to the readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

Cambridge University, as everyone knows, is a kind of union of a number of "colleges"; this is also true of Oxford, but of these two alone among British universities. How a university may be composed of colleges is also no longer a mystery, since someone hit upon the happy comparison with our Federal Union and the component states. Suffice it to say that the analogy extends to the possession of state rights, jealously preserved. Much that is distinctive in Cambridge depends upon this peculiar composition of the University. A "Cambridge man" may be descriptive to an outsider, but to the initiated one must add the college—a member of Trinity, Jesus, King's. How does the Cambridge student choose his college? Speaking generally, it is that to which his father and grandfather belonged; and not infrequently, if it is a popular college and there is no room at the time of his application, he will wait a year rather than enter another, though the latter may offer equal advantages.

A college, in addition to being a more or less complete educational unit, is a club, the members of which are Fellows and students, and admission to which is obtained

almost as much upon personal as upon scholastic qualification. Fellows, by the way, include the entire teaching staff and the executive officers of the college, together with others, Masters of Arts, chosen for manifested ability in scholarship and congenial personality. All the members of the college dine together "in Hall." Thus Cambridge University, with an enrollment of five thousand students, combines the intimate association of our small college with the inspiring rivalry of the large university.

The colleges also provide the framework for unlimited competition in athletics, debating, and other activities, both formal and informal. There is an ordered schedule of games for the seventeen colleges, championships to be won in rugger, soccer, track, cricket, and above all, in rowing. The much maligned English climate permits outdoor sports for the entire year, seldom interfering, for instance, with boat races in February or track finals in March. No wonder that we look in vain for the great university gymnasium or practice sheds.

By far the most interesting feature of Cambridge is the undergraduate. One does not often hear the term, still less often that which I have used above, *student*. It betrays the tenderfoot to speak of *students*. Under no circumstances, *boys*; and *Fellows* is a proper noun, very proper, as explained. The University authorities conceal their embarrassment by resorting to Latin,—persons "*in statu pupillari*." "All persons *in statu pupillari* are forbidden to use a gramophone while boating on the river within college bounds." But he calls himself a *man*; and the terminology is adopted. "The men will be coming up this week," the lodging-house keepers told me when I applied in vain for rooms in town. Parenthetically, "to come up" is to arrive in Cambridge, geographically one of the lowest inhabited places in the kingdom; to leave Cambridge is "to go down."

There is something significant in the Cambridge man's designation of himself, a something worthy of imitation. At eighteen, the English boy declares his intellectual independence; he does not cease to be amenable to authority, but he assumes responsibility for his choice of "reading," and for his attitude toward it; and to a surprising degree he assumes the initiative in work and play. In apparent, though not in real contradiction to this is the elaborate list of restrictions imposed upon Cambridge men by the college authorities. Each college is surrounded by an unscaleable wall, with entrance guarded by a vigilant porter, intimately acquainted with the rooms and habits of every member of the college. Within the confines of this wall, every person *in statu pupillari* must find himself at 10 P. M., except by permission. The streets of the town are patrolled until late hours by dignified Proctors (Fellows!). If the University does not approve of certain theaters or movies, attendance at these is forbidden. The short undergraduate gown (a very attractive garment) must be worn at all lectures, public functions, visits to Fellows, and in Hall; and after nightsfall the academic cap must also be worn. Smoking rules are identical with those of Haverford.

College students will agree that there is no real burden in these restrictions. They are, many of them, traditional; and the only apprehension concerning them is that some modern spirit may intervene to abolish them. It is interesting to observe that the emphasis in restrictions is laid upon conduct rather than upon academic procedure; while the reverse seems to be true of our own colleges.

An almost universal trait of the young Englishman is his love of acting; and it emerges in a variety of forms at the University, in pageants, plays, ceremonies and in fun. Indeed, in every conversation with a Cambridge

undergraduate one must be constantly on guard, lest he leave the sober paths of reality and begin with puzzling verisimilitude and the utmost solemnity, to wander in the mazes of his fertile imagination. Let the American visitor beware; it is a favorite indoor sport. There are in the University three dramatic societies, each of which presents an annual play, a half dozen performances on consecutive nights, usually at the town theater. One of these is The Marlowe Society, founded by Rupert Brooke, which presents only plays of Marlowe or his school. The favorite form of humor of the undergraduates, the "Rag," is an impromptu play, an extravagant caricature of some notable current event. On occasions when these are given, the city fathers generously (and wisely) restrict traffic in certain areas and the townspeople gather about to witness the performance.

But the English youth is on the whole a silent lad. Except on rare occasions the dormitories are as quiet as a library. When I dined in Hall, if I were seated with my back to the students, I was never aware of their presence, and was invariably surprised at the close of the meal to find that they had vanished. There is in every college a "combination room," to which they retire for coffee and smoking, where conversation is general and lively, but always by our standard, very quiet. At the athletic contests there is enthusiasm, applause, shouts of encouragement, but never organized cheering or singing.

The subject of debating is so much to the fore at Haverford, and actual acquaintance with a Cambridge team so recent, that little need be said here. Nowhere does the undergraduate show to greater advantage. The "Union," primarily a debating society (the oldest in England), includes in its membership the most mature, intellectual, and liberal of the undergraduate body. The favorite subject of debate is politics, though the weekly

program is quite varied; and it is on this subject that the future parliamentarians give full vent to their powers. One is amazed at the accurate knowledge of political events, of the personnel and acts of Parliament, and always at the remarkable facility with which the English language is used. Several times during the year persons outside the Union are asked to participate in the debate; cabinet ministers, foreign dignitaries, Cambridge and Oxford professors, candidates for public office. At such times the visitors debate neither first nor last, nor is there the slightest difference in procedure when they speak.

Everyone knows of the distinction between the "honors" man and the "pass" man. But the latter does not always receive his due; he has fallen heir to a reputation which has long since ceased to be true. He is professionally neither a loafer nor a sport; that is to say, he does not long survive if he is. He is indeed frequently a serious student; with due allowance for exceptions, he has a worthy hobby which he cultivates with zest. The varsity teams are recruited almost entirely from the ranks of the pass men, and varsity "Blues" are to be reckoned with, whatever they elect to do on leaving the University. He contributes largely to the fund of wholesale humor which is a valuable adjunct of Cambridge life; and the standard of scholarship which he must maintain and of which give evidence by annual examination, is by no means contemptible. Finally, he is in some danger of disappearing; one of the colleges, at least, will admit only honors men, a commentary upon the extent to which the spirit of the strenuous life has penetrated this calmest and most conservative of institutions.

When American college men speak of English university methods with a view to adopting them, they have in mind the life of the honors student. Let the current

discussion suffice; I shall only say that the honors man has my sincere admiration, and were I to write of him it would be in terms of praise.

There is a boast at Cambridge that there are no mannerisms developed by the University; that difference of opinion, angularity, individuality, are welcomed and cherished. But there is one habit which is a near-mannerism: the studied formality of greetings, critical judgment which intervenes where there might be enthusiasm, in general an undue "moderation of transports." Much that has been said above is therefore in bad Cambridge taste; and I propose to offend again in closing. For even the casual visitor must catch a glimpse of the positive forces which are exerted upon impressionable youth by the visible home in which they live. The venerable buildings, in their calm and massive dignity, are symbols of faith, stability, immortality; the beauty of the quiet lawns sloping to the little river, of the delightful "Fellows' gardens," of the stately trees along the famous "Backs,"—who can doubt that these are living influences? But of greater importance are the traditions of great men with whom every college is associated,—Newton, Cromwell, Milton, Darwin; the roll is long and glorious, of names which are household words. Chapels are adorned with their statues and walls with their portraits. It would be a callous undergraduate who would not be fired with hero worship in such company.

*Albert H. Wilson,
Associate Professor of Mathematics.*

The Summer Boarder

THE typical summer boarder is nearly always found at the moderate priced hotels or boarding houses in this quiet little country resort, or near that sleepy little village by the sea. She is usually a schoolteacher, or at least a single lady living economically, though not pinchingly, on the interest from her invested money. She has come to spend four or five weeks, or even two months, and if she is new to the place she will soon discover whether it is to her liking or not.

The summer boarder is, in fact, a force. She is no mere seeker of summer resorts; once she has found one which pleases her, she will return to it year after year. All the attractions boasted by the place are sampled by her, and it is not long before she finds the one which agrees with her particular taste or complex. Perhaps it is a natural seat on a rock overlooking the blue ocean. Here she will go with her parasol and knitting, or a book, or nothing at all, and spend whole afternoons. Perhaps it is a little rustic summerhouse in the orchard, shaded by apple trees and out of sight of the main building. Or perhaps it is just a cool corner of the veranda. At any rate, she soon picks out a spot she likes, where she can pleasantly pass the time alone or with one or two of her fellow-boarders whose tastes run in the same way as hers.

Occasionally she is to be found at the stylish and fashionable hotels, but wealth and high social life hinder the free play of her energies and dwarf her personality; for our summer boarder has energy and personality; the only reason more of us do not notice it is that we do not draw her out. In most cases she keeps pretty much to herself until one or two younger spirits become well

acquainted with her and interested in her; then the latent sociable qualities she possesses are brought to the surface.

Our friend has a love of beauty and neatness,—in short, a fine aesthetic sense. Who brings in the bouquet of wild flowers (often including goldenrod, to the despair of the hay-fever victim) to brighten up the dining table? Or who touches up the mantel decorations with a peacock feather or two, and cannot bear to see a disarranged table cover in the living room? Why, she, the summer boarder, of course.

The "porch-rocker" is omnipresent. Though less active in body than others of the boarders, she is equally, if not more, alert in mind, and always on the lookout for interest and novelty. She will have her knitting, or perhaps the newest ladies' magazine, or more likely still, a copy of Zane Grey's latest from the little circulating library in the village. Ever with the same gentle rocking motion, she will listen to the other boarders as they chat, and talk to them when the conversation becomes interesting enough. The porch-rocker has our respect, or at least our toleration, since she is probably the most inoffensive sort of boarder under our consideration.

By no means in the same category comes the almost-young female boarder who has a great passion for tennis or croquet, and who seem as forever looking for someone to play with her. If she invites you to take a hand there is no getting out of it. The trouble with these women athletic enthusiasts is that you must disport with them in a strictly gentlemanly manner, neither playing so hard as to outclass them, nor yet allowing them to know you are not enjoying yourself to the full extent of your exertion.

Almost as bad is the lady who professes a devotion to aquatics. She "*just will* learn to swim!" So she comes to the water's edge in full regalia; a cap with a

sash tied around it, a very balloony dress of some rustling silky stuff, stockings, shoes, and goodness knows what else. But even after many assurances from you that there is no danger, if she ventures beyond a depth up to her knees it is extraordinary. After a few waves have splashed over her, she retires, a bit proud to have "got wet all over." And if one of these lady enthusiasts happens to have unheard-of daring, and takes four or five hasty strokes before she reaches for the bottom, the rest of the boarders are likely never to hear an end of her "swimming."

Then, of course, there is the literary boarder. She reads regularly the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, and *Bookman*. Though usually quite unoffending, a conversation started between two of them at the dinner table is guaranteed to shut up everyone else effectively. You can imagine what a damper this is upon the conversation: "By the way, Miss Blakison, have you read Katharine Fullerton Gerrould's article on 'Men, Women and the Byron Complex' in the September *Atlantic*?" "Yes, indeed I have, Miss Hopkinson; it is a very fine exposition of the new thought about Lord Byron, is it not?" By this time the rest of the people at the table are silent, having no contribution to make on new thought in regard to the Byron Complex.

Often to be found among the summer boarders is the artist, or rather, the would-be artist. This enthusiast paints "Willow Clump in the Twilight" or the sun setting behind the horizon of the ocean, and leaves her sketch carelessly at the entrance of the house where passersby may see it. The artist gushingly assures her friends she wants it to be criticized; although she really means to say "praised." If one of us spoke out his real opinion of the *chef d'oeuvre*, probably the artistic lady would not be discouraged from further endeavor, but the beginnings of a beautiful friendship would be ruined.

We must not overlook the various kinds of cranks always to be found among summer resorters. There is the chilly boarder who wants a fire and dreads the least sign of a draught. There is the lady boarder who is deathly afraid of storms; a clap of thunder or flash of lightning nearly sends her into hysterics, and the psychological effect which her actions produce upon the other females present is far from encouraging. Then, what summer colony is without its "C. K." chronic kicker, the woman who expects the cuisine and chamber-maid service of a "Marlborough-Blenheim" while she is paying the board of an "Elms Cottage"?

And we must not forget the boarder who is a bore, who talks continually and continuously about herself and her relatives, or even worse, about all the various diseases she has suffered or heard about. On her approach, everyone recollects some important engagement or a letter which must be written to catch the outgoing mail.

However, after extensive observation, I have come to the conclusion that the most deadly boarder with whom we come in contact is the "Pollyanna,"—the cheerful soul who tries to be the life of the party. She begins the first thing in the morning and ends the last at night. As she enters the dining room for breakfast she will glance around the room with the query: "Everybody well this mornin'? Everybody happy?" At the table she feels called upon to see that there is no lull in the conversation. And she performs this self-imposed duty to perfection. For instance, after a short moment of silence she will pop out the question, "Well, Harold, have you fully decided what you want to be when you finish school?" This to the utter bewilderment of backward Harold who has recently made up his mind to become an aviator. Or perhaps she will open fire upon a new arrival: "I am sure you will enjoy yourself here, Mrs. Morton. I do hope Mr. Morton will follow you

down from the city. By the way, what business is he engaged in, Mrs. Morton?" Now it happens that Mr. Morton is an undertaker, and that Mrs. Morton does not publish these tidings abroad. So the poor lady murmurs something about his being a "mortician," inwardly damning "Pollyanna" wholeheartedly.

When our little ray of sunshine is at her best, however, is in the crowded living room on a rainy evening. Her supply of jokes and conundrums is an inexhaustible as it is unceasing. "A blind beggar had a brother. That brother died. But the man who died never had a brother. Now what relation was the beggar to the dead man?" After a little pause Mr. Simpkins weakly suggests that perhaps the beggar was the sister of the dead man. "That's right! That's right! How clever you are, Mr. Simpkins! And I do believe I have fooled more people on that question than on any other. Ha, ha, ha."

And so it goes. For the first two or three days you think Pollyanna a good sort; tolerable at least. But after a week, still more so after two, especially if you take your meals at the same table as she, you will solemnly vow never to stay a minute at a small boarding place which shelters one of her kind.

As for the male summer boarder, he is too rare an article to be generalized or considered as a type; we can only treat him as an individual, so he must be omitted.

Stansfeld Sargent, '27.

Fresh Thoughts From an Old Mandarin

*They say
An ancient proverb has it
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
Observe the moss-grown stone, my brothers,
Has it not already rolled
To where it is now
From somewhere else?
Surely, what is the good of rolling
If it be not to find a place
Worth stopping at?*

*"Brevity is the soul of wit"—
But have you never heard
An ordinary story
Told by a master mandarin
And made exceedingly funny
By his manner of telling it?
The longer it continues
The funnier it gets—
Where now, O Brevity, is thy sting?*

*Truly the sayings of the ancients
Are often more aqueous than saline.
Why, I have seen an opportunity
Knock not once, but twice,
Thrice,
Nay even camp upon the doorstep
Of its sought for master,
And plague him to be taken in and sheltered,
Warmed and fostered.*

*Verily the poet is fortunate—
He need never interpret his meanings
In plainer language than his lines,
For there are those who stand
Ready to do so
Professionally,
And tell what was in his mind
Here in this place and there.
Or why he wrote that line just so
Or why he wrote it at all.
Which, praise Buddha,
Is more than he can do
Himself.*

*'Tis often said
A pipe's a man's best friend.
Many a hasty prompting
Has sobered in the afterthought of smoke,
Many a calm decision made
In the mystic haze of smoke,
And many a sad reflexion made
That life is grasped as easily
As smoke.*

*A master mind
Has just invented
A subway silencer.
But is it not that clamor
That constitutes its solitude?
What we need
Is a devisualizer for the elevated
Where there is scenery
To distract the student
Of serious literature
From uninterrupted pursuit
Of the same.*

*The queer characters
That my laundry-man
Weekly inscribes upon pink and yellow slips
Interest me greatly.
Did I not know what I had taken
I should never know what to expect in return.
Sometime I shall let my wife wrap up
My wash for me
And I shall make delivery of it sight unseen.
Then for one glorious week
I shall speculate
On what I am to receive.
The absolutely unintelligible
Always piques my curiosily.*

*The old mandarin
In one of his cynical moods
Said
That life was like a laundry.
("The gambling-house of the ages,"
He called it.)
A weekly lottery
In which we place our best and worst.
The drawing is held continually
There are no blanks
But we do not always get back
What we have put in.
And sometimes it returns
Metamorphosed
Into something quite unrecognizable.
Occasionally, if we are lucky,
Only a button is missing
Or an edge slightly frayed.*

*My mind is like a skating pond.
Periodically it freezes over
And is impervious to new impressions,
And thoughts in twos and threes
Or even larger troupes
Go gliding over its surface
In alluring figure eights and grape-vine twists,
But do not cut in deeply.
Occasionally a random thought
Ventures too near the edge
Where the ice is thin
And breaks through.
It is very disturbing
For no sooner is the ice sufficiently cracked
Than all the skaters go away.*

R. T. Ohl, '21.

The Final Clinch

The curtain rises—all curtains do. Of course some evening this opus magnum may be presented in a theatre where the curtain is divided in two, and each half retreats into its respective wing. But after all, the importance of a curtain is neither here nor there. Still, allowing the subject to be here, or even there, the opening curtain cannot hold a candle to that which frames the all-important final clinch.

HERO has successfully combated all that which has been prescribed; he has overcome all minor and major obstacles. He has justly won HEROINE (the name Charlotte, written in the original manuscript, has been abandoned in favor of a less obvious calling card); in fact we have seen all along he is to win her. He deserves her—take that as you will.

Shall we agree to have the curtain rise? Good! It does, disclosing an intimate scene in HEROINE'S boudoir. She is putting a final dab of flesh-tinted powder on her naturally rosy cheeks. That is done now, and next in order—remember, this is to be an intimate scene—comes the adjusting of lips. The audience is so entranced with this procedure, the fact HEROINE is clad, or rather draped, only in silk underthings remains entirely unobserved. Then again that should be expected; the slender, pink hold-me-ups which prove conclusively the attire is *négligée* are difficult to discover. But let those who will, think HEROINE clad in evening dress. The difference is but two ribbons and three hundred dollars—and what's three hundred dollars to the imagination?

She completes her task, rises, floats over before the French mirror, and mannequins in front of it. She hums, "Yes We Have No Bananas" in a minor key. HERO enters out of breath. No, he doesn't smoke cigarettes.

HERO: I mus' tell you ——(*pant, pant*)

HEROINE (*very much interested*): Really?

HERO (*game to the finish*): Yes. We've won! (*pant pant*) Now we can be married, live happily ever after, *et cetera, et cetera*.

HEROINE (*with great passion*): Do tell!

HERO (*valiantly*): Yes.

HEROINE (*turning back to the mirror*): I heard the funniest joke this afternoon—but I can't think just how it went. (*Thinks—in vain, of course.*) Oh, it was *so* funny! (*Laughs pleasantly, as one might at a futurist canvas.*) It was something about living happily ever after. I never —

HERO (*a bit peeved*): But Heroine, dear, I've won. You don't seem to realize what that means. Now all our dreams can be —

HEROINE (*bored to tears*): Our dreams. You're the father of all that rot. Do you really think we'd be happy for more than a few months? Not I! Where did you ever get such queer —

HERO: But darling you love me. I know it; I've analyzed all the symptoms. We'll be happier than —

HEROINE: Blah.

HERO (*unable to decipher*): What?

HEROINE (*with great patience*): Blah!

(Enter VILLAIN.)

VILLAIN (*spying HEROINE*): Ah, there.

HERO (*greatly excited*): Say you! You're supposed to be crushed, and defeated, annihilated, and all that. Get out of here; we're just getting ready to live happily ever after.

VILLAIN (*scientifically*): Who told you that?

HEROINE (*one of her purple patches of wit*): He figured it out.

HERO (*didactically*): I—that is we—rather I —

VILLAIN: Come on, little sweetheart, let 'im rave. You

two are going to live happily ever after, *cela va sans dire* (v. *is an excellent student of French.*), but let's have a little fun first.

HERO (*silver-tongued*): But wait. This won't go at all. The public expects me 'n the gal to clinch and live h. e. a. This is all wrong.

VILLAIN (*en père*): Read Leibnitz, dumb-bell. Read him or keep your eyes open. 'S all the same. You'll live h. e. a. with the girl, don't worry. My heavens! don't you ever go to the movies? Come on, little sweetheart, my taxi's still waiting. (*Exeunt.*)

HERO (*philosophizing—sooner or later they all do*): Thank Heaven the box office must be considered! She'll come back repentant; she has to do it! I know you're just about as much worried as I am. In fact you may be more so—you paid money to come here. But it's a going to turn out right in the end, so why worry? You might just as well go home to your radio and spend the rest of the evening by the fire-side—that's figurative, you know—as stay for the last act. Then too, we can trot away to the hotel. I know it's leaving you in a bit of doubt, but let me sing you a song. Verse always raises the emotional tenor, as you know from Wordsworth, so let that suffice for the final clinch. (*Sings*)

*Don't worry, dears, don't fret,
It'll all turn out right yet.
There's no use in soliloquizing,
Or wasting time by ill-advising.
You who know just what is pending;
Of course there'll be a happy ending!*

CURTAIN!

R. Barry, II, '26.

Oxford in Retrospect

ONE definite satisfaction I have derived from my time at Oxford, the satisfaction that comes when I can stem the enthusiasm of a born democrat, who is floridly expatiating on a distant prospect of the Prince of Wales, by the remark: "Ah, yes, an excellent young man. I had a year at the university with him." For Oxford is the most democratic place in the world and accepts princes and dukes and Rhodes scholars in the same skeptical mood. It tends to forget that anybody is anybody and so quite graciously allows one to forget that one is not anybody. Such a leveling atmosphere is a rare boon to the student. It is at first surprising to find such an atmosphere at a university whose members have been accused of putting on side.

There are other surprises that come to the American student at Oxford, if, like most Rhodes scholars, he has unexpectedly gained the opportunity of entering the university and expects to find it rather like his American college. Such obvious errors as supposing that he can study journalism, or salesmanship, or short story writing, or any other practical accomplishment, or expecting to get a degree by electing courses in a dozen assorted subjects, he will probably have corrected before ever he wins a Rhodes scholarship. In any case he will know that Oxford and Cambridge are distinct universities and that Cambridge is not a college of Oxford or *vice versa*. Furthermore, he will know that a Rhodes scholarship is a scholarship to Oxford and that, if one forsooth desires to attend Cambridge, one does so at one's own expense and at one's own risk. If he has been properly coached, he may even know something of dons and divvers and blues, how to pronounce Magdalen and Balliol, that New College is never New, and whether it has a president, or a provost, or a warden at its head.

What one can hardly imagine beforehand is the utterly foreign quality of Oxford. The tourist laughs at many things in England because they are different, but he hardly feels like an exile from home—for he is free. At Oxford one is at first really an exile, and a homesick exile at that. One must learn and conform to a network of written and unwritten regulations that are bizarre enough to seem hardly human. When conformity to these has been attained, a glorious freedom results, but not before. The high stone walls that line the streets of Oxford have been reinforced with barbed wire, broken glass and a sort of revolving spike that must have taken some ingenuity to invent. Nothing but a prison would be so guarded in America. Until one has learned that these formidable barriers are intended to preserve rather than to diminish the freedom of college life, one is somewhat downcast. One learns with equal chagrin that college gates are closed after nine o'clock, and that there is no surer way of forfeiting all claim to Oxford privileges than to repeat the offence of remaining out after midnight.

Oxford discipline is impressive in other details. Disorder in the dining hall is summarily dealt with by a fine generously imposed upon all within range of the disorder. Walking on the grass also leads to fines that mysteriously appear on one's bill at the end of term. Now, infraction of university statutes is much more likely to escape punishment than the breaking of college rules, for there are but two university proctors to patrol the streets of Oxford and vicinity. Still, many a student has felt the spirit of seventy-six stir his blood when a meager-looking proctor has fined him the usual amount for appearing on the streets without his academic gown after eight o'clock in the evening; and more than one unlucky wight has forfeited two pounds to the authorities for the unsuspected crime of consorting with a young

lady on the streets of Oxford. I knew one man who paid, besides the two, another five pounds for the language he used to the proctor on such an occasion. He was a southern cavalier.

The federal organization of Oxford (for the university is a union of sovereign colleges) gives to each man a special sphere of university life within his own college walls. The counterpart of this assignment is the obligation to take part in as many college activities as possible. It is hardly possible to let talents lie idle when every college needs its quota of oarsmen, cricketers, debaters and what not. One has very little opportunity to remain a spectator at Oxford; one becomes perforce an insignificant actor on a crowded stage.

The Oxford system of instruction is fast becoming a myth among American students. Everyone has heard of the wonderful place (this side of Paradise) where lectures are optional and no one is expected to attend more than half a dozen a week, where the student is examined in but one field and follows largely his own fancy in preparing for that examination. The reverse of the medal is not so well-known. Work is not required, but on the other hand no recognition is given for work not honestly performed. Furthermore, the student who attends the university for the life, or the experience, or the friendships, or because it is done in his set, is recognized and assigned a special line of study that will, without unduly taxing his powers, keep him from blocking the path of the intellectual thoroughbred. Serious students read for honors in classics, or a modern language, or in some science, or in law, or in philosophy, history, economics, political science, or in some other listed subject,—that is, all who are looking forward to the degree of B.A. There is also, of course, the possibility of working for some other degree. The B.A. degree signifies that its holder "has lived for three years among gentlemen and has not

been kicked out." It is doubtful whether it means anything more. If you want to know whether an Oxford graduate has achieved any intellectual eminence, you must ask him in what school he read for honors and what class he obtained, whether first, second, third, or fourth. It is worth noting that no Haverford man has as yet attained at Oxford a higher class than second. From this it may be judged that even a good American student may find opportunity to exert all his powers in working for an Oxford B.A.

The class awarded is determined solely on the basis of an examination consisting of a number of written papers and an oral inquisition. In my own case there were twelve papers and I wrote for five or six hours a day for six days. The papers included translation from and into Latin and Greek, ancient history, the history of philosophy, logic and metaphysics, and some special authors. For such an examination it is impossible to cram overnight. It is the part of wisdom to spend a few days before the test in getting physically fit for the ordeal. My own method, which I recommend, was to spend five delightful days with my bicycle between Oxford and the Welsh border.

The examinations are set and marked by men under whom, as a rule, the candidate has not studied. It is clear, as I say, that credit cannot be given except for work honestly performed. There is, however, in the tutorial system every stimulus possible to make a man work hard and honestly. Once a week each student finds himself alone with his tutor, thrown on his own frail resources against a man versed in the technique of detecting subterfuges, shifts, and evasions. The student, when first assigned a subject for his weekly essay, goes blithely to an authority and summarizes his statement of the case. When he meets his tutor, he finds, however, that he may rely on no authority but himself. He must, in fact, support the position of his authority by reasoning

based on relevant facts. He is as helpless as the chess-player who plays book openings only, when his opponent departs from book and challenges him to improvise. After one such lesson a student makes it a practise to delve deep and to build securely his theoretical edifice before confronting the devastating tutor.

The most notable result of the tutorial system as practised at Oxford is that a man discovers the depths of his own ignorance and begins to think. Education is not efficiently organized at Oxford. One acquires knowledge slowly or not at all. The Oxford graduate may have no practical efficiency in anything. Let me say by the way, once for all, that, if a man wishes to acquire practical efficiency, he had better avoid Oxford, for he may there even lose his former respect for organization and efficiency as applied to education. He will, however, learn, if he is to learn it at all, how to think skeptically, and that is the beginning of wisdom, if not of knowledge.

The Oxford tutor, like Socrates of old, makes it his mission to convict his pupil of ignorance; and the Socratic method, now as formerly, awakens in the student powers that were dormant, and makes him capable of developing an organized body of knowledge in due relation to life that is very different from the pedantic accumulation of facts which is acquired by the efficient methods sometimes preached in the United States of America. The Oxford ideal is merely the ideal of all true educators. All Oxford men are not philosophers, nor are all philosophers Oxford products; yet the man who has been awakened to the significance of any body of facts by contact with Oxford may perhaps be pardoned for looking to Oxford ever after as to his spiritual home, the symbol of that stable reality which, whatever he may do or wherever he may be, underlies his activity.

*L. A. Post, '11,
Assistant Professor of Greek.*

Nothing to Show for It

J. THADDEUS BROWN stepped gingerly from "The Corn Belt Flyer" to the icy platform of the little station that boldly announced itself to be "Sloansville." He stood still, while the train, which had hesitated a moment, sniffing contemptuously at the ramshackle excuse for a station, gathered speed and hurtled off into the night, as though ashamed of having stopped at such a place. As the red lights winked out and the roar of the long string of coaches diminished and died in the distance, the old gentleman coughed spasmodically and muttered to himself, "That's the way it has always been. Fight, fight, fight and nothing to show for it. Well, the great test is not far off now." And he picked his way along the slippery platform to the small brown station, some fifty yards distant.

It was warm inside. The huge cast-iron stove in the center of the dingy waiting-room was red hot and cast a mellow glow upon its surroundings. The ticket-agent, a wizened-up old man, peering out of his window like some aged monkey at the "Zoo," called a cheery good-night, and went into a back room to prepare for bed. The old professor entered the room and was gratefully warming his hands at the stove, when a stooping, gray-haired negro came in by another door.

"Howdy, Doctah Jones. Did you have a good trip?"

"A good trip? You—you asked me if I had a good trip?" then, with an effort, "Oh! Yes, yes, of course A very good trip, George, an excellent trip. I think I'll go right up to the house if you are ready."

"Yes, sah! Napoleon's pretty neah froz', but Ah reckon he'll perambulate up to yoah house. Dese wahm days an' col' nights am powful hard on a horse."

The professor went out to the only "hack" that the small country town boasted and climbed in, while the negro unhitched "Napoleon," climbed up on his box, and bade the horse "go 'long." Past the water tower and the creamery, where the "best butter in the Middle West" was made; along Broad Street, in the daytime a sea of mud, but now, a maze of frozen ruts; between two rows of drab, gray stores—Hennesey's Market, The Sweet Shop, Florette's, Mike's Lunch, Walker's Hardware Store, and all the rest; past the Doctor's and the Preacher's; up a long hill to the campus; and, finally, home.

"Well, Ah see they left a light burnin' fooh you."

"Yes—a sort of a lighthouse, George, to put new courage in a man—no, that's for you—good-night."

"Thank you, sah. Good-night."

The hack rattled off down the dark street and Doctor Jones slowly climbed the steps and unlocked the door.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes, Maria, I'm back." He sighed as he hung his coat in the closet under the stairs. "It was a hard trip and I'm glad to get home." A harsh cough escaped him.

"Thad, you've taken cold on those terrible trains."

"It's nothing, nothing at all, just a little cough—you know, Maria, I rather thought you would be waiting up. You always have waited up. It's good to have someone who cares."

"Then—then—Oh, you don't mean that your hopes, your dreams, everything is gone?"

"No, not everything, dear. You see, I still have my formulae and, always, you. When I got there, the Anti-tuberculosis League—well, they've had a lot of patent medicine fakers try to cheat them, and I guess they thought that I was either a crazy, old fool or a swindler. Anyway, they absolutely refused to help me in any way whatsoever and even said that they thought

it would be best for me to give it up. I won't give it up! I'm not doddering! I'm not old! I've worked all my life for it and I won't give it up. I'll fool them. Ha, Ha!! It will be a joke. Don't mind! I'm just tired—sleeper for two nights and no sleep. I'll be all right in the morning. I managed to get the chemical I needed and it won't be long, now, until I try the cure on guinea pigs. Oh! Maria! I pray to God it will work!"

"It will work, Thad. I know it will. Now come to bed or you'll catch more cold."

"All right. I must mix that chemical in tomorrow. If I only had my time to myself and no classes. Think of it! Your own time to help humanity in your own way. And apparatus-tools-tools to work with. It has always been my dream. Yet, I've fought on without them and I'm hoping for success."

"Dearest, you will be successful. You can't miss it now. Just a few more plunges, as they say on the field, and then—yes, then success."

Suddenly, menacingly the peaceful quiet of the campus was shattered by the crashing, pulsating vibrations of the college bell.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

"Thad, what's that?"

"The college bell. It's only rung for a fire on the campus. It may be the heating plant. I've always expected that to go up. We'd better dress."

As he reached for his shoes, people came running past the house shouting, "The 'Bug' lab.! It's the 'Bug' lab.!"

"The lab—My lab—Oh! no, no, no!" His shoes dropped from his nerveless fingers and his face twitched with a splash of fear. "My cure—in the office—I must get it—my bathrobe?"

"Thad! Thad! You can't go that way."

"I must. Don't you see? It's my life."

He ran, almost sobbing, from the house and plunged headlong across the bleak campus, bed-room slippers torn by the icy crust, bathrobe billowing in the sharp night wind. Once, he stumbled and fell in a crumpled heap, but driven on by a relentless, biting fear, shakily regained his feet and pushed on toward the spot, so familiar, yet, tonight, so strange. Every window of the old building was lighted up, as though in preparation for some famous speaker. Students, faculty, and townspeople, standing by, watched the fire, devour its prey like some greedy beast. When the old man arrived, it was too late to do anything. He strained and pushed to get through the crowd, which seemed to his half-crazed mind like so many devils holding him from his precious formulae and samples—fought and tore and begged to get through his friends and then, seeing it hopeless, fell in a paroxysm of weeping upon the snowy ground.

The next day, the charred timbers of the laboratory lay, a black and smoking grave to the life work of Thaddeus Jones, but it little mattered now. He lay unconscious for most of that day and then, as his wife sat with drawn, weary face—watching—watching—in the first cold hours of the next morning, he opened his eyes, his lips quirked at the corners, “Nothing to show for it, Maria, but, anyway, it was a good fight, wasn’t it?”

Addison J. Allen, ’27.

Making Music Safe for Democracy

"Ladies and gentlemen! Right this way, please, and step into the tent. The animal is quite tame and will eat out of your hand."

In somewhat the same way Dr. Sigmund Spaeth ('05), in his book "The Common Sense of Music," has set about hawking the art of Music to the layman. The first few chapters, indeed, are given over almost entirely to combined circus ballyhoo and paternal cajolery. For this reason one may imagine the book coming as a slight shock to the more sedate of the musical *Camorra*, and that it will be with somewhat of a wrench that the devout critics adjust themselves to the business of estimating this work. The book's effect on these musicians and critics is, of course, no less interesting than its effect on the reading public for whom it was intended. But before we commence the actual appraisal of the book let us examine the probable circumstances which brought it into being; for although it is an entirely new kind of music primer, it is by no means a bolt from the blue.

Democracy is in the air these days. It has, in the past hundred and fifty years, succeeded in abolishing the human and arbitrary distinctions, political and social, between classes. In very recent years even the arts have been infected with the *bacillus* and there have been interesting results. It was beyond the power of the radicals to deprive the arts of their sway over the human spirit, and, unlike the millionaire's bankroll, *sensibilité* cannot be snatched from its happy possessor and doled out to the less fortunate; it is only by assiduous cultivation for generations that these latter can come into

their full inheritance. This development being a slow one, the radicals have attempted to supplement it with the only other measure possible; they have raised their own artistic gods. Dr. Spaeth's book represents the former movement in the field of music, and strives both to raise the taste of the man in the street (the man who scarcely even "knows what he likes"), and to expose the machinery of Music, that is, to show that what has always been considered "too highbrow" isn't as difficult as it looks. The author, however, is no fool and does not pretend to make you a Huneker in eleven chapters. (The main gospel of the second movement, by the way, may be found in Gilbert Seldes's "Seven Lively Arts.")

Returning to a critical examination of what Spaeth offers us, the reader as he proceeds may frequently find his opinion of the value of the book shifting. Although at times we get the impression that the author is trying to "sell" music to us and occasionally that the whole thing is a mere gesture to the gallery, throughout there is discernible a genuine earnestness. The style is likewise uneven. The book starts out in the grand manner of polite and high-grade piano advertising, it has distinct lapses from good taste, contains lamentable puns, and the writing is frequently vulgar. All this is very irritating to the sensitive reader. Fortunately, Dr. Spaeth seems largely to forget his audience by the fifth chapter or so and produces honest, sober, and eloquent writing, so that by the time one has reached the end he has forgotten how sick the first part made him. Re-reading it, indeed, he decides that after all the trap probably did need some baiting.

From a technical point of view, there is in general much profit for the layman to derive. The author goes patiently and at times even genially at fundamentals. The difficult matter of the avoidance of technical terminology he handles exceedingly well, although he uses the

term "interval" a little too loosely and mentions "over-tones" without definition. His chapters on harmony and interpretation are especially good, and he has much of interest to say on the value of originality in musical composition, and on the alteration of themes by variation. Particularly to be recommended is Chapter X, in which he sets forth the elementary characteristics of the various standard instruments with indications as to the manner of performance upon each.

Although he has kept the book admirably impersonal in general, Mr. Spaeth allows us occasionally to catch a glimpse of his personal tastes as, for example, when he indulges in a bit of sly banter at the moderns. His opinion on the subject of the permanent value of American rag-time (which, I take it, he uses as synonymous with "jazz" although there is a distinction) is worth quoting:

"While rag-time is unquestionably the folk-music of modern America, and the only American music which has been recognized in other lands as characteristically national and individual, it is by no means necessary to think of it as the final word or the only medium of our musical self-expression. It has scarcely begun to reach beyond the stage of the obvious, and is at present little more than an unmistakable expression of the restless energy and occasionally of a downright animal vulgarity which no honest and normally healthy human being need deny as a natural part of his make-up."

"If there is ever to be a typically American music that will command universal respect and sincere liking, it must be built largely upon elements which are prevalent today in a cheap and commonplace form, but which may well produce in time something equally sincere and natural but possessed of a true dignity and a permanent beauty."

This book does not pretend to be scholarly; it is not written for musicians, but for those who have never believed themselves capable of appreciating the big music of the world, and to these it brings a definite message of hope, and a remarkably clear indication of the road. "Remember," says Dr. Spaeth, "no taste is hopelessly bad." . . . Optimist!

I. L. H.

(Sigmund Spaeth, "The Common Sense of Music,"
New York, Boni & Liveright, 1924.)

Query

*Why did I laugh,
Little passenger,
You who hovered
Over the path,
When I discovered
My heart all torn
By the dark rosebush's
Blossom and thorn?*

*Why did I laugh
And whisper apart,
As if it mattered
Not that my heart
Lay there all shattered,
Little passenger,
You who hovered
Over the path?*

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

The Dial Stories

The Highest said: Don't let us begin so low—isn't our range too coarse—too gross? The Soul answered: No, not when we consider what it is all for—the end involved in time and space.

Walt Whitman.

THE *Dial* seeks to attain the aboriginal; it is the exponent of the primitive in art, and in those branches of art where the primitive corresponds to the fundamental, there it has attained the undeniable, the universal. And within these last several years, especially in this country, the tendency in the case of the critical short story, has been to create, on the part of the individual writer, a world out of a chaos. It is this that has led some few into harmonious conceptions, and new, significant, intuitively constructed laws, even though at the sacrifice of the many whom it has led into intellectual *culs-de-sac*, and after all, even a magnificent failure is much more valuable and respectable, and much, much more beautiful than a pitiable success. The *Dial*, at least, publishes no pitiable successes.

The fifteen short stories selected for publication in this collection have almost uniformly, in one way or another, reverted to the primitive, and almost uniformly with the purpose of presenting a situation which can be solved only in terms of the primitive, or must remain unsolved. This is both the uniting link and the *cachet* of the group, for though the dominating idea of the stories must necessarily vary, the motivating force is essentially identical; in other words, the foundation is the same, and it is the interpretation, together with the setting and the technique, that changes.

If this is taken as the basis of judgment, the value

of the collection increases, because of its cosmopolitanism. Of the fifteen stories, five are translations, and only four of the remaining ten are written by Americans. Almost all of these have been printed by Edward O'Brien in his yearly *Best Short Stories*, and so, from an accepted, conventional point of view, they undoubtedly stand at the head of their *genre*.

It will suffice to select six stories—the six best and most representative, to give the tone of the entire collection.

Sherwood Anderson's "I'm a Fool" is the single story that cloaks its idea in a primitive technique. It is almost surprising to come upon a story written in the language of the illiterate, that does not drown the charm of the subject in an obviously self-conscious attempt to carry through the "dialect." If the reader is able to recognize the primitive truth underlying a passage or an entire story, then that story has attained its primary objective—and this is done in touches such as this:

I'll bet you what—if I had an arm broke right now or a train had run over my foot—I wouldn't go to no doctor at all. I'd go set down and let her hurt and hurt—that's what I'd do.

James Stephens' "Desire" and Bunin's "Gentleman From San Francisco" are both tragedies of men who are unable to survive in the conflict of a life standardized by the effects of civilization, with a newly introduced element—in the one case new desires, in the other, new surroundings. In the case of the second, we are enabled to appreciate the exquisite sense of indifference and inertia which pervades it: no one cares for the gentleman who lies dead in his bed in an inn at Capri, nor "did any one know of that thing which lay deep, deep below at the very bottom of the dark hold, near the gloomy and sultry bowels of the ship that was so gravely overcoming the darkness, the ocean, the blizzard. . . ."

"Tristan," by Thomas Mann, drives more directly

at its point—the comparative sublimity, the victory of a plebeian epicure, a cultured peasant, over an artist, an aesthete, whose every third word is "beauty." The courage of the primitive man sets off the cowardice and insincerity of the "product of the ages." This is a typically German attitude, for the *Kulturmensch* is not the being who is artificially organized of the materials of civilization.

Bercovici's "Ghitza" and Schnitzler's "The Greek Dancer" are again tragedies, like "Desire" and "The Gentleman", but in this case the result, though death, is not death because of a surrender to uncompromising elements, but death as the harmonious, ultimate solution of a problem presented by two antagonistic forces. In comparison with the other two, they are even optimistic, though resulting in tragedy, for after all, real optimism deals rather with the possibility of any solution than with the possibility of a solution that must bring superficial happiness. In "Ghitza" the issue is not for a moment in doubt—the seed of an oak can not possibly hesitate between the well-being of the individual and the honor of the tribe; and before Maria, too, the way lies straight, for she, too, is the "seed of an oak." The Greek Dancer seems to me the best story of the group. All is so clear—and so beautiful—the wife's perception of the unsurmountable, and the certainty, the confidence with which she accepts her solution, for,

even as she played the part of a happy contented wife from start to finish . . . while he betrayed her and goaded her to insanity . . . so at the last, to save him from remorse, she went through the magnificent gesture of a natural death. She died because she couldn't bear it any longer. And he accepted this ultimate sacrifice as though it, too, were owing to him. . . . It is inexpressibly sad to conceive that death held no more vivid bliss for Mathilde than the barren knowledge that her last sublime faint came off so splendidly.

F. P.

Notes

Dr. Albert Harris Wilson is a graduate of Vanderbilt University. He has studied and taught at several American Universities and has been at residence in Göttingen, Bonn, and Cambridge. Last year he spent in study at Cambridge. He has been on the Haverford faculty since 1910.

L. A. Post, '11, was in residence at Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship during the years 1913-'16. He received the degree of B.A. in 1916 and M.A. in 1922. He has been a member of the Haverford faculty since 1919.

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, '05, has been the Music Editor of *Life*, and the *New York Evening Mail*; correspondent on Music for the *Boston Evening Transcript*, and a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. He is the author of "Milton's Knowledge of Music" and numerous magazine articles, operatic guides, etc.

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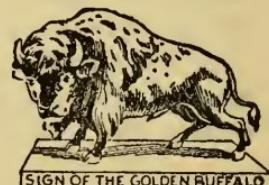
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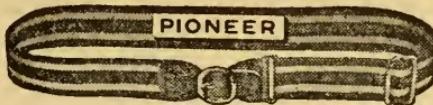
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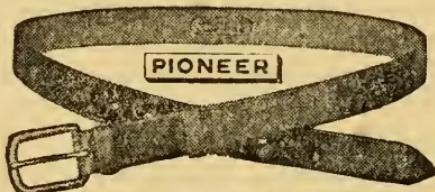
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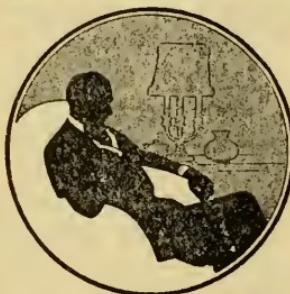
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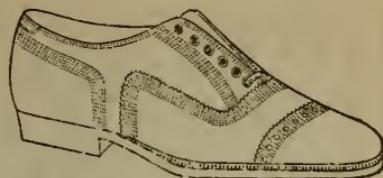
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIV HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1925 No. 5

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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The Proud Lady

*Now hark and lith you, Gentlemen,
Be glad in Jesu's name,
For I shall sing as sweet a song
As ere from man's lips came.*

*A proud lady was sweet Maisrie,
And long had she been woo'd.
One leman was a noble laird,
And one a harper gude.*

*She called Sir Merryn, that was her knight;
Right joyous did he run.
“O thou must bring me the crown of light
From the head of My Lord the Sun.”*

*She sent for Robyn, her fair harper,
Who blithely came, and soon.
“O thou must bring me the kerchief white
From the breast of My Lady Moon.”*

*Childe Merryn hath vow'd his soon return
Unto his dear lady;
And syne hath donn'd his sheen armor
And call'd his brave mein.*

*Then mounted they to ride away,
Amid the trumpet's tones,
With penaunts gay, in proud array,
Across the courtyard stones.*

*Sir Merryn rode unto the Sun;
Right warlike was his frown.
He rode beneath the diamond throne
And threw his gauntlet down.*

*The Sun hath seiz'd his gude broadsword
And mounted in the selle.
"Now raise thy shield, Childe Merryn,
And fend thy body well!"*

*The crowd of flame burn'd round his helm,
That stood so wondrous tall.
His armor was of red gold wrought
And deckt with purple pall.*

*So fiercely fought Sir Merryn then
To win the crown of light,
So fiercely fought the proud Lord Sun,
The glisterin' sparks flew bright.*

*O swift and heavy fell their swords,
And made full griselye din,
Till our good folk cried "Mary!"
And trembl'd for their sin.*

*Then loudly laugh'd the proud Lord Sun,
"I love thee well," cried he,
"I pray thee bide, thou gallant knight
And wield thy sword for me."*

*"O I will bide, thou good Lord Sun,
And I will serve with thee;
Thou art the greatest warrior
That ever man may see."*

*Robyn hath left proud Maisrie's hall,
Gone sadly and alone;
And few there were to see him pass
Across the courtyard stone.*

*And he hath climb'd the white moonbeams,
Harping a wily tune;
And he hath enter'd the bower lanes
At the court of My Lady Moon.*

*He saw the gardens and the lakes,
With fountains bright around;
In pallid floods of silver light,
He trod the flowered ground.*

*The white swans swam around him,
The black bats wheel'd abune,
And there on a throne of salenite,
He found My Lady Moon.*

*Her cheeks were pale, her lips were red,
Her hair was black as night.
She wore a gown with pearls begane
And wore a kerchief white.*

*O thrice he bow'd and thrice he bow'd,
But never a sound made he:
Naught but the fountains could he hear,
Naught but her red lips see.*

*He thought the fountains 'gan to sing,
'Gan sadly sing, and croon:
And weary, weary, laid his head
In the lap of his Lady Moon.*

*Sweet Maisrie rued her cruel pride,
And grievous were her seyne,
Till her ain dear laird came from the wars
And kist her weeping eyne.*

Miserere

THE ruddy face of mine host, a still richer hue as he bent over the great open fire, seemed taciturn and sphinxlike as he slowly answered, "Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but, as I have led a well-ordered and temperate life, I'm afraid I've never seen a reincarnation, much less a ghost. However" (as the faces of those about him drooped perceptibly) "I have something here, which, while not exactly a ghost story, will, perhaps, interest you," and, crossing to an ancient sideboard, the excellent man opened one of the drawers and drew out a much worn leather booklet. "I found it tucked away behind one of the drawers when I bought this buffet nearly forty years ago. It might have been there for decades. As you see, it is well-worn, but I think you will find it legible. Who shall read it? How about Delancy here?"

The book proved to contain a sort of diary, evidently written only when the author chose, and in a rather haphazard manner.

Dec. 14, 1852. Today Irene promised to marry me. How happy I am! I was afraid she would accept Harold Tanguay. Mr. and Mrs. Whitby were most cordial. We are to be married in May.

April 27, 1853. I wish May were here! I'm tired of these eternal receptions and dinners. Irene seems to enjoy them but does not look well. I am worried. I am run down myself. My patients will soon think I had better doctor myself before I doctor them. Well, there is only a week more.

May. 3. Married today.

Sept. 7. We just arrived back from our honeymoon. Irene is perfect and the house is lovely. Mrs. Whitby furnished it. It seems descending from the sublime to the ridiculous to go back to work but I suppose I must. I love the fall—everything is so bright and cheery. Irene is always singing. I'm afraid she'll be lonely all day while I'm at the hospital.

April 17, 1854. My son born today. We shall call him "John" after Mr. Whitby. Irene is very sweet and patient.

June 14. John died today. It was diphtheria. Poor Irene!

May 5, 1863. I found this little book tucked away in my desk where it has lain forgotten since that awful night John died, nearly ten years ago. How things have changed! I am middle-aged, fussy, and nervous. Irene is stout, puffy and overdressed. I am beginning to feel an absolute physical repulsion for her. To think that I must live with this bloated creature all my life! She is beginning to get careless, not only as to her personal appearance, but also as to the management of the house. There is one consolation—I seldom see her except at dinner.

Sept. 5. I hate the fall! Everything is so dull and gray! Irene has a cold and a bad temper.

Oct. 22. Irene has pneumonia and is very ill. It may seem heathen, and I am sometimes frightened by my own thoughts, but I wish she would die.

Oct. 24. Irene is somewhat better.

Oct. 29. Irene is out of danger and is going away to the shore to convalesce. I shall be free for a month. Thank God!

Feb. 7, 1864. Today I have made up my mind. I

shall do it. There is something almost ludicrous in my sitting here calmly planning to murder my wife. It is unbelievable that I, a respectable middle-aged gentleman, should conceive so bloodthirsty a crime, but I can stand her no longer. I can't divorce her, and even if I could the thought that she would still exist would be intolerable. There is no other way. I shall not hurry. There is plenty of time and there must be no false steps.

Feb. 15. I have at last decided on poison. It is the most natural and humane method.

Feb. 17. My plan is complete. It is laughable—yes, ridiculous—in its awful simplicity and Satanic ingenuity. I have put a solution alive with tetanus germs in Irene's cold cream. Some night just before she retires I must scratch her cheek, then the deed is as good as done.

Feb. 22. Irene died today of lock-jaw.

Feb. 29. Well, it's over—the inquest, funeral, relatives, letters of condolence. (For they *did* pity me. Poor fools!) No one suspected me. I am free, free, free!

Feb. 14, 1874. It's nearly ten years since I've written in this little book. I've been afraid to open it. Sometimes I see Irene at night and she seems to reproach me, oh, so gently. I am tired of life! It's a great fake! I want to die. I want to go where I can forget, and I can't here on earth. I tried to commit suicide today, but I lost my nerve. I failed.

April 6. Last night about midnight I awoke and found Irene standing near me. She seemed almost happy and at last I had courage to speak. "Irene, take me with you, will you? I'm tired and want to die." Never have I seen a face change so. The blue eyes became flint, the mouth hardened, and, bending over me, she slowly and deliberately pronounced this sentence: "You shall not die." I tried to reach for her, to beg her, to implore her

to have mercy, but she had gone. I shall go mad—if, indeed, I am not already. I must die. I shall die. I will die.

Oct. 6. Six months ago I swore I'd forget. I plunged into an orgy of dissipation, of bright lights, of witty society, but it was no use. Not one day of this half-year have I been truly happy. I am going away to seek peace in solitude. People say I look "run down." "Run down"! My God! I nearly laugh in their faces.

Nov. 12. Peace has failed. It has only given Irene more time to haunt me. Long ago I renounced God. Perhaps if I turn to Him now, He will help me. Tomorrow I will go to the church and will spend the rest of my life in penance and charity.

Feb. 28, 1875. What a mockery life is! What a show of tinsel and rhinestones! Never did I dream of the hypocrisy that underlay the Christian Church. It nauseated me. I have lost my Faith and my Hope. I am crushed and beaten. Why can't I die?

March 5. I have a great inspiration. I shall confess my guilt and hang for it. I shall cheat Irene yet.

March 5. Is the world mad, or am I? Today I told Edmund Lowe everything. I wished him to print it in his paper. He only laughed at me. I could not convince him that I spoke the truth.

March 7. I have confessed to the police but they do not believe me either. I must prove more. I must hunt for old evidence. I shall show them this diary.

March 10. They laugh at me and mock me. They think me mad. It is too late. I have waited too long. My evidence is all lost or destroyed. They do not believe this diary. They think it faked. They know I am tired and want to die. How cruel they are! I have one hope left. There is one little detective who believes me.

I can see it in his eyes. Perhaps he will help me. How long, Oh God, how long!

"Well, go on," said one of my fellow guests. "I'm just beginning to get interested."

"But that's all there is to it," I replied. "The rest of the pages have been torn out."

"How rotten! I want to know what happened. Perhaps he had courage enough to commit suicide after all."

"Oh, no," said another. "I think that the little detective got enough evidence to hang him."

"Perhaps Irene's kept her word and he's never died," hazarded a third.

I turned toward mine host. "What is your opinion, Mr. van Der Berg?" Our eyes met, and in his I saw the wisdom of age—great age.

"Oh," he replied slowly. "Perhaps the detective gathered enough evidence to hang him, and then pitied him and let him live. Fate has a way of being rather ironical."

"That *would* have been a bitter pill," said a young banker. "Well, Mr. van Der Berg, you have certainly given us an interesting hour, and we thank you for it."

Mine host smiled bitterly, cynically, in the ruddy firelight.

Orientale

Six silver shekels in my purse, I go

Within the sacred portals of the Mosque,

To see the pictures which the fakirs show:

Gaze on the Gates of Gaza, Grand Kiosk.

A Dromedary drumming on a drum,

A Virgin on the verge of shedding tears

Upon whose brow a monstrous snake appears,

A heated hollentot that beats a tom.

All these, embroidered screens and carvings old,

High hung with shimmery shawls of far Cashmere,

Among the filthy fakirs, ringed with gold,

Prone on the crimson rugs, with hookahs near.

Six silver shekels in my jerkin are,

Bazaar, Bazaar, Bazaar, Bazaar, Bazaar!

The Sunset Touch

*"Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides,
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul."*

Bishop Blougram's Apology.

I

It is silence. The trees are silent; the pool is silent. The autumn leaves, even the autumn leaves are silent.

It is simplicity. The green is simple; the gray is simple. The autumn red—that is simple.

*The simplicity remains, but not the silence.
They are four.*

He is a clown; we are very sad about it, but he is a clown. His cheeks are vermillion, and his nose is madder, and his hair is . . . emerald green. His name is Polichinello, but that is too long and cumbersome, and we shall call him "he."

She is a nymph, and we can not describe her—except that her garment is the gray of the pool, and the pool is the gray of the garment. Her name is Lais, but . . . we shall call her "she."

It is the little one—both him and her, but he comes on later.

And there is the other thing—the call of Pan, the lament of Narcissus, of Echo.

At the rise of the curtain, he is alone.

HE: She flicked a breath at me,
A whiff of an opal pool,
A whisk from a jeweled blossom,
A caress by a dripping willow.
Drip, drip, drip,
Drop, drop, drop,
One drop, two drops, three drops,
A million drops.
One drop, two drops,—
(She has appeared and listens.)

HE: Three drops—

SHE: No drops.

HE: A million drops.

SHE: Absolutely none.

HE: I love you.

SHE: You don't, you don't.

HE: I love you.

SHE: You don't.

(He turns slightly and sits down. He looks rather ridiculous—the madder and emerald.)

SHE: Clown!

(But she sits down near him. He touches her, caresses her, embraces her tenderly.)

HE: A golden bubble on a blue mirror—

It stretches, stretches, stretches.

Oh, so beautiful! Lovely, lovely . . .

(He is in an ecstasy.)

SHE *(eagerly)*: Lovely.

And then it broke.

Tragic—like you.

HE: Because it couldn't live;

Its own beauty killed it.

And it is not tragic—it is happy.

If it had lived, and dimmed, and died,—

That would have been tragic.

SHE: That is our love?

HE: Is it?

SHE: Isn't it?

He has almost lost his grotesqueness—the madder, the emerald, and she is almost vivid—her eyes, her hair.

Then it happens—the other thing, the call of Pan, the lament of Narcissus, of Echo.

Again he is the clown, simple. She is the nymph, simple.

II

His house, her house, their house. There is the clown, and there is the little one. He is teaching his son to be a clown. The son is a little like his mother, a little like the pool that was silent. But there is a trace of vermillion, and a touch of rose madder, and an idea of emerald. He is doing "purtzelbäume", and "roues de charrette".

HE: One so, and one so, and one so, and one so.

So!

Just so,

Precisely so,

A clown,

And such a clown!

Lovely, grand—

Superb, magnificent—

Perfect.

A clown.

And she doesn't know.

She doesn't even suspect.

She will know that I love,

She will be happy,

She will love!

(He hears her steps, and he carries out the little one, like a poodle. She comes. She is the same, more apathetic, perhaps, only she has a tiny hole in her garment—it can't look like water any more, now.)

HE: Mine!

SHE: Mine!

HE: I am so happy!

SHE: And I.

I tore my garment, see!

(*She weeps. He tries to comfort her, clumsily.*)

HE: Oh, oh, oh, oh,

A tiny hole,

Such a tiny hole,

But a tiny hole—

No more.

Sweet one, perfect one,

I love you.

SHE: Always?

HE: Yes.

SHE: But the bubble?

HE: Oh, the bubble—

It broke, didn't it?

But it was beautiful, lovely.

SHE: It broke, so it wasn't our love.

HE: It broke—but . . .

I love it,

I worship it,

I long for it,

Because it broke!

SHE: But it wasn't our love.

HE (*inspired, in his humble way*): Our love is an eternal fountain.

(*Her eyes begin to sparkle, faintly.*)

SHE: Say it again.

HE: Our love is an eternal —

SHE: An eternal?

HE: Fountain.

SHE: Fountain . . .

(*Her lips tremble, ever so slightly; her eyelids quiver, ever so slightly. He almost weeps with*

emotion, to see a beautiful dream so nearly in his grasp. He approaches her, half wondering, half timid.)

And again it comes—the other thing, disquieting. Again they are a clown and a nymph. His paint is slightly rubbed off. Her garment has a tiny tear.

HE: I love you.

I will make you happy.

You will love me.

(He claps his hands. The little one enters in a series of somersaults. And his cheeks, his nose, his hair are quite plainly colored. He is a little clown, no longer like his mother, like the pool. He performs,—all tricks that his father had done several years before, when his paint was still fresh. She watches motionlessly, with wide-open eyes. He is ecstatic, of course, and watches her with sidelong glances; he can scarcely control his joy. Finally,

SHE (whispering): And this was your love?

(He is excited, intensely so—he doesn't see yet.)

HE: Are you happy?

SHE: Oh, it's horrid, horrid.

HE (bleeding): Horrid?

SHE: Horrid!

(She runs out; on the way her garment catches, and a large hole is torn. The pool . . .)

HE: Horrid. . . .

(Exit the little one in a series of somersaults.)

Peintures Impressionnistes

BARBADOS

Dusty streets . . . tall schooner masts towering above the housetops . . . languid Barbadians sleeping in the shade . . . dust . . . Englishmen in sun-helmets . . . native policemen with white coats and blue trousers . . . small shops and hotels covered with enormous placards . . . pinkish dust . . . the tropic sun . . . a gust of wind, and more dust . . . Barbadian women with great baskets on their heads . . . small streetcars drawn by donkeys . . . a group of tourists . . . antiquated cabs driven by dusky coachmen in tattered livery . . . palm trees . . . coral beaches . . . fleecy clouds in a cobalt sky . . . evening shadows . . . the glow in the Western skies . . . the cry of the fruit-vendor . . . purple seas . . . the grotesque silhouette of the light-house . . . night . . . drunken seamen . . . "Sweet daddy, your mamma needs you" . . . dance music from broken pianos . . . rum swizzels . . . "I'se just the same as a white girl" . . . the crescent moon . . . dogs barking in the distance . . . Twinkling lights . . . the swishing of oars . . . phosphorescence . . . silence.

NOCTURNE

The dying embers of my fire . . . Bianca beside me in the glow . . . Harlequin's Serenade . . . white hands . . . dreams . . . red wine . . . the cigarette's glow . . . the sob of the violin.

PHOENIX CLUB

THE brilliance of white lights and gleaming mirrors . . . pallid faces . . . the haunting sob of a tango . . . cigarettes drooping from the sensual lips of the *filles de joie* . . . amber colored champagne sparkling in half-filled glasses . . . diamonds . . . the professional dancer, his saturnine expression and pointed shoes . . . sleek faces of Brazilian pimps . . . the wild frenzy of the maxixe . . . fragrance of Black Narcissus . . . the gray-blue haze of cigaret smoke . . . sodden Englishmen with bloodshot eyes . . . the pencil-marked green label on their Johnny Walker bottle . . . American debutantes, in search of atmosphere, gazing stupidly from their box on the second balcony . . . bare, pink ankles . . . white silk . . . black hair gleaming with oil . . . the opalescence of absinthe . . . intoxicating eyes, and the soft undulation of white breasts . . . desire . . . despair . . . lust . . . Château Yquem . . . lustrous pearls . . . throbbing viols . . . vague, amorous glances . . . Bianca with waiting eyes . . . Carnaval . . . wine-stained fingers . . . the placid indifference of the waiters . . . coffee exporters . . . baccarat.

Willows

*Trees—
Willows—
Are beings,
Are innocent, living, beings.*

*Trees—
Willows—
Too, experience the thrill
Of something singing through them—
The echo of a cathedral bell,
The pressure of a blade of grass,
And they care.
They pleasantly nod,
And shake their heads,
A little like an old drunkard,
But not so much, though I love drunkards:
More like an old, gray-haired grandmother,
Who has put to sleep her grandchild,
And shakes,
And nods,
Before the hearth.*

Mephор and Zaloros

NOT so very many years ago, there were two devils sitting in the Pit, talking of this and that.

The name of one was Mephор and the name of the other was Zaloros. Now this pair was well-matched in wickedness, for each was as evil-disposed and as foul-living a body as was ever thrown from the glory of Heaven by the good hand of God, with the assistance of the blessed Michael and the holy choirs with their flaming swords and armor of light, the which God prosper and maintain unto the ultimate salvation of his unworthy servants on this Earth, forever and beyond. Amen.

Now, while as these two gossips were gabbing together, and while as the imp Mephор was sucking a piece of brimstone between his fat lips, to obtain the full bitterness therefrom, and while as the imp Zaloros was spewing great gobs of sow-sweat, which is the spittle of devils, into the caverns beyond, merely for the idle sport thereof, they were both aware of a potent conjuration, which called them to the Earth.

"Holy Mother! what is this?" said the one.

"Be still, in God's name, and we shall hear," said the other.

Now, be it known that there once lived not so very far from this place, a poor man named Peter, who worked with his wife upon a small parcel of land. He had also a red cow, whom he called Mary, not after the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Christ in Trinity (God forbid!) but after the holy Magdalen, who turned from the way of flesh to a life of peace and honest living. Jeanette, his wife, was a good woman, and a churchly soul, but Peter, her man, was inclined to the path of sin, for

he scrupled not to compel the assistance of demons and avoided in many ways the more profitable usages which are within the church of God.

Thus it once befell that Mary, who was inactive by nature and careless in her ways, fell ill of a costiveness on the day of St. Barnabas, which is in June, and in no herbs or powders or soothing applications could find relief. Sorely did Jeanette fear that her man would turn to unlawful charms, and long and hard did she toil about the belly of this poor beast. Yet on the third day Mary lay down upon her side and refused to rise from the ground. Her great eyes were dim and wan and her face no longer held its expression of passive recognition, but only that of pained indifference.

On the night of the third day, therefore, Peter went into the woods, and took his charm-bag with him, but Jeanette went to the church and knelt close to the altar.

Peter stood holding his talisman, alone in the black night, and spoke the conjuration to demand the assistance of Mephор and Zaloros in that thing wherein they were needed, to wit, the constipation of Mary, his cow; but Jeanette knelt in the church, safe in the sacred House of God, and remembering that the first signs of illness had come on the day of St. Barnabas, she earnestly besought the dear martyr to turn his attention to so small a matter as Mary, her cow, lest the demons of Hell be employed.

Thus, Mephор and Zaloros heard the conjuration of Peter, sitting in Hell-pit, plucking the bristles from their black hides with vexation, for devils are lazy things. But obey they must, willy-nilly, and so they seized their pitchforks, and—Pop!—they were in the entrails of Mary the cow, hard at work.

But was the blessed St. Barnabas going to look down from Heaven on such goings-on as this unmoved? Indeed, you may depend upon it that he was not, for,

quick as a wink, there were five bright angels come down to Earth to set matters aright.

These angels were Sacriel, Maianiel, Gadiel, Vianiel, and Erastiel. They, to be sure, with their pure white gowns and sweet faces and golden wings and hair, were not going to enter into the filthy body of a beast for so simple a matter as the blasting of two fallen imps. Nor did they have trouble in curing the complaint of Mary, for their mere presence was enough to restore her to even more than her wonted health and vitality. So Mephор and Zaloros were in a pretty pickle and had all they could do to hold their ground. Indeed, the presence of God's angels made them tremble until Mary was shaking as with an ague.

"Come forth! Come forth! O Mephор and Zaloros," says Sacriel, in a loud voice, yet sweet withal.

"We won't, and you may just as well go ——" says Mephор, with an injunction too horrible to mention, for he could be saucy even in adversity.

"Come forth! Come forth! In the name of Holy Church!" cries Maianiel.

"I can't hear you!" says Zaloros, from the belly of the cow.

"Come forth! Come forth! At the command of the Angels of God!" cried Gadiel.

"Zaloros has lost his shoe, and we can't find it," says Mephор, with a tremor in his voice, for it is hard to play brazen when the angels of God are after you.

"Come forth! Come forth! In the name of St. Barnabas!" cries Vianiel.

"We're coming, sir," says Zaloros, "but it's a hard road to follow."

"Come forth in God's name!" cries Erastiel, and out the two tumbled, as limp and dead with their fright as any wet rag.

And so Mephор and Zaloros got as hard a drubbing at

the hands of the five angels as ever they had in their lives, and were packed off again to the torments of Hell fire. Thereafter, Mary the cow lived a regular and comfortable life for many years, giving always good milk. Moreover, Peter was convinced of his error in a dream on that very night, and thus was one soul saved to God.

In this manner was Mistress Jeanette rewarded for her good and upright heart, and I pray God that all honest folk may live in like peace and be as well rewarded for their good works as was she, through the mediation of the good martyr, Barnabas, and the holy angels of Heaven. Amen.

Hello? Mr. Thought!

*Why hello, Mr. Thought! Where did you come from?
I wasn't thinking about you—wasn't thinking about anything in particular, and
POP! You are here!*

*I don't think that I like you or want you very much,
Nevertheless, I'll make a compromise—
We'll talk about why you are here.*

But say—

Look here—

Why, you've gone!

Night Work

HESITATING an instant in the overheated vestibule, Tony Wynne muttered one last word of encouragement to himself, then flung out into the driving February sleet, buttoning the collar of his heavy overcoat as he went. Head lowered and hat pulled down to shield his face from the sharp sting of the ice-laden wind, he pushed across the empty streets—empty, save for the soggy slush—toward the dark little alley called Wood Street.

No, he wouldn't think about it, he kept saying to himself. No, because if he did—if he did, well he didn't know whether he could trust himself. Oh, it was a vile, dirty job to send a fellow on, especially when — But damn it all he *would* think about it! And what's more he was going to *go through with it!* What sort of a yellow boob was he turning into after all? Wouldn't the fellows back at the office give him the laugh if they knew he had even thought of being afraid! It was a nasty job, but he was equal to it. Hell yes! He wasn't exactly a hard guy, but by George he'd been a reporter on the *Evening Times* for two months now. Couldn't be much of a milk-fed baby any more, even if his weekly allowance did exceed his monthly salary as a newspaperman.

Trudging through the sloppy streets at six o'clock in the morning Tony had lots of quiet to aid his racing thoughts. This was to be his first visit to the *morgue*, and a rotten job this one was, too. He wondered vaguely whether it would be anything like the *morgue* Poe wrote about. Yes, he thought, it was possible. An unwelcome shudder went through him in spite of himself; his lips began to tremble. Perhaps it was only the cold.

But he stopped abruptly. Before him on the other

side of the street squatted a low, soot-blackened building. Two dim lights shone from their iron-framed globes on either side of an uninviting entrance. The heavy doors were closed; the windows were dark. A cake of ice was freezing slowly to the stone step. Now and then the wind would dash an icicle to the pavement before him. The seemingly far-off rumble of a truck on Broad street was a welcome sign of life; yet all was dull and dead in the low building save the two dim lamps by the doorway.

The young reporter walked up to the iron knocker as though approaching an evil spirit. He lifted the heavy iron arm and let it fall. Silence! Again the arm fell—only the hollow thumping of his heart answered him. He stepped back from the door, lit a cigarette, and began to nurse his courage with language worthy of the crabbiest assistant city editor. That made him feel a bit better, so again he knocked—this time with more force, as though he didn't care if some one did answer his summons. But no one did.

"Well, I guess that lets me out," he announced to no one in particular. "I've done as much as I can. If no one's in the damned dead place it's my good luck, that's all." He started to walk down the alley, his head up now. But still something worried him. That wasn't the way to play the game. Was he a man, or was he just a kid after all? He threw away his cigarette, squared his shoulders, and went back.

He pushed open the heavy door and went in. A faint and rather pleasant odor filled the building. The dull gray light coming from an eastern window only partly penetrated the gloom. For the most part, the building seemed to be one great, sinister room, with an odd sort of pump or machine or something on the left side, and a series of closets on the right. At the far end of the room a stairway led up somewhere. The thick, greenish gloom of the building seemed to close about

him, separating him from the outside world. Apparently he was alone; yet he knew there was a man, or what had been a man, lying in some hidden recess of the dismal place.

"Hullo!" he cried. No answer. "Hullo there! Hullo!" Only the rising groan of the wind and the incessant tap-tap of the sleet against the windows answered.

Surely there must be someone in the place all the time, for a body might be brought in at any hour of the day or night. The fellow on duty must be sleeping, he decided. Then the only thing to do would be to search about for him. Search for him, in that creepy building! Ugh, yes he would —NOT! He forced a sickly laugh, perhaps to revive his fast-drooping courage. Wouldn't it be fine to go wandering about looking for a sleeping attendant, and then stumble over a mangled body. A mangled body! God! they told him the bandit had been pretty well smashed up as well as wounded. He began to feel uncomfortable about the back of his neck. His collar seemed too tight. The band of his hat felt wet and sticky. A sudden noise held him rooted to the marble floor, hardly daring to breathe. No, it couldn't be anything, his nerves must be playing a trick on him. He strained his ears, but they caught no sound this time. He lit his last cigarette, and watched the curling smoke form designs in the green-gray light. He laughed nervously, flicking the young ash from his cigarette with his little finger. Then his sensitive ears detected a steady thump! thump! coming from somewhere below. With awful certainty the sound came nearer and nearer. A man, probably with heavy boots on, was slowly climbing the stairs from the basement. Now a narrow shaft of light threw a circle on the far wall by the top of the stairway. Whatever it was, was armed with at least an electric torch. The circle on the

wall shrunk noticeably with each step the person took. The narrowing spot fascinated him. He wondered whether the light would —

"What d'ye want here, boy," came the shaky, rather high-pitched voice of an old man. The light was now switched from the wall to the quaking visitor. "Speak, up, boy, what d'ye want here?"

"I, ah, that is I'm from the *Evening Times*"—all fear gone now—"the *Times*, yes. Want a look at that fellow they shot last night down on South Twelfth Street. Yeah, about two A. M., you know. Want to get his description and take a look at his clothes. Yeah, we didn't think he'd been identified yet."

"Humph! Up-stairs on the floor he is. G'wan up," the old man grunted, pointing to the winding staircase that led up to the second floor. "He'll be up there on the floor where we left him," and he started toward the street door.

The sudden realization of the meaning of the old man's terse words hit Wynne with sickening force. "But you're coming up with me, aren't you?" He was pleading now, like a small boy sent out alone to the woodshed late at night.

"I am *not*," replied the old man. "Why, y'ain't afraid?" he queried, before slamming the outside door behind him.

No, he wasn't afraid, Wynne thought to himself; just a bit uneasy. He stood, a wretched figure in the gloom, then walked carelessly over to the foot of the staircase. With lingering steps he mounted. A window at the head of the staircase reassured him somewhat. Oh, it would be all right, he thought. It wasn't going to be so bad as he had imagined. Certainly it would be all right, other fellows had done the same job many a time. A little lightness almost of confidence buoyed him up as he reached the window. He walked over to

the door on the right, but wheeled like a flash in sinking fear at a dull scraping noise at the window. It was only the freezing branch of a tree brushing against the frosted pane. Somewhat shaken he walked back to the door. He threw it open with a bang.

"Oh God!" he moaned. With a groan trailing off into a whimper he fell back against the wall, trembling spasmodically. His legs refused to hold the weight of his body; he sank to the floor with a shudder. "Oh, God"—his voice sounded strange and unnatural. "Oh-h ——"

On the floor before him lay the mutilated body of the man. From a long gash in his abdomen the entrails had oozed out and congealed, a frozen, gummy mass, to the rubber sheet beneath him. His head pillow'd on a box made him look as though ready to leap up at any moment. Not only had his face set in ghastly agony, his blue lips had parted to emit one last shriek, and his green, fishy eyes seemed to command a view of the entire room.

Wynne got to his feet somehow, took out a pad of paper and a pencil, and began to work. "Light reddish hair"—evidently it had been combed straight back—"green eyes"—now his stomach was going down, "thin face"—looked as though he might have been a coke fiend—"tattoo marks on chest, jagged scar on left side of abdom'—Oh! dear God, help me!" He staggered, sickening at each step, out to the window, flung it open, and lay exhausted over the sill.

The sharp sleet and stinging wind cooled his flushed face and quieted his twitching body. He lay but a moment forgetful of everything save the cool sweetness of the fresh air, then reeled back into the silent room.

The dead bandit was lying as before—nothing had moved. But now, as Wynne walked over to the corner to examine the bloody clothing, he felt a pair of eyes

burn into his back. The dead man's eyes stared into his. He seemed about to speak. Wynne rushed over to the other side of the room—still the dead, green eyes followed him. In back of the bandit's tilted head the effect of the eyes was even worse, the head appeared on the point of turning around with terrible accusation. Still, he must get a description of the clothes, that was all-important. But how could he avoid those piercing eyes—they wouldn't leave him, they spoke a terrifying prophecy. The only thing to do was to brave them. He'd do it!

Over to the corner he stalked; again he started to jot down notes on his pad. "Tan shoes, black socks"—damn those eyes!—"rusty tweed suit, blue working-man's shirt"—damn those fishy eyes! With the growing light through the hall window the eyes had caught a reflected gleam, and had begun to shine with a hard brilliance. They fascinated Wynne, burning him with a cold heat, attracting him, repulsing him, attracting him — Nothing mattered now but those eyes, those eyes! Suddenly it felt as though an earthquake had rocked the low building. Crash! the hall window was shattered into a thousand pieces. The very earth seemed to tremble for the moment—the head resting on the box moved—the terrible eyes rolled with it—they rolled and moved through space toward Wynne, petrifying him —

He was safe now in the telephone booth of a nearby drug store. There were live humans in the store, and the clerk had sold him a new supply of cigarettes. The cool outside air had soothed him somewhat, then the pleasant warmth of the drug store had further calmed his brain. The *morgue*, the man, the eyes were gone. His voice was natural now.

"Hello, Spruce 8000? Let me have the City Desk."

Two more puffs of his fag set his mind completely at rest. "Hello, this is Wynne—yes, I've got it—yeah—did I hear of an explosion near here?—what, a still?—yeah, I did notice something queer happened—yeah, I guess that's what blew out a window in the *morgue*—no, it didn't scare me—no—oh, you mean was I shaky at the *morgue*?—say, do you think I'm a baby?"

To J . . .

*Ah—brazen eyelashes
Flickering through the cold light
Dripping with beads
Of cosmetic.*

*Ah—the exotic dress
Slim, slim, and blonde
Hair above all
The cat
Blonde, green-eyed
Pussy cat.*

Winter Breaking

I

*Rain
More rain. . . .
And some ancient snow. . . .
This breeds squooge
Which discourages.*

II

*As huddled bodies
Wallow insecurely
To make their way
They sometimes fall
Ridiculously.*

III

*Waddle waddle
Slush slush
This is the rhythm. . . .
Human enough
But not at all lovely!*

Nocturne

*Blazing green shines out
Swish—a rattle and ringing rails
Raw red startles the shrieking night.*

Methuselah Scha

A doctor's office. A white-clad nurse is busying herself with some papers on a rolltop desk at the back. The room is furnished like the consulting room of any specialist with a good practice. The walls have several diplomas tastefully arranged; there is a bookcase beside the desk at the back and a filing cabinet against the wall on the right. The door to the sanctum sanctorum is on the left and the door to the waiting room on the right. There is a small, straight-backed chair near the desk and a more comfortable leather armchair near the door on the left.

The door on the left opens and a portly, gray-haired, clean-shaven man of about fifty comes bustling in. He is clad in a neat brown suit and wears a Picadilly collar.

It is THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (*cheerily*): Good morning.

THE NURSE (*smiling respectfully*): Good morning, sir.

Here is the list for the day. The first gentleman says he is in a hurry; shall I show him in?

THE DOCTOR (*reads from the list*): Mr. Methuselah Scha.

Yes, show him right in.

(THE DOCTOR sits down at his desk and THE NURSE goes through the door to the waiting room. She comes back immediately, followed by an elderly man, tall, straight, and wearing a gray, pointed beard and moustache. He is rather imposing in appearance.)

THE DOCTOR (*turning around in his chair, but without getting up*): Good morning. Won't you have a chair? I shall be with you in a moment.

(MR. SCHA sits down nervously in the leather chair. THE NURSE sets the straight-backed chair near him and

sits down with a large filing card and a fountain pen in her hand.)

THE NURSE: May I have your full name, please?

MR. SCHA: Methuselah Scha.

THE NURSE: Your address?

MR. SCHA: 10 Adelphi Terrace.

THE NURSE: Occupation?

MR. SCHA: Buffoon.

THE NURSE: I beg your pardon.

MR. SCHA: Buffoon, b-u-f-f-o-o-n.

THE NURSE: Married, widowed, or single?

MR. SCHA: Well, hm—hm (*looks at THE NURSE*)—hm, yes.

THE NURSE: Married, widowed, or single?

MR. SCHA: Yes.

(THE NURSE writes something down.)

THE NURSE: Age?

MR. SCHA: Sixty-eight.

THE NURSE: Have you ever had any operations, nervous or mental diseases?

MR. SCHA: My dear young woman!

(THE NURSE writes something down and places it on THE DOCTOR's desk. THE DOCTOR turns around, finally, and regards his patient inquiringly.)

THE DOCTOR: Now, Mr. Scha, what seems to be the matter?

(MR. SCHA looks at him stolidly.)

MR. SCHA: That is what I want to know.

THE DOCTOR: Any headache, irregular digestion, fever, lack of sleep? Pain anywhere? Generally rundown?

(MR. SCHA shakes his head slightly and with dignity to each of these questions but the last.)

THE DOCTOR: Be so good as to remove your coat and waistcoat, sir. (MR. SCHA does so, revealing an astonishing pair of bright blue braces. THE DOCTOR begins to tap him all over the chest and back.)

THE DOCTOR: Humph! (*Takes the stethoscope from THE NURSE and proceeds to listen to MR. SCHA'S insides.*)

THE DOCTOR: Humph!

(*Long pause, while he listens some more.*)

THE DOCTOR: Well, well! Pray, be seated, sir.

(*MR. SCHA starts to put on his waistcoat but the doctor motions him not to. THE NURSE immediately thrusts a thermometer into his mouth. THE DOCTOR sits down at his desk and writes on a filing card. Then he rises and THE NURSE snatches the thermometer out of MR. SCHA'S mouth.*)

THE DOCTOR: Roll up your left sleeve, please. (*MR. SCHA does so and THE DOCTOR adjusts a large band of rubber around his arm, just above the elbow. He begins to pump it up with a small hand pump.*)

THE DOCTOR (*genially*): This is nothing but air, so don't be alarmed.

(*Silence. THE DOCTOR reads a dial and makes a note.*)

THE DOCTOR: Humph! (*Feels his pulse, looks at his tongue, stares him in the face. Finally, he motions to him to put his coat back on. This he does and seats himself again on the leather chair, not quite so nervously as before.*)

MR. SCHA: Well?

THE DOCTOR: My dear sir, there is absolutely nothing the matter with you (*MR. SCHA rises stiffly*) but (*and sits down again*) that thing which we all have to face.

MR. SCHA: What do you mean, sir?

THE DOCTOR: Well, sir, there comes a time in a man's life, along past sixty, when——

MR. SCHA: Oh, so that is all you have to say! Any fool could have told me that. Besides, it's not true—it's nothing but a fable—a complex—a bad habit that society has gotten into. Do you think that just because a man is past sixty there is any reason for his getting ready to die of old age. Bah! So this is what the medical profession offers, is it?

THE DOCTOR: But, my dear sir, there is no reason for you to be so upset. For a man of your age, you ha—

MR. SCHA: Yes, yes! That's all very well. But just as a man gets ready to live you tell him he must prepare to die. Isn't that progressive and stimulating, though? When he has spent his sixty years building up a mind, to tell him it will soon be dust! I don't believe you, sir. You and your profession are hypocrites, sir. You pretend to know the human body and all you know is that there is one and that it sickens or dies. Do you know anything more? No! What you *should* know is that it does not have to die, and how to keep it from ever dying. That is what, some day, when you doctors grow up from childish dabbling, you will know. Here I come to you for greater health and vigor and what do I get? Assurance that I am only growing old!

THE DOCTOR: But, my dear sir, you misunderstand me. As I was about to add, you are a remarkable physical specimen for a man of your y—

MR. SCHA: Yes, yes, no doubt due to the fact that I am a vegetarian. But I am only a child. Do you realize that? Just a child. I am sixty-eight years old and expect to live to be three hundred. And then die because I think it is time, not because I can't help it. Don't tell a man he is old when he is only beginning to wake up and live. What's the use of going through life with your eyes open, if it's only to close them forever as soon as they get used to the light? Why, man, what are you thinking of? There is no such thing as old age! It is a fable of the ancients—nothing but a fable. (*Stops for breath.*)

THE DOCTOR: My dear sir, pray, don't get yourself into a perspiration. There is really no call for it, at all. (*Winks at THE NURSE, unseen by MR. SCHA. She brings a small glass of something.*)

MR. SCHA: That is not the point. You and your colleagues are—

THE DOCTOR: My dear sir, drink this drop of brandy before you go. You are quite heated. You know, in a man of your age— (*Shakes his head.*)

(*MR. SCHA says nothing, but almost chokes on the brandy. He takes his hat and stick, and nodding slightly, departs.*)

THE DOCTOR: Good-day, sir.

(*THE NURSE looks at THE DOCTOR and grins. THE DOCTOR looks severe.*)

THE DOCTOR: The list, please.

The Evening Star

Venus

*Gleaming pale yellow through the twilight
Like a kerosene lamp
In the window
Of a hilltop farmhouse.*

A Letter

EDITOR OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

DEAR SIR:

I think you and perhaps your readers would be interested in the following letter which I received from a friend of mine, to whom I showed the very interesting article "Citizen Dog and Citizen Horse" by Dr. Henry S. Pratt, which appeared in one of your recent numbers:

"I have read this article with interest. It sounded impossible at first, but some experimenting with animals in my own house has shown me the remarkable possibilities of training.

"For some time after reading the article I spent an hour every evening teaching the goldfish a simple alphabetical code, in which numbers represent letters. This morning, on reaching the library, I noticed that all three fish lay at the bottom of the aquarium and refused to come up even for food. Their tails and gills moved in rhythmical unison and I soon saw that they were communicating with me by code. Quickly seizing a pad and pencil, I transcribed the message, '7-20 16-18-20-19-20-14-20 3-11,' and deciphered it. It read, 'Gt Prstnt ck.' As goldfish do not use vowels, I inserted them and had 'Get Protestant cook.' Is it not amazing that my fish should not only know the religious rules of cooks, but also the day of the week? I am a little surprised that the large fish, Apple, a most intelligent *piscis*, did not know that our Catholic cook left a week ago.

"A similar experience with mice also interested me much. A pet mouse to whom I had taught the code escaped. Shortly afterward E. and I were dis-

cussing one evening what kind of cheese to buy for a dinner party. What was our astonishment to hear a chorus of concerted squeaks from the wall—‘12-13-2-18-7-18,’ which my code-book soon showed me to be ‘Limburger.’ Our pet had taught his friends the code. The same group of rodents on another evening, as we finished singing with the children ‘Three Blind Mice’ were distinctly heard to ejaculate ‘Bunk’ in code language.

“Such experiences as this have made me realize what patient training will do. Of course, a far wider field of intelligent communication is open to the higher animals.”

Faithfully yours,

Alumnus.

The Kiss

*Twin carmine scrolls
Approach dried skin,
And skinny claws
Enclose plump shoulders . . .*

Notes

In the course of a year the editors receive a number of manuscripts that are interesting and worth reading, but which do not fit into the tone that the editors dream of as the tone of the HAVERFORDIAN. This issue lets these manuscripts see the light of day for the first time.

Reader, be charitable in your appraisal of these the temporary aberrations of our collegiate minds. Doubtless you too had as foolish, sordid, and otherwise insane thoughts when you were playing cricket and drinking bottled beer on the sly. Remember that one of these is dead and the other unpopular and we must now turn to the pages of that magazine about which it has been said by a high official, "It is like an old woman with her market basket, you always know when she is coming and what she is going to have in it."

This time it is Hungarian goolash instead of corned beef and cabbage. So eat, and if it makes you sick, thank the gods that your normal diet is much more dignified and to the liking of gray-beards and men who have tasted many dishes and come back to the unseasoned food of their childhood. This is our *καθαρσις*.

The HAVERFORDIAN welcomes to the business board the following assistant business managers: Gerald C. Gross, '26, Theodore Whitelsey, '28, and Jonathan Rhoads, '28.

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Thursday, Jan. 22—Wm. Fox's Special, "The Blizzard."
Friday, Jan. 23—All Star Cast in "The City That Never Sleeps."
Saturday, Jan. 24—Zane Grey's Story "The Border Legion."
Monday, Jan. 26—Claire Windsor in "For Sale."
Tuesday, Jan. 27—"Cytherea," "The Goddess of Love."
Wednesday, Jan. 28—All Star Cast in "Dangerous Money."
Friday, Jan. 30—Priscilla Dean in "The Siren of Seville."
Saturday, Jan. 31—Jackie Coogan in "Little Robinson Crusoe."
Monday, Feb. 2—A great detective story, "Thru the Dark."
Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3, 4—Rudolph Valentino in "The Sainted Devil."
Thursday, Feb. 5—A. S. M. Hutchinson's Story, "The Clean Heart."
Friday, Feb. 6—Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise."
Saturday, Feb. 7—"Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood."
Monday, Feb. 9—A great action picture, "The Call of the Wilderness."
Tuesday, Feb. 10—Ramon Navarro in "Thy Name is Woman."
Wednesday, Feb. 11—All Star Cast in "The Marriage Cheat."
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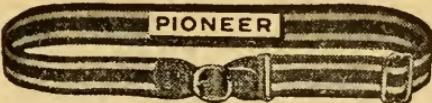
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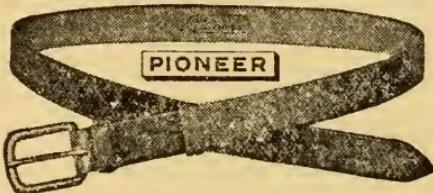
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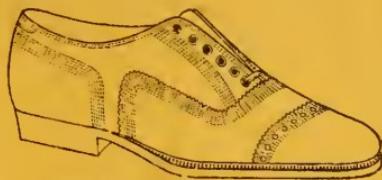
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIV HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1925 No. 6

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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"My throat was like unto the sands
Of Egypt land, good brethren. . . ."

A Night at St. Bertilla's.

A Night at St. Bertilla's

HOLA there! Hola! Hola! . . . Hola!
There! . . .

Ho! Porter! Fling wide the gates of St.
Bertilla's to Turgis de Tourlagogne! . . .

Ho! . . . Ah! . . .

Yes, by the blood, there is only myself—and the good St. Julian who has been my guide and protector ever since I left the holy land of Palestine, whence I have just come (and whither I am going) a poor pilgrim, Reverend Father, who plays and sings solely that he may make an honest penny. Close the door, for surely Christian charity would prevent thee from sending a poor wayfarer on to the town—it is a long league for a cold night. . . .

Yes, Father, it is true that I have a few of the sins of my trade as yet unconfessed and unabsolved, therefore, I put myself into thy pious hands, a humble soul, seeking Jesu Christ. . . .

Very well, then, let us see the Prior. . . .

O dear Lord Prior, Father in Christ, I kneel to beseech thy blessing. . . .

Deaf? What an egg!

O DEAR LORD PRIOR, FATHER IN CHRIST,
I KNEEL TO BESEECH THY BLESSING! . . .

PRAISE GOD! AND NOW MAY I SAFELY DIE OF MY HUNGER, FOR MY SOUL IS SAFE!

O! A THOUSAND THANKS! . . .

THEN A QUIET REST, O HOLY PRIOR; I SHALL GREET THEE IN THE MORNING!

Bring me now to my food, my jolly shaven-pate.
 And call such of thy brethren as would like to hear a
 merry tale or two—fresh from the Holy Land—and
 drink a cup of wine with a poor pilgrim who has squeezed
 his big body into the very manger wherein the young
 Lord Jesus lay. . . . Yes, wine . . . the Prior
 said “*wine*” . . .

Ah . . . a loaf . . . nay, what’s here . . .
 pastry . . . red meat . . . now the wine! . . .

Welcome, brethren . . . set you down and stir
 you the fire . . . Lay on another log, brethren . . .

Welcome, good fellows . . . Companions are we—
 gentleman adventurers on the road to Paradise. . . .

The food was good, and I thank the Lord Prior—
 not thee, old bones— Lads, I shall sing you a song
 . . .

Nay! Listen not to old mummy-flesh, for this is
 such a song as the sweet virgin Agnes sang of the Saviour,
 whom she loved more than any among all her lusty
 young suitors. Pour out the wine. . . .

Tala, lala, la, la—hark you!

Tala, la lala, la, la—thus:

*Under the tree and the leaves of love
 A maid wept piteously.*

*“O maiden under the leaves of love,
 What may thy sorrow be?”*

*“I saw him pass three days agone
 Upon the King’s Highway,
 And for the day of his return
 I wait and weep and pray.*

*“For he was brave and fair,” said she,
 “All other knights above;
 And turned as he passed to smile at me,
 Under the leaves of Love.*

*"Upon a sturdy steed he rode,
Whose trappings glittered brightly;
Upon his harness, richly bossed,
The siller bells laughed lightly.*

*"On his chain mail a siller sheen
That rippled like a sea;
Upon his silken white contise,
Embroidered heraldry.*

*"His jupon had a green design
And bordering of fur,
And there was gold on belt and sword,
On solleret and spur.*

*"His mighty shield that swung beside
A flame-tongued griffin bore;
And aillettes on his broad shoulders
Like fair new wings he wore.*

*"Behind him rode his knights at arms
In powerful array.
More noble soldiers never passed
Upon the King's Highway.*

*"They wore new burnished armor
That rippled like a sea;
With pennants dauncing on their spears,
They gossiped merrily.*

*"More gallant horsemen never passed,
I wis, than his meiny;
But there was none so beautiful
And none so brave as he.*

*"For he was brave and fair," said she,
 "All other knights above;
And turned as he passed to smile at me,
 Under the leaves of Love.*

*"I saw him pass three days agone
 Upon the King's Highway,
And for the day of his return
 I wait and weep and pray.*

*"I pray in vain to fair Marie
 And all sweet saints above:
They will not list to such as me,
 Under the leaves of Love."*

Ah . . . My throat was like unto the sands of Egypt land, good brethren. . . .

Yea . . . A sweet song, a tender melody. . . . I sang it once to the blessed maiden of Channes, she who could raise herself five feet into the air by her praying, and was well rewarded, for she—I sang it also to the good Duchess of Rorrugnac, who gave me a round sum of money for that night's entertainment.

. . . True. It gives pleasure. Nevertheless, it is a song for women's ears. I have other things within me more fit for men to hear. . . .

But I can recite to you the brave geste of the King of England and our Holy Father the Pope, which resounds to the glory of our Mother Church—or would you not rather hear of merry Dirk, the breeches-maker, at the battle of Vorgensburg? . . .

I kiss thy hands. . . .
Nay fuller than that. . . .

. . . Now! Hark you:

*Come all who love our Mother Church,
For I shall sing her fame.
The Pope he was a noble lord
And Innocent his name.*

*On England's throne there sate a king
Who was a wicked man,
And all his people rued to see
The deeds of King Johann.*

For know you that this King Johann was such a bloody-minded, nose-slitting, death-doing hackster as found no greater pleasure than in wicked deeds and riotous acts of impiety. Fill me this can. . . . Nay, fuller than that. . . .

*He hunted through his royal wood
To kill the fallow deer;
He scorned the words of holy men,
Nor stood he in God's fear.*

The quarrel was about a benefice. . . . Ah!
. . . so.

*On England's throne there sate a king
Who was—*

Correct! by the blood of the martyrs! The quarrel, I repeat, was about a benefice—a paltry, jack o' brat benefice, the incumbent whereof had died.

Now when the king heard that this faithful servant who had died, was thus dead, then thought he . . . ah! . . . to place his own man in his stead. But how wroth was my Lord Pope when he learned what the king of England was doing! How he fumed and raged! His face became as red as this great fire before us, brethren, and like as it, he crackled and roared: his head seemed as if it were about to burst, for that he could not speak his mind fast enough and the hot words were being dammed up within.

"Now by the gall of St. Gall!" said he, "*Sancti sancire sanctissime, mater matrissime!*—" these were his very words— "Have out!"

Gramercy, Messire wine-pourer. . . .

Know, that I had this tale from the true man of a rich burgomaster of Bruges, whose first cousin is Bishop of Tournvarre, and, therefore, you may tell it again and swear to the verity thereof—a true relation, and no idle fable, messires. . . .

Then when my Lord Innocent could speak again in the language of the people of Rome, he called together all the gallant nobles and sweet ladies of his court—and away they went, hot-foot for London town, breathing fire and smoke, good brethren, and never letting one foot lag behind the other—for there was not a one but desired to thrust his nails into the eye-sockets of King Johann of England.

Now when the king of England heard that the Lord Pope was coming with all his men for to do him dishonor, then, methinketh, he was more hot with wrath than this great fire before us. Then and there did he draw his sword and lay about him in the excess of his fury, so that the heads and limbs of his own poor people flew this way and that. Anon, gathered he his mighty barons, and all his engines of war, and set forth, every man a-yelling loudly for blood, to meet his enemy upon the field of battle.

. . . Ah!

Thus it was that these two great hosts met on the fair field of Vorgensburg. And there was King Johann of England on the one side, and there was the Holy Innocent on t'other, and even there was merry Dirk, with his handsome face and his tall horse. And when all the fair ladies saw merry Dirk, the breeches-maker of Amsterdam, they screamed shrilly withal, and waved their white kerchiefs for joy of such a noble sight. . . .

Then King Johann ran forward from the one side, and King Innocent from t'other, and all the people crowded round about, for here were two proud lords of noble valiance and great worship about to do battle for the sake of one fair maid. Yet none doubted of the outcome, for the one was truly a holy man, and t'other a tall varlet who had had his ears shaven off in the market place at Samme, for I saw it done myself.

Then fought they it out in furious wise, with sword and axe and poignard, each striking more deadly blows than t'other, till the one was too weak to raise arm, and even weaker was t'other; then came the one running madly at t'other, gnashing his bloody teeth like a young fiend, and t'other, all undaunted, rose and dealt the one such a tremendous mad kick o' the breech as will serve to end my story. . . .

Even thus came merry Dirk victorious from the field of Vorgensburg. . . .

What's this, my lad? . . . The Pope? . . .

Yea! . . . The Pope is a good and reverend lord, and methinketh the relation doth him great honor. . . .

Lully! Lullay! Hush thee, my babe; I shall sing thee to sleep:

*I loved my love in Amsterdam,
(And ere I tell you more),
I'll tell you of the trade she ran—*

I am a raw, roaring bully-rock, reverend brothers—a red devil from hell! Flesh of the flesh, and blood of the blood of my Lord Satanas! . . . Ya! . . .

Back! Old twinkle-eyes! . . .

Down! You dogs! . . .

Thou art the arch-offal-monger! Drop that cruse, fiend! . . .

Ouch! . . .

Unloose me! . . . I am no devil! . . . I am Turgis de Tourlagogne, singer of sweet songs. . . .

These ropes, messires, are designed to encincture the holy abdomens of St. Bertilla's, and not for the durance of a poor pilgrim from the Holy Land. . . .

Know you then that I have two souls within my body—one soul is a liquor-livered fiend of the Pit, and t'other is a sober, Christian soul, that smiles charitably to see his brother's antics. . . . Yal . . . Untie these bonds! . . .

Stop! I've got to p— . . .

I tell you, I've *got* to p— . . .

Mercy! I've got to *prepare* for death before I die.
Untie me that I may confess in peace. . . .

Where are you taking me, my men? . . .

Nay! Put me not living into the tomb! . . .

Carry me more gently. You are drunken. . . . I
am Turgis de Tourlagogne, who has drunken much
wine. . . .

Dear God, it is dark in this hole. . . .

So these are the bones of Giles traitor. . . . Then
take me out, good fathers. . . .

Sots! . . .

It is dark. . . .

Raise up the stone! . . .

RAISE UP THE STONE! . . .

Bones . . .

I love not bones . . . nor this smell of old flesh.

*I loved my love more than my life,
(And ere I tell you more),
I'll tell you how I came to wife
With such—*

bones, bones, bones, bones, bones, bones, bones,
bones, bones . . .

God help me, for I have been very drunken this
night. . . .

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

Beauty

*The lustrous moon,
Deep in the ebon lake,
Is like a fair, white pearl.
Covet it not:
For should you seek with eager hands
To grasp its loveliness,—
Lo, it would shatter into a thousand argent bits.*

A. C. Inman.

“LET my soul blaze forth with Beauty!” says the aesthete and thinks that he is pursuing beauty by himself. Beauty, thy name has many parts! The poet boldly says, “May all my life be beauty!” but what he means we know not and shall never know, for each man has his beauty in his heart. Beauty is nothing and beauty is everything. No man ever saw beauty, but no man ever knew it not. I say, to see a man bleeding from the blows of leather gloves on the hands of another man is not beautiful, but to many men the sight of a boxing fight is long remembered and strengthens them.

A painter looks upon a bleak November landscape, all gray and muddy, and exclaims, “What beauty!” but the farmer curses the gluey mud that sucks his boots to the ground. One of the loveliest sights I have ever seen is the blue rain driving across the hills toward me on a summer afternoon. As I leaned on my fork on a load of hay, wrapped up in the beauty of the sight, the farmer peevishly muttered that we might not reach the barn in time. Beauty and not beauty. I did not see beauty. Men stand guard over treasures that are holy to many minds without knowing the meaning or the beauty of one of them. The guard at an art gallery

is much more interested in a pretty girl or perhaps a game of cards behind a screen when the day is slack. The guard cannot see the beauty that is round about him. No one can.

The broker struggles for many years, furrows his forehead, and pales his cheeks over stocks, bonds, dividends, commissions, and garners up a large wealth for himself. When he is old he retires. What a fool he is—he has stopped seeking beauty, and sits by the fireside dreaming of his stocks, bonds, dividends, commissions, of how he made this thousand, and how this ten thousand, how cleverly he cleaned up a mere two hundred by being three minutes ahead of the rest. No longer does he seek beauty; he found great beauty through his hard, struggling life, but thought to sit back and enjoy the beauty he had found. It was gone, the memory was left but the beauty was no more there, for he had ceased to seek it as he knew how, and knew no other way.

A thousand men sit enraptured at the music from a single piano played by a lovely woman. "Surely, to know her must be to beautify one's soul." But even now, her husband, who was once enraptured too, is consulting with his lawyer for a separation. He came so near to beauty, wanted so hard to sound beauty to the depths, that beauty has fled. He must seek it more, and wing through the blue air after the white-robed mist. Perhaps he will find it in his music. Sometimes I sit at a concert and look at the faces. How many have found beauty there? How many are seeking it there and find it not? How many are making themselves think they have found it? They all come to hear beauty, but none of them hears it.

What is God that men so earnestly seek him to lay their souls at his feet? "God is Love," says St. John. True enough, but what is Love? Is not Love beauty? Is Love aught but beauty? I think not. Love is beauty,

then is not beauty God? Can God be more than beauty. But a Christian says, "Hold on, God has naught to do with lustful pleasures and sensual beauties. God punishes the man who seeks the pleasure of beauty." And he is right, though he may not know why. The man who looks for beauty that he may clutch it for his own and gloat to grasp it and bask in its delights never finds it. Beauty is not pleasure, and if a man tries to rub his lamp of beauty to command pleasure, no genie appears, and the lamp is gone. He must seek it again.

We can never know all the beauty that men have found to love. No one will ever know the beauty that has broken into the soul of each of us living here today. Never can we know all the beauty that Moses, Archimedes, Jesus, Dante, Michael Angelo, Bach, Emerson knew, because it lay within each one and only a few morsels got out. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," said one of them, for ye know not the beauty that is in the meanest man. The criminal at the gallows or in the electric chair is all that is loathsome and bad to the community; but locked up in that body may be a greater store of beauty than the judge and executioner wot of. Men have weighed him and found him wanting—unbeautiful, but within him he may know that a beauty is shining that no judge or executioner can tarnish.

*"Only themselves understand themselves, and the like of themselves,
As souls only understand souls."*

Always we seek it, fleeing before us. We shall never see it. We shall never hear it. We shall never touch, taste, nor smell it. When our bodies are gone it remains. Beauty is our inner light to tend and nurse so that it may burn with a clear flame and consume all else.

Ames Johnston, '25.

A Song

UPON SEEING HIS MISTRESS WALK ABROAD
DECKED IN A GAY RIBBAND

*The light that lies
In Cynthia's eyes
Is fairer far to see
Than all the charms
And false alarms
Of frail mortality.*

*A ribband gay,
The other day,
About her hair she wore—
Such golden hair
Was visioned ne'er
By lover-bards of yore.*

*The ribband's hue?
I think 'twas blue,
The blue of guileless heaven,
The fairest shade,
O lovely maid!
By gods to mortals given.*

*With eyes that match,
Oh! there's the catch,
Would they were guileless too!
Cursèd, yet blest,
I ne'er can rest—
A captive to their blue.*

R. T. Ohl, '21.

Capuchin

THE Genius looked gloomily at his thin, gold watch. It was only six o'clock and his recital did not start until eight-thirty: how was he to spend those two and one-half hours? He could not stay here in the restaurant; already the nasal voice of the orchestra leader, who was singing the chorus of a popular song, grated on his aesthetic soul. Paying his bill, he arose and went out into the cool, clear night. Insistent voices surrounded him. "Taxi, sir? Taxi?" He considered. Finally he handed one of the drivers a bill. "Take me as far as this lasts and then stop."

The face of the taxi man betrayed no surprise. Long ago he had learned that it was "his not to reason why, his but to do or die." "What direction, sir?"

The Genius shuddered. Why did people have to bother about such immaterial things as directions? "Oh," he hazarded. "Drive me—er—North-West."

The driver obeyed, swung down F Street, past the White House, and turned up Connecticut Avenue already crowded with the early dinner throng. At Dupont Circle he swerved into Massachusetts Avenue. A little past Sheridan Circle he stopped and opened the door.

"This is as far as it goes, sir."

"Oh—" the Genius remembered. "Oh, yes! Thank you." Smilingly he alighted. The driver re-entered his cab and swung off toward the center of the city. When the tail light had been lost among the many similar red balls, the Genius stared about him uncertainly. He was in front of a veritable palace. Unconsciously he realized that this was the wealthiest district of the Capital. As he stood hesitating, another taxi swung up to the curb and stopped. The door opened.

"Oh, hurry! Hurry!" said a feminine voice. "I'm sorry I've kept you waiting. Oh, I hope we're not too late!" The voice was sweetly insistent. The Genius hesitated. He really should explain to the girl but he had over two hours to kill and she had a lovely voice. He entered and the taxi started off. He was at a loss. What should he say?

"You seem worried tonight," he chanced.

"Indeed."

The dignity silenced him. The girl did not speak again until they turned into S Street, then she turned to him.

"Here," she said, "are the directions. I must leave you now, but I'll see you again soon. The taxi is paid for and the driver has his orders." She handed him a package and an envelope. The car slowed down before a large brick house and stopped. The girl got out but checked him when he wished to see her to the door. For the first time he saw her face. It was the loveliest he had ever seen, and he was used to lovely women.

"Don't forget the note. The taxi will take you there. Now get in. I'm sorry I can't explain. Thank you—and please, for my sake, do as the note says."

"But ——"

"I'm sorry. Good-bye."

From the house some one—a woman—called.
"Arline! Arline!"

"Coming Aunty," and she was gone.

The Genius smiled contentedly as he settled down in the car. Really the two hours weren't hanging on his hands at all. He remembered the note and by the light of innumerable matches managed to decipher it. "For reasons which I can not now disclose, a man must attend Mrs. V——'s reception tonight in the garb of a monk. You will find the costume in the package. Your name will be Ernest Goddin. The reception is a

masked one, and is unusual in that it starts at seven o'clock supper. There will be dancing afterwards and dinner at eleven. I am putting my trust in you. Please do not disappoint me." The monk's costume proved to be a simple and all-concealing one. He could easily slip it on over his clothes. Really, this was rather interesting!

The taxi stopped before a great mansion on Sixteenth Street. The windows were lit up and inside a motley-colored throng could be seen. The driver did not seem surprised that a monk should descend from the cab, and sped off in the darkness. The Genius sighed but approached the door and entered. Queen Elizabeth, Confucius, Noah, Xantippe, and Charlie Chaplin made way for him. As he told the doorman his name, Queen Elizabeth caught him.

"Oh Ernest! How glad I am to see you! Really I'd hardly recognize you. You can easily spot Dorothea, of course?" and she indicated the blushing Xantippe. This was an unexpected predicament, but the Genius was worthy of it.

"Greetings, my incomparable queen. At your service Dorothea. Let us go into the drawing-room." Here a large crowd had already assembled. Tired business men, who had no other occasion to give outlet to their originality and artistic temperament, vied with each other for startling effects. Courtiers of Louis Quinze rubbed elbows with Chinese Mandarins and Grecian slaves. Julius Caesar linked arms with Diogenes and Hamlet. Lucrezia Borgia was flirting outrageously with Sir Walter Raleigh while Socrates amused himself with a gigantic reproduction of Little Eva. The Genius was amused, but rather uncomfortable. Really he was only an impostor. Just then a Chinese gong moaned and Queen Elizabeth led him into the supper room where he found himself seated between Xantippe and Anne Boleyn.

It was a most uncomfortable meal. Evidently he

and Xantippe were on very intimate terms and the incomparable queen fairly beamed approval. In despair he turned to Anne Boleyn. What a beauty she was—as noble as her gracious model!

"When do you lose your head, O beauteous monarch? I pray 'twill not not be soon."

"Your blessing, good monk, before I die." He started. Never could he forget that rich contralto voice. It was the girl of the taxi.

Gravely he went through the "Ter Sanctus" and then she pointed out some of the more amusing characters. The rather bow-legged Julius was a well-known senator. Confucius was a famous diplomat.

She lowered her voice.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "I knew you wouldn't fail me."

After that she was silent and it was with a sigh of relief that the Genius arose and went into the ball-room where the orchestra was tuning up. He danced with a delightful Columbine and a charming Janice Meredith. Anne Boleyn was nowhere in sight. He went into the conservatory to seek her but instead he came across Xantippe seated under a palm.

"Oh, Ernest! I knew you'd come. Do sit down."

It was too late to retreat. Just precisely what were his relations with this girl anyway?

"Ernest dear," she said. "Aren't you glad we decided to announce our engagement tonight? It's quite an ideal time and mother is so pleased. You're sure you love me, aren't you? Kiss me, dear."

He obeyed. Really, there was nothing else to do. This was a mess! He would have to find out more.

"What time did you decide on, Dot?"

"How well you disguise your voice, Ernest. I'd hardly recognize it. Why, mother said about eight-fifteen. It's nearly eight now. Don't you think that would be a good time?"

"Fine, dear. I must go now but I'll be back soon."

It was a terrible thing to do, but how could he help it? To stay would be fatal. He must get away. If he could only find Anne Boleyn and explain things! But Anne was nowhere in sight, and in a corner he ran across Queen Elizabeth.

"Oh Ernest! I should like to talk to you a moment."

"Sorry, fair queen, but I seek the reincarnation of your gifted mother. Have you seen her?"

"Oh, Arline? No. I haven't. Now what I wanted to ask you ——"

"I'll be right back, but I've simply got to see Arline now."

Arline was not to be seen. It was after eight and things were getting desperate. There was no other way out. The Genius stepped out of the conservatory window onto the moonlit lawn. Undoubtedly there was a rear exit. He slunk along the bushes that lined the wall. Someone was coming up the path. He hid in the shadow. It was Arline and with her was an exact duplicate of himself.

"Oh, Ted," she said. "I'm so glad you came. I had to get a perfectly strange man to take your place. Is everything all right now?"

That was all he heard, for the moonlight, and the scent of the roses, and the sweet waltz strains cast a spell over him. It seemed long, long ago in the castle gardens, and he was a poor young monk, and she was his tragic queen. Almost unconsciously he bowed very low, very slow, as with noble stride and haughty bearing, Anne Boleyn, the queen, swept proudly up the moonlit path and out of his life.

Richard C. Bull, '28.

A Chinese Lumberyard in Paco, Manila

*In a Chinese lumberyard in Paco,
Kept by a fat, smiling Chinaman,
Fat and spectacled and smiling,
Are two workers.*

*They are not the salesmen who come shuffling forward,
Smiling and shuffling,
Shuffling forward to take your order.
No—they saw, these two.
Back and forth they saw, these two
With shaven foreheads, queues tied tight about their
heads.
R-r-zing, r-r-zong, the log is long,
Back and forth they saw.*

*Each half-naked body glistens,
Sweat oozes from the withered parchment skin.
Each mouth droops at the corners,
Droops and drips red buio juice.
The faded trousers
Hang in blue folds about the spidery legs.
Legs! God! Are those things legs,
Those scabby bamboo props on which are hung flat,
grasping feet?
R-r-zing, r-r-zong, the log is long.
The saw moves forth and back
Pulled by the crooked skinny arms.
Each arm hangs from the shoulder by a single shrunken
muscle.*

*The feet move slowly on
Pressing down more firmly the sawdust from a hundred
million strokes.
R-r-zing, r-r-zong, r-r-zing, r-r-zong,
Back and forth
Ever, ever, ever.*

*In a Chinese lumberyard in Paco,
Kept by a fat, smiling Chinaman,
Fat and spectacled and smiling,
Are two workers.*

T. L. Fansler, '21.

To Youth

*By why the furrows in your brow, my lad?
Why trudge so soberly about? You bear
The dreary world with all its cloying care
Like Atlas old—your eyes are dull and sad;
Of course, in time the fretted brain goes mad
“With wine, with poetry,” says Baudelaire,
“Or what you will”; be mad! be drunk! but tear
Away from all your solemn words, my lad.
For now you’re young—the dance and song of life
Are in your veins. Come, dance! and leave unsung
Your wordy panaceas for a while;
Leave off this struggle, all this mental strife—
Come drink the cup, lad; drink and sing—you’re
young!
The world will wait ’til youth has lost his smile.*

Robert Barry, II, '26.

The Heyday of the Lowbrow

THE gay arts are at last coming into their own! For years there have been certain forms of entertainment which have given an enormous amount of pleasure to the millions, but which have failed of recognition as embodying artistic principles. The reason why they have not been critically sanctioned or their value as art justly appraised is not far to seek.

Art, until very recently, has ever been a tremendously sombre business and has always maintained a strict reserve toward its public; it has encouraged little outright joy and certainly no rowdiness. One might consider this formidable view of art to be epitomized in the familiar lowering face of Beethoven. The effect has been heightened by the fact that this art has been on display generally in such barns as Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, and has demanded of its audience an absurd and unreasonable hyper-sobriety in the place of a more intelligent and less rigorous receptivity. When attending a performance under such auspices one is virtually forced, to pass as an art-lover, to assume one of the three conventional poses of rapt ecstasy, surfeited indifference, or arrant depreciation. And although the references in this paragraph have been made specifically to music, the same spirit has pervaded the show-shops of the other arts. To the person who will look honestly at such Pharisaism, therefore, the whole procedure must appear too affected for anything like frank enjoyment. Furthermore there has been the concomitant impression that Art, in whatsoever form it shall manifest itself, is essentially snobbish, that

any type of entertainment pleasing to the multitude is excluded *ipso facto* from the category of Art.

Nevertheless, there has been in very recent years a growing recognition and sentiment in favor of some of the lower forms of amusement, which have steadily been brought unnoticed to perfection along their own lines. The pioneers who have brought these lively arts to critical light, who have sought to give them standing, have been men well grounded in what must be termed for purposes of distinction in this article the "highbrow" arts. They have been people of genuine culture and taste, but they have also been clairvoyant enough to perceive that under the guise of Art was masquerading a good deal that was bogus, and, disgusted with such sham, they turned to the less pretentious diversions of the crowds. Here they have found much of real worth and have brought it to light. And while they do not for a moment seek to challenge the throne of genuine classic art, they maintain the broad viewpoint that there is to be found in the sublimated performances of our comedians, in our best jazz music, in the slapstick comedies of the movies, in the satire and humor of such men as Ring Lardner, in the Broadway revue, in the writings of our columnists, in our vaudeville, and in our comic strips, an emotional thrill much akin to that inspired by a Beethoven symphony, the prose of Flaubert, or a statue by Maillol. In short, perceiving that there is no inherent incompatibility between "highbrow" art and "lowbrow" art, they decided to "make a good woman" out of the latter and thereby extend the domain of Art in general. Indeed, the vogue of "lowbrow" art in highly cultured circles has so grown that it has today become highbrow to be lowbrow.

There are many who consider the interest on the part of superior persons in what have hitherto been considered inferior forms of amusement an intellectual

gesture, a mere manifestation of the "ultra" pose; they doubt whether the lively arts can give spectators of an indisputable degree of culture the true artistic *frisson* that the latter claim. This is not an unreasonable doubt in view of the apparent disparity between the two varieties of art. The task of proving that the despised forms have artistic quality has been undertaken with conscientious endeavor and a vast deal of enthusiasm—so much of the latter indeed that it makes one fear that the author may have overstated his case—by Mr. Gilbert Seldes in his book "The Seven Lively Arts."

The quintessence of the lively arts is to be found in the quintessesences of the various types of what might be called "vulgar entertainment." The adjective "vulgar" has in modern usage an unfortunately repulsive connotation of which we must rid ourselves, reverting to its original meaning of "of the people, by the people and for the people," in order to judge the lively arts in an unbiased light. Mr. Seldes' book, being *sui generis*, is our only authority, and we may take the "catalogue" of his "personal preferences" which he has compiled as the nearest thing to a credo of this group available. Mr. Seldes is of the opinion:

"That there is no opposition between the great and the lively arts.

"That both are opposed in the spirit to the middle or bogus arts.

"That the bogus arts are easier to appreciate, appeal to low and mixed emotions, and jeopardize the purity of both the great and the minor arts.

"That except in a period when the major arts flourish with exceptional vigor, the lively arts are likely to be the most intelligent phenomena of their day.

"That the lively arts as they exist in America today are entertaining, interesting, and important.

"That with a few exceptions these same arts are more interesting to the adult cultivated intelligence than most of the things which pass for art in cultured society.

"That there exists a 'genteel tradition' about the arts which has prevented any just appreciation of the popular arts, and that these have therefore missed the corrective criticism given to the serious arts, receiving instead only abuse.

"That therefore the pretentious intellectual is as much responsible as anyone for what is actually absurd and vulgar in the lively arts.

"That the simple practitioners, and simple admirers of the lively arts being uncorrupted by the bogus preserve a sure instinct for what is artistic in America."

This catalogue brings forth some interesting points. There are, according to it, three categories of Art: the great (major, serious, "highbrow") arts, the middle (bogus) arts, and the minor (lively, popular, "lowbrow") arts. The constituencies of the great arts require no discussion here. The characteristics of the bogus arts are mainly negative and appear most clearly in contrast with those of the other two groups.

One can scarcely lay too much emphasis on the surreptitious evil worked by the bogus upon the major and minor arts: pity the unfortunate human who, on hearing the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé" hailed as fine music, willfully but ignorantly excludes himself from a province where exists music like Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song"; pity likewise the poor human who, viewing with disgust the cavortings of some half-draped bubble-chasers 'neath a green spotlight, declines to witness Irene Castle.

As a matter of fact some of the foremost and most expert performers of the lively arts have been corrupted, be it ever so slightly, by the "genteel tradition." Con-

sider Miss Fannie Brice, probably the greatest *farceuse* on the American stage, and her performance of "Mon Homme" (in English!). This song is one of the most popular in her repertoire and her name has become thoroughly linked with it in this country notwithstanding the fact that it was written primarily for Mistinguett and has been excellently done in the original French in this country by Miss Yvonne George two seasons ago. It is an Apache song of a not unfamiliar species (although it becomes quite American when performed by Miss Brice), and its sentiment is rather shoddy; in spite of the able treatment given it by Miss Brice it is buncombe. On the other hand it is possible that such a deviation from the true path of her talent is less a symptom of misplaced gentility than of Fanny's private longing to bring the tears as well as the laughter, for it is the tragedy of many a successful fun-provoker his audience will never take him seriously. Indeed in the case of Miss Brice, I saw her not long ago in vaudeville; she had set everyone roaring with her marvelous comic gift when suddenly she appeared in the cap and bells of the court jester and performed with absolute seriousness and considerable effect a version of the banale Canio-Rigoletto, heart-breaking-beneath-the-joyous-mask complex. This device is, in fact, a great favorite with the actors assuring them as it does of the audience's sympathy and a hand. . . . The unfortunate part of the matter in the case of Miss Brice was that the audience did not realize until the number was about half over that the performer was serious!

And now for a few words in defense of some of the lively arts. Jazz is so firmly established by now that it requires no further apology here; barring the pedant and the arch-sentimentalist, almost any intelligent person will admit that one "Limehouse Blues" is worth the whole school of "Mother Machree" *lieder*. Simi-

larly almost any intelligent person who has thought or is willing to think about the subject, will recognize the literary qualities of Lardner, Finley Peter Dunne, Franklin P. Adams, and their peers, the satiric art of our best comic strips (particularly Herriman's fantastic "Krazy Kat," whom John Alden Carpenter has called "a combination of Parsifal and Don Quixote"), the adroitness of Al Jolson and Fanny Brice together with their astounding power to swing their audiences with them, and the startling and varied skill of less well-known figures in our music-shows and vaudeville halls. In the best examples of all these types there is the moving spirit of Art in addition to a finished technic.

There remain two prejudices in favor of the bogus arts which are very hard to kill: the first is the common obsession of "aesthetic dancing," and the second is the movie "society drama." There is an almost unbelievable number of people who are convinced that the antics of six near-naked towel-trailers abetted by a darkened stage and the *appassionato* strains of the mellifluous "Blue Danube" constitute Art; this in spite of the blow Fannie Brice has dealt it in her burlesque of the Nature Dance. We are, by the way, also indebted to Fanny for the way she has ridiculed polite parlor vocalism—a bogus art if ever there was one—in her hilarious rendition of "Kiss Me Again."

As for the insipid and rubber-stamp *chef-d'œuvre* of Cecil B. De Mille, we have only to consider the intrinsic advantages and disadvantages which the screen offers as an art medium to remark how inappropriate these productions are. Usually these films are adapted from novels or plays, and in the process of adaptation most of the dialogue, and, in the case of adaptation from a story, all the description, explanation, and ratiocination as well, must be omitted; even scenarios written originally for the screen are cast in

the same mould. The action of the piece alone remains and this is rarely of sufficient power and interest to justify screening. From this it is evident that no perfect play or novel can be made into an equally perfect moving picture; in reality this is nothing but a restatement of the axiom that a given aspect of an idea cannot be perfectly expressed in more than one medium, that a perfect novel is perfect only as a novel and a perfect play perfect only as a play, and the sooner the moving picture producers start producing films which are appropriate to the screen the sooner they will be justified in calling the movies an art.

On the other hand the screen offers three distinct advantages over the stage: it is possible in the movies to depict action on a far grander scale, to depict fabulous and highly imaginative settings and happenings, and to heighten and intensify effects by what is known as "trick photography." To these special qualities of the screen it is obvious that the western film, the mystery story, and the serial thriller are more conformable than the more recent and pretentious *raffinement*, the society drama.

What is the logical field in which to seek future artistic development of the movies? Pantomime and fantasy. The type of picture which has most intelligently met the exigencies of the screen is the slapstick comedy, a manner of film which has been despised of critics and the so-called "discriminating public," and yet on examination it will prove to have utilized most effectively the resources offered by the medium and to have required no more than this medium could fulfil. The only thing that counts in slapstick is action, and its effect is intensified by the use of trick photography resulting in the speeding up or ellipsis of this action. The very sparsity of subtitles required to explain the theme of a slapstick film proves its perfect suitability.

If further proof be needed let us remember that slapstick has given us the most original figure in the short history of the screen—Charlie Chaplin, who has obtained universal recognition as a great artist. Fantasy represents the perfect “highbrow” art of the screen just as slapstick represents its perfect “lowbrow” art, but lacking the other’s popular support, it has not traveled so far. The most complete and satisfactory embodiment of the fantastic spirit in the movies was the German film, “The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,” which appeared a few years ago. The spirit has touched a few more recent pictures but has given us no second masterpiece. Vested with the support of the populace, the slapstick has tried to stem the tide of refinement in the films, but it has been a losing game with the rising standards of the movie public. The fact remains nevertheless that “lowbrow” art has most fully realized the possibilites of the screen.

What then is to be our judgment of the lively arts? We must first realize that they are not intended as a substitution for the great arts; we must realize that they are rawer in every way and that they have grown from common soil; we must realize that their technic is the result of years of careful observation on the part of popular entertainers of what theatrical devices have the most telling effect on the audiences, and is not a product of hothouse theories. And finally we must cherish these arts as valuable, stimulating entertainment entitled to the cordon of Art—as possessed of a rare joyousness, spontaneity and vigour, which reveal them as close to the pulse of the American people and make them a vital part of our growing cultural tradition.

I. L. Hibberd, '26.

The Jongleur Grown Old

My mandolin,

*My fingers tremble on thy broken strings;
No melodies of beauty ripple forth
To charm the listening hearts and lure them on
To far-off lands of peace and love and youth.
Thy music, instrument of fairy hands,
Caused idle boys and girls of long ago
To think they could escape this earth's dull round,
And lie forever dreaming by the streams
That flow through fancy's ever-changing meads.
On Summer nights beneath the moon's soft glow
Thy tender notes wrought silver dreams of love.
The maids with magic eyes and wondrous hair
And slender youths whose souls were bright with joy,
Caught at the beauty of thy melody
And wove it fair into fantastic dreams
Of happiness and earthly Paradise.
Yes, Paradise! Too late we feel the truth,
And see that heaven lies before the young,
Who taste its joys and think they taste but life,
A fairy life whose playground is the world.
But Time strides on, destroying youth's mirage;
And now our hearts are worn, our voices mute.
When in the glow of youth we looked ahead
And saw forever stretching on before
The same bright path youth treads so gaily now,
We little thought of sorrows and old age;
Such music tinkled from thy humming throat
As made us think sweet life is without end.
But thou art mute and broken now as they,*

*And on thy form the dust of years lies cold:
Thy fate is sad and undeserved as ours,
For through the beauty of thy voice our thoughts
Were raised above the cloying things of earth
Into a realm of everlasting joy.
Thy music made us happy for a time;
By thee our souls were led to trust in life,
Not knowing then that youth alone can give
Such pleasures as we thought to have for aye.
My mandolin! With thee to mask the flight
Of time, we spent our days in mirth and ease,
As even now young hearts and souls rejoice
To live in ceaseless hunting for delight.
They too forget the dark approach of Age,
They too put faith in Youth's deceiving mask,
They too believe the laughing myth of love;
For even thou, my mandolin, art dead.*

Austin Wright, '25.

Winter Daybreak

*The snow came on us suddenly last night
And left the branching trees outlined against the sky;
Scarlet and gold the sunrise burst with friendly spite—
The silvered trees in black and white made earth's reply
And caught the gold, and hurled it back again.
It seemed as if the radiant power of dawn or light
Drew out the hearts of trees through every bough, and then
Purged them with dawn-scarlet to rarest white,
And left them pure, with only dregs outlined below:
As if their glorious boughs would never know
Stark gold—but strain for love with all their might.*

C. B. Acton, '25.

Reviews

THE GREEN HAT

The Green Hat is a book that Michael Arlen can be proud of having written. There is charm, atmosphere without morbidity, freedom without vulgarity, and always the magic of an enchanting style. That style seems particularly suited to the telling of this story—the tale of a shameless but, oh, so lovely lady. With her “hungry pagan body and her Chislehurst mind,” very wanton and very lovely, she walks unhappily but proudly through her world. Balked by a combine of ambition, the Fates, a wife, and England’s priceless mouldiness, she still follows her one great love—the one fire that will not be quenched. In the end Iris Storm loses—but not altogether.

We hear a whispered name above the rustling breezes as the great yellow bonnet of an Hispano-Suiza rushes through the night. We read of waters that shone like black silk, of breathless, “Italianate” nights, of a symbolic emerald, beautiful and loose. “There were once two roads that led away from a certain tree.” We feel the loveliness of a woman who was tangible until she touched you, who was finite until she touched you. Decidedly, Michael Arlen has a genius that is most un-English. Skilfully he throws in just the right thing at just the right place—“five red elephants marching toward an unknown destination”—“hair that flamed tiger-tawny and ate into my spirit”—Billee Ponthéveque, who broke all the commandments but one—she was nice to her father and mother. It is perfect.

If we have any fault to find with Michael Arlen

it is that he communicates his own perfection in too catholic a manner. If only *all* his men weren't demi-gods or *all* his characters weren't so sickeningly clever. The universality of genius is appalling. Apparently we must believe that English society is a super-society in which one and all are ultra-intelligent. We have heard otherwise. A Mug or two here and there would be a help—a good, husky, simple-minded Mug, preferably, one who would slug Napier as to the jaw when he abandons Iris for his wife.

Still, let us not tamper. I like *The Green Hat*.

E. L. G.

[THE GREEN HAT, by Michael Arlen. Doran. Iris March Edition, \$2.00.]

THREE PILGRIMS AND A TINKER

At a time when most modern novelists are writing of cowboys in Colorado, sheiks in Arabia, and erring children of the jazz age in New York, it is a delightful change to find a wholesome and refreshing story of the hunting district of England. Such a tale is Mary Borden's *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*. This diverting novel tells of the experiences of a spoiled, petted woman and her lazy, good-natured husband in adapting themselves and their family to the life of country gentry. The children (the Three Pilgrims and Tim, the Tinker) are amusing even if somewhat unconvincing. Occasionally they delay the action but it is very easy to forgive them.

By far the strongest character is Cricket, the shrewd, self-sacrificing old nurse. She is the true heroine and one of the most human characters in contemporary fiction. She alone would make the book worth while.

The locus of the story is in the fox-hunting country

of Broadshire, England. Mary Borden has caught the savage enthusiasm of the men and women who are satisfied to live only for riding to hounds; otherwise sane people, who go out in the morning to ride and return at night to bathe, eat, and sleep. Feel yourselves

racing against the wind, rain, sleet and snow; leaping through the air, making lovely arcs in the air, falling, rolling and scrambling in the mud, picking yourselves up, swearing oaths, shouting, grinding your savage delighted teeth, exulting, barbarous, deliriously hunting the fleet red fox, lustng for his blood, following the lovely hounds that will tear him to pieces, that will eat him alive, following on and on, furiously riding. . . .

Three Pilgrims and a Tinker is a clearly, smoothly, vigorously written book, and one which deserves a prominent place on the shelf of recent fiction.

F. M. S.
R. C. B.

[THREE PILGRIMS AND A TINKER, by Mary Borden.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.]

THE MATRIARCH

The Matriarch is a distinctly unique type of fiction, in the form of a family chronicle. Its novelty lies in the absence of a distinct main plot and of definite main characters. Furthermore, *The Matriarch*, is not a "novel with a purpose," as its title might suggest; it does not satirize any one person or class, but simply seeks to fathom human nature.

The task of telling the history of the Rakonitz tribe, a family of Austro-Hungarian Jews which spreads over the entire globe, necessitates innumerable sub-plots; and in order to guide the reader, the writer has wisely inserted a detailed Rakonitz family-tree. Frequent references to this give the reader a coherent

picture as the writer sketches in one branch of the family after another. Anastasia Rakonitz, the Matriarch, at first seems to be the chief character, but as the novel progresses, Anastasia gives way to her granddaughter Toni. Miss Stern herself has apparently been undecided on this point, for the book was first published in England under the title *Tents of Israel*. This great mass of plots and characters moves forward with a scarcely perceptible motion—time and family growth are the only elements of progress.

The characterizations, on the other hand, are superb. The book leaves a very vivid impression of the Rakonitz family, with its straight noses and blue eyes, its strong women and weak men; of Anastasia, wielding despotic, but always well-intentioned power over her tribe; of the "Uncles," who are models of generosity and nobility as long as their gem trade remains firm; of Toni, who in spite of a weak heart and poverty, bravely takes the Matriarch's place when the family is in distress; and of Danny Maitland, the natural son of Sophie Rakonitz's husband. After finishing *The Matriarch*, the reader feels a certain disappointment in not reaching any climax or even any definite conclusion, but he also feels a growing satisfaction in having "drunk deeply of human understanding."

P. A. S., Jr.

[THE MATRIARCH, by G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf.
\$2.50.]

(For the last two reviews we are indebted for the books to Mr. E. S. McCawley, bookseller, of Haverford.)

Alden Sampson

MARCH 13, 1853—JANUARY 5, 1925

A.B., A.M. (Harvard A.B., 1876; A.M., 1877). Loganian Orator, Freshman year; President, Athenaeum; prize for best essay in *The Collegian* (Loganian Society), Senior year; prize for best essay in *The Gem* (Athenaeum Society), Senior year; one of the founders of *The Grasshopper* (1873), and one of the editors of *Ho Tettix* (1874), the first undergraduate papers published at Haverford; Member, Phi Beta Kappa. Student, Harvard University, 1874–77; Harvard Law School, 1878–80; Alumni Orator, Haverford, 1886; Vice-President, Alumni Association, 1888; Author. Game Preserve Expert, United States Biological Survey, 1907; Lecturer on Literature, Art and Archaeology, etc. Author of *Milton's Sonnets*, *A Bear Hunt in the Sierras*, *The Establishment of Game Refuges*, *Essays on the Wild Life*, *Studies in Milton*, and an *Essay on Poetry* (the last republished in England by John Murray). Member, American Institute of Archaeology; American Geographical Society; National Geographical Society; American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia; American Association for the Advancement of Science. Member of Century, University, Harvard Clubs; Artist Member of Salmagundi Club, New York City; Member of the Boone and Crockett Club of New York; Member of the Cosmos, Metropolitan, Chevy Chase, Harvard Clubs, and of the Biological Society, Washington, D. C.; Member of the Alpine Club of the United States; Member of the Appalachian Club of Boston; the Sierra Club of San Francisco.

b. Manchester, Me., March 13, 1853. s. Alden Sampson and Sarah Taber (Pope). m. Haverford, Pa., Mary Agnes Yarnall. c. Edward, 1891.

So reserved a man was Sampson that it may be counted as sure that he would be perturbed if anything more than the above extract from the Matriculate Catalogue should appear in any notice of him. It is his own well-reasoned and carefully summarized account of his life; only the briefest mention in praise of this distinguished Haverfordian is, therefore, permissible. His four years at college were passed in that quite wonderful period, when, under Thomas Chase, Greek and Latin were major subjects. Sampson was wholly classical in his bent. This shows itself especially in his great book on Milton, a second edition of which he was working upon at the time of his death.

His career as a sportsman, as a nature lover, was subsequent to his life at Haverford, and was a most significant index to his varied and attractive attainments—a career well worth study and an example to be followed. As Horace wrote to his friend Numicus,

*"Vive, vale. Si quid novisti reclius istis,
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum."*

R. T. C., '72.

Notes

It is useless for us to pretend that the HAVERFORDIAN represents the college. It doesn't; nor does it aim to. What it does aim at is precisely this—to publish material of as high a literary excellence as there is to be found here. This means that we would confine ourselves to what expresses through at least an adequate use of a literary medium something that has been felt; for unless it has been felt subjectively, it is practically certain that any piece of literary composition will result in an insipid imitation. But we have no desire to instruct in the elements of literary craftsmanship, nor do we wish to supply the stimulation.

In the publication of our February number, we meant to show that something that violates the conventionalities of form and content is to be considered superior to something that is dominated by them. And it was somewhat disappointing to note that in the deluge of material in which this number resulted, only few appreciated this; probably because the writers, stimulated by this display of what they considered *unica*, consciously set themselves to write something for publication which should be superior to these. But the Grotesque Number was not intended as a freak; we should have been willing to print almost any of its contents in an ordinary issue. If only the authors of all the sonnets "To Spring" would realize that they can not hope to excel in that way any more than the painter of a conventional group of pansies can hope to call himself an artist!

Again, the selection of subjects such as "Chestnut Street at 1.00 A. M." and the rise and fall of what may be termed here the "professionally affectionate" does

not insure publication. The HAVERFORDIAN still hopes to maintain a certain dignity amid its woes. If it were possible to make it clear that a passably "aesthetic idea" conveyed in a passably "aesthetic expressive form" (and it is extremely possible for the most radical free verse to be infinitely more aesthetic than the most metrical sonnet, simply because it is felt)—that this is to be considered as on a higher level of literary merit, the number of rejections would decrease considerably. But it isn't; that is why at best only a small minority possess potentialities for what is, after all, a literary magazine.

Finally, we must assume that those who appear in our columns are the college's best. Those who disagree would oblige by submitting something better.

Howell S. England, '88, has been elected president of the Michigan Rationalist Association. He was prominent in the intellectual life of the college while an undergraduate and is now practicing law in Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Frank E. Lutz, '00, delivered a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington on the subject of the chirping of crickets. He claims that the chirps are not for the purpose of attracting mates because the female does not respond to the call.

Dr. Norris F. Hall, '13, recently delivered an address on "Science in War" at Harvard University. In looking forward to future wars, Dr. Hall not only prophesies great advances in the use of the airplane, the tank, and gases, but also the possibility of mental attack. Dr. Hall was active in college interests, received two degrees from Haverford and two from Harvard; fought in the Great War as a captain in the Chemical Warfare Service; has written theses on radioactivity, electricity, and crystallization; and is now Instructor in Chemistry at Harvard University.

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| Friday | 20—Charles Hutchinson in "Hutch of the U. S. A." |
| Saturday | 21—Elaine Hammerstein in "The Midnight Express." |
| Monday | 23—Zane Grey's story, "The Last of the Duane," with Tom Mix. |
| Tuesday | 24—Barbara LaMar in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." |
| Wednesday | 25—Bebe Daniels in "Argentine Love." |
| Thursday | 26—William Fox's greatest special, "Dante's Inferno." |
| Friday | 27—Same. |
| Saturday | 28—Wesley Barry in "George Washington, Jr." |

MARCH

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| Monday | 2—"Racing for Life," with All-Star Cast. |
| Tuesday | 3—Hobart Bosworth in "Hearts of Oak." |
| Wednesday | 4—Gloria Swanson in "Wages of Virtue." |
| Thursday | 5—"Fool's Awakening," with All-Star Cast. |
| Friday | 6—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "Secrets." |
| Saturday | 7—William Fox Special. A William Farnum Production. |
| Monday | 9—"Buffalo Bill, Jr." "Fast and Fearless." |
| Tuesday | 10—Colleen Moore in "The Perfect Flapper." |
| Wednesday | 11—William Fox Special. George O'Brien in "The Dancers." |
| Thursday | 12—Same. |

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| Friday | 13—George Billings in "Abraham Lincoln." |
| Saturday | 14—Charles Buck Jones in "Winner Take All." |

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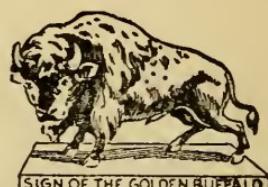
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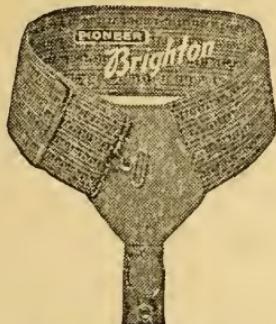
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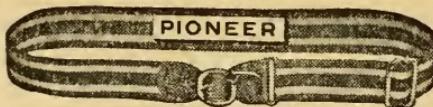
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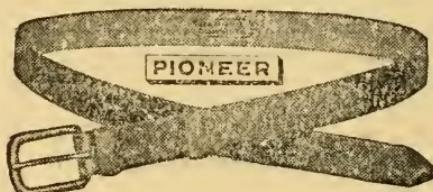
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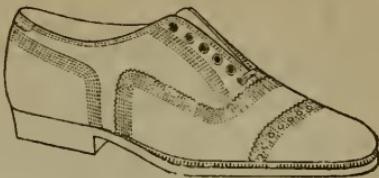
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AVERFORDIAN
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APRIL, 1925

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THE UNFINISHED MANSION
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Maria

*Maria dear, was it your eyes
That so held me entranced,
Your smiling golden eyes
That glowed as summer sunset skies
Where light and shadow danced,
Shadow danced?*

*Maria dear, was it your hair,
So soft and golden brown,
That held me so—your hair
Perfumed with violets, pine woods air,
A silken, shining crown,
Shining crown?*

*Maria dear, was it your mouth
Where flowed and ebbed the tide
Of sadness, smiles—a curved mouth
Adroop with languor of the South
That held me by your side,
By your side?*

*Maria dear, your eyes, your hair,
Your tiny silken glove
Beckoned, but I did only stare
And heeded not the yearning there
For you, for you and love,
You and love.*

T. L. Fansler, '21.

A Plea for Fox Hunting

*"How the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing still."*

—Milton.

ACERTAIN Haverford professor was heard to say not long ago relative to Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*: ". . . so she married some insignificant man, probably some fox-hunting squire." That moved me to come to the defense of the hunt, this wonderful old sport, the oldest of all sports. However, fox-hunting needs no defenders; it cannot die as long as warm blood flows in the veins of courageous men.

Cowper caught the spirit of it:

*"With ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found."*

Whittier, too, mentions it thus:

*"The fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn.
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo! the crack of the whip."*

If there is a greater thrill obtainable than that obtained in mounting a glorious, well-schooled hunter and going off after the hounds on a frosty morning, I have never experienced it. There is a thrill in sailing in a heavy sea and a stiff wind, but after all, a sailboat has only the same sort of spirit as an automobile or a locomotive, an inanimate spirit at best. A horse has a real spirit and a real, almost human, personality. There is an emotional quality in the sound of the huntsman's

horn, in his monotonous call to his leaders, and in the throaty bay of the hounds themselves that sets the blood a-tingling.

Since Philadelphia is an important center of hunting in America, it seems only reasonable that Haverford men, especially those coming to Haverford from a distance, should know something of the sport here. The Rosetree Hunt, near Media, is the oldest hunt club in this country. The Radnor Hunt, just west of Bryn Mawr, is another one of importance, and has a large membership of people prominent in and around Philadelphia. There are also the Whitemarsh Valley and the Pickering Hunts not far away, as well as other smaller hunt clubs. In addition to these, several men not far outside of Philadelphia keep private packs which they hunt in the vicinity of their farms. The pack of Mr. Mather is known as being one of the finest in the country.

You probably think that it goes hard with the local foxes. It does, but the fox is a crafty fellow, himself an animal living by hunting. I have even heard of a very plain Friend saying, "The fox enjoys the chase as well as the hunters—as long as he isn't caught." There is a bounty on foxes in this state, and if the catching of a pest can afford exciting exercise to men and women, so much the better.

The training of horses, hounds, and riders for this sport is done with almost religious formality. No horse is a safe hunter unless (or until) he can clear any type of fence, wall, or hedge up to five feet in height with easy, quiet jumping. I quote an introductory paragraph from Dr. George Fleming's "Practical Horse Keeper": "There can be no doubt that a perfect hunter should be a perfect horse, combining in himself the qualities of speed, strength, endurance, and good temper; with excellent action, to ensure safety and certainty

in going over broken ground, and in overcoming high or wide obstacles." More than that, he must have stamina to keep going, often at a gallop, for as much as eight hours and still be able to jump. Fleming goes on to say: "In outline and build, as a whole and in detail, his conformation should be faultless, and that which secures velocity, vigor, stability, and promptitude in movement; while his intelligence and docility should be highly developed, and be associated with that very precious characteristic of a well-trained horse—a good mouth."

No hound is fit till his nose is accurate and his tongue discreet, his voice intelligent, and until he obeys the huntsman and whips faithfully. The hound must be able to follow the scent at a fast pace; he must not back-trail or cross to another scent. The hounds hunt in pairs, and only tractable and intelligent animals are used when the season is under way. The fox is a difficult animal to scent, for as he runs his scent becomes weaker, and he does not sweat and thus aid the dogs as many animals do. Therefore, the hound is tempted to try a fresh trail instead of pursuing the ever-tiring fox he has started.

No rider can qualify to ride to hounds till he has a firm seat, easy and clever hands, iron nerve and unlimited endurance. He must be familiar with the etiquette of fox-hunting, must know when to be slow and when to be silent, as well as when to haloo. He must know how far behind the hounds he belongs, and he must show great and quick judgment about where, how, and when to jump.

For the enlightenment of those unfamiliar with hunting, I shall give a description of an optimistic, if not ideal, day to hounds. The Master of Hounds gives notice in advance of the meeting place for each hunt. The clubs around Philadelphia usually meet at

the country place of some one of the members for a hunt breakfast.

The costumes of the hunt are very colorful. The master, huntsman, and whips usually wear "pink coats" (which are scarlet), tight-fitting caps, light breeches, and black, pink-topped boots; the male members of the club dress similarly but usually wear top hats instead of caps; the ladies and guests from other clubs wear black habits and bowler hats. Many women ride side-saddle to hounds. The hunting field is, however, very democratic and many people join the chase in more informal habits. The expense of the formal costume is considerable and custom does not require it of all those hunting.

When everyone is mounted and the hounds are released from their kennels, the meet trots off to covert, which is usually not far from the meeting place. Now the hounds "draw," that is, at a signal from the huntsman, they go over every bit of the spot designated in the attempt to scent or scare out a fox. The huntsman directs the hounds while the whippers-in keep in the stragglers and prevent rioting and back-trailing.

The dogs draw successfully and the melodious baying breaks forth. The huntsman follows in all haste and the first whip calls: "Gone away! Gone away!" We gallop madly after the disappearing hounds and huntsman, slowing only to negotiate the necessary jumps. Now we drop into a trot; the hounds have over-run the scent; they spread out in pairs; they wheel. Again they go off slowly and the deep baying begins again. The whip calls: "Tally ho! Ta-a-alley ho! Go-ne away! Go-n-e away!! Go-o-n-e away!!! The second whip follows on behind calling: "Forrard, forrard."

After ten miles or more of stiff country, the exhausted fox is captured. The huntsman dismounts

and holds the fox in the air for a brief interval to let the slow hounds and riders reach the scene of the kill. Amid a din of baying and shouts the huntsman tosses the fox to the hounds who tear it apart and eat it.

We then walk our tired horses or trot them easily homeward, easing them after their hard run; having seen them "done up," we hurry home to a hot bath, a quiet meal, and a peaceful smoke.

The men who hunt around Philadelphia are lawyers, doctors, architects, brokers, business men, farmers, society people, and professional horsemen. They are a friendly, virile, pleasant lot. Most of them are men who work hard and want to play hard, and real hunting is hard enough play.

The Haverford undergraduate may at least watch a hunt trot off to covert, and if he can find a fence or tree for a perch on top of a prominent hill, he may be able to see some of the hunt, but the fox is the leader and he will not play to any gallery. The undergraduate with some early training in horsemanship may have an opportunity to hunt, if he is fortunate enough to know horse owners who have difficulty in keeping all their hunters exercised. This experience is rather unusual in this country, and has a certain medieval flavor that is particularly delicious in this age of motors and rush.

The idea that has been seeking expression here, then, is that "some fox-hunting squire" may still be a very admirable gentleman—at least he has as much chance of being one as if he sat in an attic and passed his days composing verse. I have tried to show that fox-hunting is not a simple pastime easily adopted, as is golf or tennis. I feel that the intimacy and fellowship of horsemen and the experience with horses has elements in it that can invigorate our manhood, which seems most desirable in our very artificial age. It keeps the participant out of doors more and longer than golf,

and in all sorts of weather; it is far more strenuous than golf, although a few men hunt in the gray-haired period of life.

I believe the hunting field breeds democracy. The happiness of the fox-hunter is quite dependent on the good will of land owners and farmers. There is little snobbery on horseback. A golfer will probably not stop and chat with farmers working along the course, but the rider is always congenial with his neighbor at the plow. The hunt clubs give breakfasts to the farmers, give them an opportunity to show their good horses for prizes of cash, blankets, and what not, and invite them to join in the hunts. The clubs are friendly to all who ride fearlessly and who quietly conform to the proprieties of the sport.

Having made my plea for the "noblest of all sports," I shall not expect to see the entire student body mounted and in the field at the next meet, but I hope that I have set forth some of the charm and the vigor of this old sport to the uninitiated.

An old English toast seems to be a fitting close to this plea for fox-hunting, and especially supports my statement that the hunt is democratic:

*"Here's a health to every sportsman,
be he stableman or lord;
If his heart be true, I care not
what his pocket may afford."*

—Lindsay Gordon.

Francis M. Stifler, '25.

The Intruder

Turning our weary eye from our watch, and choking back our rather under-nourished bromide concerning the customary tardiness of first-night curtains, we achieve that pathetic air known as polite surprise. We sit mildly aghast, in fact, for, after unfolding our precisely-creased program a fifth time, we had actually retained the printed reminder that the stage was to have been transformed into a Bohemian studio in Chelsea; yet, unless we have lately lost our skill in after-dinner drinking, the setting represents nothing of the kind: there is no riotous gaiety, there are no semi-nude artistes, there are no bottles to be seen, save the two on the table, and all the spirits in one have fled—perhaps into the flickering candle nesting in its neck. No, this is evidently the result of a dark conspiracy between the stage manager and the property man; this is no Bohemian setting. Funny ideas these stage chappies have; they should take a peep in at some of the nooks in Soho. Pity they've not stopped in to see a real Bohemian cabaret! Of course the room is evidently a garret, and there is a north light and a high ceiling. And oh yes! there is a rather nice replica of that Greek johnny's statue—oh, what the devil do they call it? Well, we know, but we just can't think of it now. Ha, they forgot to take the stepladder off the stage; whoever heard of an artist using a stepladder! And who ever saw an artist who could afford to burn wood in his fireplace? But here we've missed the opening lines by all this confounded musing. Still, no playwright ever expects his first lines to be heard—they might ruin his reputation. But sh-h-h! we say to ourselves, three artists are seated around a table; perhaps they're calling up the shade of the Golden Calf! We'll "lend our ear."

SCULPTOR: Read those last lines over again for us, Writer, old man.

(*Ha, we didn't miss anything after all.*)

WRITER: "And so like a timid woodland faun
She flashed through the shaded glen,
And was gone."

How do you like that, Dauber?

DAUBER (*loath to break off relations with his pipe even temporarily*): Not so bad; (*puff, puff, and one ring; watches ring a moment*) but not so good either.

WRITER (*somewhat nettled, after SCULPTOR'S compliment*): Perhaps the noble tower of erudition will stoop to criticize.

DAUBER (*his hand stops north-bound traffic*): There, there, Writer, old chap. I was merely pulling your leg. I really liked it; in fact I shouldn't be at all surprised if —

(*A terrific commotion is heard; it sounds as if the curtained alcove had suddenly been transformed into London's lowest pub, and someone had proposed free beer. The heavy curtain is pummeled and torn about in a most fantastic way. We find ourselves edging up on the seat in our excitement. Crash! curtain, curtain pole, a bookcase, and sundry odds and ends of plaster fall in a heap. A certain something disentangles itself from the debris, and assumes a form—namely, that of a man. He walks toward the little group of artists, who in turn hardly know whether 'tis nobler in the mind to laugh or to bewail the damage done.*)

WRITER: Who the billyblue —

SCULPTOR: How the dev' —

DAUBER: What in thundering, bloody — (but inasmuch as DAUBER always forgets his lines here, and is forced to improvise, it is impossible to tack him down to set phrases.)

INTRUDER (*master of the situation*): Peace, gentlemen;

peace and your pardon. So sorry for having come in unannounced, and in such a deucedly awkward manner. But one cannot always be graceful, can one now? (*From the elegance of his speech and the calm reserve of his bearing we can easily see the newcomer is an American.*) Furthermore, gentlemen, you should be inordinately happy that —

DAUBER (*frankly*): We're not! In fact —

INTRUDER (*unabashed*): — inordinately happy —

SCULPTOR (*girding up his loins*): See here, you, you burglar! How dare— (*But this method doesn't suit SCULPTOR; he's been reading too much Voltaire. He wreathes himself with sad smiles.*) But really now, my friend, while I admit we should be highly honored by your visit, I fear you've found us unprepared to offer you fitting entertainment and hospitality. So, much to our regret —

DAUBER (*Ah, these masterful men!*): Let me tend to him. Sculptor old chap. (*Turning to the burglar with severity.*) Have you anything to say before we call the police, you thieving whelp? Eh, speak up! (*INTRUDER hangs his guilty head in mortification.*)

INTRUDER (*weeping and wailing and gnashing his teeth*): Never again; I'll never burgle again so long as I live.

(*He slumps into DAUBER'S chair babbling alternately "oh" and "never again." WRITER goes to him, and tries to comfort him.*)

WRITER (*soul-saving stuff*): Brace up, my friend, now you've seen the light. Now you've seen the error of your wicked ways. At last you've learned what sin and transgression are. (*But INTRUDER jumps to his feet; his eyes flash.*)

INTRUDER: Bah! Learned what happens when an old hand at the game gets cock-sure and awkward. That's what I learned! And don't talk morality to me! I was a revenue agent in New York for six weeks.

SCULPTOR (*crisply*): How did you lose your fortune?

INTRUDER (*sadly*): Importing Mah Jong sets—but let's not talk about it.

CHORUS OF ARTISTS: Why not talk about it?

WRITER (*between bites at his fingers*): Tell us, man, before we die from the suspense. Why won't you talk about it?

INTRUDER (*hesitatingly*): W-e-l-l, because —

WRITER (*hopping about in a most undignified manner*): Come, come man; tell us! You're slower than the grace of God at an editor's funeral! Speak up!

INTRUDER (*letting out the secret of his life*): Because I hate the game.

CHORUS OF ARTISTS (*joyfully*): Then you do—you do—you do!

(*Each artist turns to the other two shouting wildly "He does!" They dance hand in hand around the astounded burglar for a moment; then SCULPTOR goes over to the mantel, returning with a packet. WRITER arranges the chairs around the table, while DAUBER clears it for action, mumbling something about his not going to "turn a gentleman over to the police." INTRUDER stands bewildered. SCULPTOR spreads the contents of the packet on the table.*)

SCULPTOR (*at last the real host*): Now then, gentlemen, cut for partners. (*They cut and sit; a hand is dealt. WRITER bids a spade; DAUBER doubles; SCULPTOR goes by; all wait anxiously for INTRUDER. Blissfully, he murmurs "By!" WRITER hardly manages to squeeze out his gleeful "content" before consternation, then verbal war, then pandemonium in general breaks loose—but isn't that stage manager the heartless wretch? He rings down the curtain just as DAUBER decides to call the police after all.*)

Robert Barry, II, '26.

The Junior College

THE educational institutions of America have been under a baptism of criticism in the twentieth century, perhaps as never before. These critics claim that teaching is a lost art and members of college faculties care no longer about students, but only for research and encouraging their students to produce some new thing. They tell us that there is so much of the utilitarian idea that scholarship is neglected or forgotten. And then the charge is made that in the realm of character building the schools are making a sad failure. In recent years it has been claimed upon high authority that too many young people are seeking admission to college and university, and unless more strict methods of selecting the more worthy ones are devised our educational system must necessarily deteriorate.

This situation has caused a great unrest in every department of life. In the educational world rapid and radical changes have been seen. Courses of study have been very much enriched and enlarged, and often radically changed. This has been felt in all grades of school work from the primary to the university.

That there is some ground for these criticisms, most of us will admit. We also know that vigorous efforts are being made to overcome any defects in our educational system. In the midst of these criticisms two new units have found a place in our educational system—the Junior High School and the Junior College. In fact, most of this organization and enlargement has taken place in the last ten or twelve years.

A Junior College is an educational institution organized and equipped to do two years of work above the high school, and this work is intended to be equivalent

to the freshman and sophomore years in a regular four-year college.

Indeed, in the United States, Junior Colleges are more recent than has already been indicated, for in 1906 there was but one such school, in 1912 there were only six, and in 1914 there were nine.

In the latest statistics I have access to there are now in the United States 233 schools classed as Junior Colleges. As to organization there are three classes of Junior Colleges:

1. Those which are a part of the public high school with two years of instruction added.
2. Those which represent the lower half of a four-year college which has lost its last two years, or has never added them.
3. Private institutions which exist as Junior Colleges co-ordinating their services with higher institutions.

About one-sixth of the schools fall in the first class and one-half in the second class.

As to the distribution of Junior Colleges an interesting fact is revealed: New England has only 3; North Atlantic states 3; South Atlantic 30; North Central 82; South Central 84; Mountain States 8; Pacific Coast 21. Of this number California has 14.

The public Junior College is characteristically a western and mid-western institution, while fully half of the private Junior Colleges are in the south. Nearly all the public Junior Colleges are co-educational, while three-fourths of all these institutions that are segregated are for women, and one-fourth for men.

There is a variation in Junior Colleges just as there is in other colleges in the United States, but the best of them give more and better instruction than many colleges giving degrees did fifty years ago.

In attendance the range is quite large, from a very

few students to more than a thousand, while the total registration is greater than two of our larger universities. It is evident that a movement of such proportions merits the careful investigation of educators. A few years ago it was the custom in some of the largest and best-equipped colleges and universities to look askance at the Junior College, but when it was found that a larger percentage made good when they transferred to higher institutions than the regular four-year students in those institutions, the general public began to see the functions of the Junior College. In one school known to the writer 74 per cent of its graduates have gone on to the higher colleges and universities and not one has failed.

Junior Colleges set for themselves many purposes; the first and primary purpose should be to offer two years of college work acceptable to colleges and universities. Perhaps the greatest function offered by the Junior College is its democracy. By the nature of its organization and location it is enabled to continue the home influences during immaturity and to offer to multitudes of young people two years of college training which they never would be able to get at larger and more distant colleges. Then too, vocational and occupational training in home-making by teaching domestic science and art, and occupational fitness, are two of the greatest needs of our day. These the Junior College can offer. I have been intimately connected with several four-year colleges and universities and I give it as my mature conviction I never have known one such in which the opportunities were as good for freshmen and sophomores as can be offered in a Junior College. The Junior College will foster and popularize higher education and can better attend to the individual student than the larger institutions—one other thing that must not be overlooked in our democracy. A great

many, some from lack of application and some from lack of ability, cannot offer proper credentials for college entrance. These requirements are getting more exacting year by year and the Junior College, the home college, can offer courses for these non-recommended students that will greatly enlarge their value as citizens and increase their usefulness in domestic life.

In every aim of education the Junior College has first-hand opportunity at short range.

The aims of education have been variously stated, but perhaps most will agree that the preparation for home-making is of prime importance in our civilization, as also is the preparation for good citizenship. If society is to continue, our young people must be taught to make a good living and thereby make a good life, and there never before was so much need to know how to take care of leisure. These are all aims that the Junior College is eminently fitted to provide. These facts ought to arrest the attention of American educators, and when it does I believe the number of Junior Colleges will be greatly increased, and they will be better equipped.

There is no question that in the last years the ethical and spiritual forces have lagged behind the material and commercial forces in America. We are beyond all comparison the richest and most highly favored nation on earth, practically controlling the world's credit with less than 7 per cent of the world's population, yet we are spending annually \$8,710,000,000 for luxuries. There is a great temptation and real danger that we will want to mobilize and militarize our resources as other nations have done.

President Coolidge has recently said with clear vision and keen observation: "We do not need more material development, we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power, we need more

moral power. We do not need more knowledge, we need more character. We do not need more government, we need more culture. We do not need more law, we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are not seen."

In the Junior College the opportunity is offered to study the individual differences, and then base the instruction upon the results of this study. We can foster a social life adapted to the needs of the student body in its relationship to the community; also we can encourage extra-curricular activities in athletics, debating and oratory, and thereby maintain a high moral standard; so that when the graduates of Junior Colleges go on to higher institutions they will exert a wholesome influence on the student body, as well as take a high place in scholarship.

Thomas Newlin, '85.

Walt on Immortality

A TRUE INCIDENT OF WHITMAN'S LIFE

*It was in those calm last days.
Our usual group was gathered in the little room:
Harned, Williams, Traubel, Morris, and one or two
others;
Walt sitting back in his chair,
With the time-smoothed, soul-steeped immobility
Of a gray stone that thinks.*

*That evening who should turn up but Colonel Bob?—
Bob Ingersoll, you know, the great atheist.—
Well, he just pitched right in,
Lashing Christian sentimentality and hypocrisy
In tip-top style.
Walt didn't move, but he listened.*

*Presently Colonel Bob got started
On what he called the absurdly conceited and utterly
false
Assumption of human immortality;
The delusive mirage of a future life;
The phantom stick of red-and-white-striped sugar
candy
That preachers offer to the watering mouths
Of imbecile congregations,—
Preachers that promise you heaven at a discount for
cash,
Plain cheats that can never be caught—you get the
gist of it.*

*After Bob had finished,
Walt sat there, motionless and silent;
But his gaze reached out and out
Beyond us others, beyond the room, into infinite
distance,
And his tranquil, sympathy-furrowed features
Were won from their boulder-like passivity
By a sunset ray of his old all-accepting enthusiasm.
Then, his look still fixed, he said in his deep, slow
voice:*

*"Yes, Bob, you've put it strongly.
Whether we like it or not, we must face the truth.
I've nothing against your arguments
Only, I can't tell why, but to me just now
There seems to be something—there." His tone
Was like the gesture of a look-out's extended arm,
When from the cross-trees through the fog-bank
peering
He calls to the deck "Land ho!"*

Charles Wharton Stork, '02.

The Sweet-Faced Madonna

IT WAS a raw Sunday afternoon and the Art Gallery, never crowded, was almost vacant. In fifteen minutes the huge bronze doors would be closed and the massive treasure house of form and color would be locked up for the night. One by one, the handful of so-called "art enthusiasts" left the building until there remained only one little old man.

Genuino Patrizio was in no hurry. This was the big day in his week and he meant to make the most of it by staying until the big tower clock boomed out the hour for closing. He ran excitedly, breathlessly, from canvas to canvas as a child at the zoological garden runs from cage to cage. Now and then, his eyes sparkling, he would stop and drink in the full splendor of some masterpiece that struck a deep responsive chord in his own being. Then, like a humming bird flitting from flower to flower in an old deserted garden, he would be off again and at each new revelation of artistry his whole face would light up and he would almost clap his hands with joy. Even the sour old custodian, who reminded one of nothing so much as an over-important buzzard, was softened by the Italian's naïve delight and was glad that he had not tried, on the old man, that little gem of diplomacy that he knew so well, calculated to rid the gallery of obnoxious foreigners. The clock sounded the hour. It was closing time.

Genuino plodded wearily, but happily, toward home. He would have much to tell Carlotta today. She would have liked "The Lost Puppies" but they might have made her eyes a little misty. What a sensitive little girl she was anyway. . . . How she would have worshiped the sweet-faced Madonna and what

delight she would have taken in the beautiful scenes in Venice, Genoa, Naples, and all the rest. . . . Poor kiddie! She hadn't seemed as strong this last week, but his trip would help some. He would talk about their trip to the galleries when her legs got better. She always liked to hear just where and how they would go. He interrupted his reflections long enough to go into a store to buy crackers and a quart of milk for her, and a tiny can of sardines for himself, and then continued on his journey home.

Carlotta was, indeed, a sensitive child. She had inherited her passion for beauty from her parents. Genuino's wife, who had died when the little girl was born, had shared her husband's love of the artistic and had lived for all that was beautiful and colorful in life. It was with this heritage that the child, early stricken with paralysis, had been forced to stay in the drab, gray prison that was her home throughout a sad and lonely childhood while her heart cried out for the beautiful. Once, when Genuino had saved and skimped for a long time and had bought for her a vase with soft artistic curves and the deep enticing color of a shaded pool in a mountain stream, she had taken it to bed with her and had cried all night with all the passionate joy of a soul starved for beauty. Since that time, Daddy Gen had made it a point to go to the Art Galleries every Sunday afternoon in order to tell the little girl all about the pictures. Every Sunday night was "party night" to the pair and they always made a gay little festival of the occasion. Genuino would get out the snow-white linen table-cloth that had come from Italy and as a center-piece they would use Carlotta's vase filled with some artificial flowers that Daddy Gen had bought at the five-and-ten-cent store. Dessert would consist of *Charlotte russe* purchased at a little store around the corner and then—the story of the trip.

The life for Carlotta wasn't so bad in the fall, when the frost painted the scrawny ivy vine in a thousand different brilliant hues and when her father could fix up a chair for the little girl on the fire escape so that she could be out in the fresh air and the bright sunshine. But now, with the leaden skies, the gray sheen of the snow, and the dull lifelessness of the room, Carlotta was becoming a little paler each day.

When Genuino entered the room the child lay fast asleep like a tiny white rose-bud in a bank of snow. The old man tip-toed softly to and fro, getting out the table-cloth, preparing her crackers and milk, and laying the sardines out on a plate side by side so that it would seem as though there were more of them. When everything was ready he stood for a moment contemplating the child, a sad smile on his kindly, wrinkled face, then gently kissed the delicate lips.

"Eet ees time for our partee, Carlotta mia," and then, when she had awakened, "and see what Tony sent for you." He held up her vase in which instead of the artificial flowers was a bunch of deep purple violets that Tony, the flower man, had saved for her.

"Oh-h-h, Daddy Gen! Real flowers! Really, truly flowers! Let me smell them. Are they not wonderful, Daddy Gen?"

"Yes, kiddie, they are very beautiful, but now you must eat your supper."

While they were eating Genuino did his best to make everything cheerful. He ransacked his brain for the funny things he had seen on his trip and when his account of the antics of the neighbor's kittens brought a tiny smile to her face he was supremely happy.

After supper he did his best to describe the pictures that he had seen so that she too might see them. A little pause came. The lamp made black outlandish animals upon the wall and the child sat gazing silently

at the one bright spot in the room. Genuino sensed some trouble in the little girl's mind and said gently:

"What ees eet that you are theenking, Carlotta?"

"Daddy Gen," she sighed wistfully, "you know I like to have you tell me about the pictures, but—but I would so like to *have* one—just a tiny one, Daddy Gen, for myself." Her lips trembled, "What if I shouldn't see one ever?"

It was a raw Monday afternoon and the Art Gallery, never crowded, was almost vacant. In fifteen minutes the huge bronze doors would be closed and the massive treasure house of form and color would be locked up for the night. Genuino entered the building, looked about, trying to appear unconcerned, and wandered toward a distant alcove. He disappeared for a few moments, probably wrapt in admiration over some picture that he hadn't noticed before; then, reappearing, he headed for the door. He must have felt cold, for his coat was buttoned about his throat and he seemed almost to be trembling.

"H-m-m," observed the "Buzzard," "he must be in a hurry today."

The little old man hurried back to Carlotta. Every little while he would look back fearfully and then increase his speed. It had been a hard thing to do and he was almost worn out with the long walk and the ever-present fear that someone would stop him before he could get to Carlotta with his precious burden. This time she was not asleep.

"I haf a present for you, kiddie."

"Oh— Daddy Gen!"

"Yes, eet ees something that you will like," he said, edging around the bed with his hands behind his back.
"You must guess."

"It is a—a flower, Daddy Gen?"

"No, not a flower."

"Is it a *Charlotte russe*?"

"No, dearie, not that either," and slow tears came to his eyes.

"Oh, Daddy Gen! I can't wait. Let me see. Let me see." Carlotta gave a little gasp of joy and her eyes lit up like jewels—like jewels covered with dew.

Addison J. Allen, '27.

September

*Smooth massy bank of trees all sunlight sprayed,
Phantom breeze-girls pushing, whirling you—
Heaping your leaves in tumult. They undo
The sombre summer spacing that had stayed
Till yesterday a quiet, guarded shade.*

*Let now a yearning rhythm, like the dew
Seize on each leaf and twig as dancers who,
Like mad, will swing and turn in breeze forms swayea
Through mazy sad October's drooping dance—
Bosoming out to rhythmic minor tunes
And swaying, stately times that linger, now,
And now beat onward—though the theme, perchance,
Seems more to hold to skirling Nordic runes—
And dancing stones—than summer singer's bow.*

Conrad Acton, '25.

My Friend John

MY FIRST recollection of John was one day when I was five years old, coming in from play with my sisters, we found a man tuning our piano. It was in the afternoon and my sisters and I were tired. The piano tuner was almost done—he was tuning the upper octaves. For a few moments we stood and watched him in childish amazement, for he was apparently not watching his work, but was looking off into space. He finished with a few more short turns, and seated himself to play a few chords. Then turning to us, he asked if we should like to hear a story. It suited us to a T, and our request was for a fairy story. He chose one we all knew by heart and we sat down around him prepared to listen. He turned back to the keys and told us the story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" on the piano. Only a word now and then from him indicated the place. We were delighted, and when he had finished, insisted on more. He seemed to enjoy the stories as much as we did, and to know them as well. Mother was proud of the fact we could tell them by heart. Soon she came in and listened, astonished to see us so quiet. Our new-found musical story teller kept on with his tales till supper-time.

After his first visit John came much oftener than was necessary to tune our small English piano. My sisters and I started to school that fall, and when we came home in the afternoon we would stop by his cottage and lead him up to our house to entertain us. His fame grew, and soon all of our friends would come to listen to his musical fairy tales. The more the merrier, so it seemed; he held all of us spellbound.

After I learned to read I would go down the lane to

John's cottage and read to him. He had a piano of his own then, and as I grew up and went through all the boyhood authors that every boy reads, he would play the stories of every one of them softly on the piano as I read. He never failed.

John and I used to take walks in the wooded hills back of my home. Sometimes we went alone, other times with one or two of my friends. Every noise in the woods was interpreted by him—from the faintest note of a distant bird to the snap of a twig by something that passed unseen. He could recognize every flower and tree by their shape or smell.

After our walks we usually returned by my home and went in by the fire for tea. As it grew darker John would play, and mother and I would listen. When my father came home, John would play something for mother and him of which I did not know the story or could not follow. Often I would drop off to sleep and just wake up as the dinner gong sounded, to see mother and father sitting in the firelight, as John's last notes died away.

He would stay to supper then and afterward I would read my lessons aloud to him. He would sit at the piano and as I read geography he would describe the country on the keys—the mountainous ones, with cold, glacier-fed streams that rushed through echoing forests down to bustling manufacturing towns and on to the sea; or the flat agricultural countries with their slow-moving, sluggish rivers and vast fields of rustling grain. Best of all he would describe the people by some peculiar music which fitted them. When he told it my history lesson was never dull.

When I grew older and knew my way about, I would take John into the city to concerts and plays. At first my father went with us, but we soon went in too often for him. When I was twelve, I went to my first opera

with John. We had gone over the story first, but even though it was in Italian, I was so accustomed to following John on the piano, I followed the opera very easily.

When I went away to boarding school I wrote as often to John as to my parents. We always had my vacations and week-ends crammed full of things to do and hear, a month ahead of time. My summer vacations always included a week with him in the mountains. There, instead of his music, we would listen to nature's. College took me farther from home, but we renewed our friendship when I came back.

Now I have a home of my own and John lives with me. As I sit writing this at my desk, he is playing softly. I think he must know what I am writing for his notes, as ever, lead my thoughts. He is sitting at the same piano as when I first saw him, the small English one that belonged to my father. He has just finished telling me the story of his life before I knew him.

He was born on the western frontier of America of parents who had come over from England. He was the youngest of a large family and his mother wanted him to have an education such as he might have had in the old country, so John was sent away to school. He learned quickly and excelled in almost everything he tried. At this time he had no especial liking for music, but learned to play the piano well enough to enjoy it and to appreciate other kinds of music. He had one trait however, which he mastered for his mother's sake until she had seen him graduate—it was a passion for traveling, adventure, a longing to see the world. As soon as he could get away he did this, and kept at it for almost twenty years. During this time he met my father and went through a campaign with him. It was ten years later that John first came to tune our piano. He was changed then—no longer the happy-go-lucky, carefree young soldier that my father had known,

but sadder and older, though he was as active as ever. The lines in his face showed that he had suffered much. His smile was very gentle and sympathetic. In the meantime a great tragedy had come to him, and, though it handicapped him forever, he had overcome it by his own will. John is blind.

F. F. Campbell, '26.

New Hampshire Hills

*O for a life in New Hampshire,
The land of the tall white pines,
Where the rain-drops drip from the needles' tip
On the ferns and creeping vines.*

*O for a life in New Hampshire,
The land of the stony lakes,
Where the white-tailed doe drinks deep and slow
Ere the misty morning breaks.*

*O for a life in New Hampshire,
The land of the trickling rill,
Where past the town the brook winds down
Through the old decaying mill.*

Donald Gay Baker, '26.

More Haverford Moods

ONE ought never to be ill, nor ailing, in a garden such as this enclosed campus. Yet campus dwellers do complain inwardly. It is bad policy, bad taste to say much about it, and it scarcely avails to speak of it to a physician, for faculty folk should be fully alive when they deal with the dead languages. The secret seems to me connected with that sensitive self-depreciation, that undermining worry, which often assails idealists who nevertheless must appear well as citizens of a fashionable world.

American faculties are peculiarly liable to a nerve-wearing regimen of reputation, research, pedagogy, and publicity, that breaks them down rather earlier than was the case with the old-time professor.

* * *

Two sins of this world ought to be forbidden by the grace of every campus dweller, that its young men might remember a time when those wreckers of weal were impotent.

One of these is impatience, and the other is the sin which wastes heroes. "Lengthen out thy spirit," says the Arab, meaning "Be patient." Americans who know much of the privations of the short spirit have endowed corporations of learning and study where the fine flower of patience may pass to fruit. The vivacious sprintings of a sharp and patient mind are more entertaining than productive.

Concerning heroes—be patient until another day.

*Elihu Grant,
Professor of Biblical Literature.*

The Exile

*The foaming sea shuts in my narrow view.
This uncouth peasant—can he be the same
As that great personage before whose face
All men bowed humbly, were they common serfs,
Or noblemen, or princely emperors?
The glory and the wealth and majesty
Of half the kingdoms of the world were mine,
And no one dared to stand at careless ease
Whene'er that mighty conqueror passed by
Whose weary shadow lives in my weak self.
For now, an exile and a prisoner,
I spend my days in dreary reverie,
Reflecting on the glory that was mine;
And all those lowly things, which make for men
The living of this futile life worth while,
Are not for me—nor will be evermore.
God chose my quiet lot, but I refused—
Nay, scorned—to live in such a common way,
And burst the bonds of fate to win my goal.
Oh, foolish youth! to sit and dream of fame
Instead of snatching pleasures while you might!
I strove and struggled, ever hoped and prayed
That I might raise myself above all men
And sit enthroned aloft above the world.
I mocked, despised, and scorned my fellow-men
For living quietly like sluggish beasts,
Content to let the world go by unconquered.
Fame, like a challenge, to great triumphs called,
And I, with blinded eyes, gave foolish heed.
When in the wine of life I might have joyed,
And learned to sip from pleasure's cup the draught
Which makes humanity forget its woes*

*And revel in the joy of present bliss—
Then was I poring o'er some dusty book
Which told of ancient heroes' mighty deeds,
Or dreaming of the day when I should lead
Fair France to victory over blood-stained foes.*

*It is not mine to stroll forth from my cot
Upon a summer eve, as any churl,
To view the sun as far beyond the hills
He sinks to rest. I sacrificed this joy
When in my youth I chose the path of fame
Instead of that which leads to quiet peace.*

*And love . . . I never have experienced
The tender glow of feeling men call love.
A thousand women I have gazed upon
As in my wars I went from place to place,
But never has my cloyed and blunted heart
Leaped up as youthful hearts are wont to leap
When they behold the mistress of their soul;
And never have I felt that here was One
For whom I would relinquish all my power.
Ambition had dried up within my breast
The springs from which true love must ever flow.
Oh, God!—that I might live yet once again
Those hours of youth which are forever gone!
I would not wish to conquer warlike foes,
Nor struggle for the empty myth called fame,
But on the island of my birth would pass
My days in simple ease and full content.
Else would I wander o'er the world's fair fields,
And view the fabled relics of past years—
Gaze upon Athens from the Parthenon,
And tread with reverent steps the sacred paths
Where Jesus walked on old Judea's sands.*

*And ever by my side would be the form
Of her for whom all sacrifice were joy,
For whom the world was made so sweet and fair.
To lose a throne! How could I deem that loss,
When it was granted me to look upon
The beauty of her face and fairy form,
To see—and know it was not for the sake
Of power and wealth—the lovelight in her eyes!*

*The foaming sea shuts in my narrow view.
This uncouth peasant—can he be the same
As that great personage before whose face
All men bowed humbly, were they common serfs,
Or noblemen, or princely emperors?*

Austin Wright, '25.

Lake Luchro

*Silvery waters touching sandy shores
As with a kiss, beneath the twinkling stars.
Far off the brazen quiver of the strokes
On tambourines, and tinklings of guitars.*

Richard C. Bull, '28.

The Unfinished Mansion

THE mountain was three miles from the town. It was part of a beautiful, rolling landscape that abounded in little unexpected streams of water, hidden ponds and lakes, that nestled in the rugged yet beautiful countryside. There was nothing awesome about this beauty, it was just pleasant and clean and glorious to look upon. The hills were covered with evergreens, the valleys hid apple orchards and open fields. In the summer the greenness of the sight was glorious to behold. In winter the snow gave the contour of the hills a majestic appearance and covered the evergreens with silvery powder that glistened splendidly in the sunlight.

This was a peaceful country, but in spite of all its beauty folks did not rejoice in climbing to the top of the mountain to gaze upon the pleasing sight round about. They rather avoided it. To the casual wanderer who was a stranger to the district, this aroused not a little wonder.

On the top of the mountain, closed in by a grove of evergreens, stood a desolate structure of brick and steel, a pile of cold, barren stone and mortar that abstracted the warmth from the beauty around it. The windows were boarded up and a chimney had fallen. A great steel girder had crashed down. It was an unfinished mansion of great dimensions, but the bustle of its builders had long since departed. In spite of its coldness it represented wealth and power both long since decayed. One wondered what had put an end to such an enormous project that might have been a beauteous castle of the hills. And then, on looking again, one saw that a large, steel girder, tumbled from its

pedestal, standing on end through a hole in the roof of the incomplete second floor, and leaning against another beam that still held its horizontal position, formed a slight suggestion of a cross outlined against the sky.

When natural curiosity prompts a stranger to inquire of the inhabitants of that region just what was the cause of the ruin he might, if he be fortunate, hear this story:

Several years ago there was a family of small means who struggled for a living on a little farm in the valley. The husband, wife, and four children had a hard time of it and although they owned the mountain, their farm was mortgaged to the limit. The property was worthless until one day an old man of great wealth drove through the valley and, seeing the mountain, immediately determined to build a great house on its top. He saw the owner before he left the valley and offered a miserable sum for the mountain, which, nevertheless, represented wealth to the poor family. When the farmer was asked to produce papers of deed to the land, he could not remember their whereabouts nor the claims to the land except that they had been the property of his father who had died several years before and now should be lawfully his. The crafty old miser saw a chance to seize the land for nothing and claims for it were filed at the old man's instigation. The owner was without influence or funds to combat the claim. At the pleasure of this old man the farmer was forced to abandon his claim and left his farm, departed from the district with his family, and has not been heard of since.

Work was immediately begun on the hill and ground was broken for the mansion-house. A road was constructed at great expense, winding around the edge of the mountain to the summit. It would indeed be a castle

fit for knights of old. When the job was half finished and a great deal of money had been expended, there began to grow a strange discontent among the workers. Many left their jobs and new men were hired in their places. They, in turn, lingered for only a short time and were replaced by others. The work suffered, while the building progressed little. The old man himself paid frequent visits to the job, stormed and swore and discharged the workmen, but without avail. The workmen seemed to accomplish nothing.

A year passed. It was in the middle of the stormy season and there had not been such severe storms for years. Roads were washed out, fields flooded, and trees uprooted. Lightning tore down houses and bridges as well as trees and the farmers found it hard to keep their crops above the water in the valley.

One afternoon folks living nearest the road leading up to the mountain, saw a car run along the road and drive up toward the mansion. The weather had been sultry all day and a great black cloud had gathered in the west and obscured the sun. The valley was in the quiet twilight of midsummer that precedes a storm. Not a breath of air was stirring and the drone of insects seemed to be the only sound on earth. The hour was late so that the workmen had left the job, the last stragglers appearing at the base of the mountain just before the car had passed. The sky grew darker and darker. The heat of the day seemed condensed in one thick, vaporous atmosphere that seemed electrified. In the distance sounded a rumbling and grumbling and dull reports like the crashing of great boulders from a height. Faint flashes lit up the gathering gloom. A slight breeze grew to a hurricane and up the valley the creaking of a windmill whirling faster and faster in the wind lent its shrill cry to the tense atmosphere. Then came the rain with a great crash of thunder ex-

ploding on its heels. It was pitch dark now with only the lightning to light up the scene. From distant flashes of harmless light the storm changed to a ripping, smashing, and thunderous uproar of lightning bolts that tore up the landscape. Water poured down the ravines and paths in torrents, it opened up huge gullies in the hill-side, while earth and rocks gushed down the sides of the hills. Overhead the lightning seemed to center about the top of the mountain where the mansion stood. The thunder seemed to break from the very slopes of the mountain itself.

Suddenly, during a lull in the storm, there sounded down the road from the summit a crash that was not of the storm, and then—a shrill, piercing cry of distress. A flash of lightning disclosed a man running wildly down the road. Now and then through the darkness, torn by the wind there sounded his cry.

After this lull in the storm, it burst forth again with renewed fury. Finally, as if in climax, there came a world-rending explosion, a crash that fairly shook the earth; clearly and distinctly a great bolt of lightning was seen to zigzag through the sky at the top of the mountain and then strike with an explosion of thunder that made the ground quake. There was silence for an instant and then again the lightning play lit up the top of the mountain. The flashes seemed to inger as they revealed a rift in the trees and there above the bulk of the structure, outlined against the light, a cross.

Throughout the night shower after shower with its lightning display lit up this same spot, but the storm had spent its strength.

The morning dawned cool and clear. Workmen ascending the moun ain discovered a machine smashed to bits against a tree about half-way up the drive. Later on a crazed man in chauffeur's rig was found wandering over the mud and rock of the valley road.

At the top of the mountain, in a corner of the unfinished mansion, lay huddled the figure of its owner, eyes wild with fear, and shrunken almost to a skeleton, dead from fright.

When storms play through the district and light up the remains of the incomplete mansion on the mountain, those who can view it from afar are apt to disregard the fact of the fallen girder and its position against its horizontal fellow girder and believe that it is the sign of something greater and more terrible.

Walter E. Huelle, '27.

Reviews

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

"Worse, worst, and yet worse still, and still worse yet. . ."
—Browning.

An interesting type of pseudo-socialist, indeed quite common, although hitherto but little exploited, is presented by Louis Hémon in a fragment of the life of Mike O'Brady, a rather bewildered laborer who has come to London to work along the docks. Hémon shows keen insight in his analysis of the average disciple of soap-box gentlemen. In the actual painting of his characters he is rapid and sure; and throughout the novel are gems of description, interspersed with subtle humor. The lengthy harangues of both the Socialists and the Redemptionists are, however, somewhat tiresome.

The hopeless Mike O'Brady is too primitive for material success in this modern world—yet not sufficiently primordial to insure success with his women. He gropes about blindly, furtively, for some potent panacea compatible with either his purse or his understanding.

He has a stinging obsession that he has been cheated from birth—robbed mercilessly. Wavering pathetically from Socialism to active Christianity, he pursues a vague notion of what he desires, without realizing that the nucleus of this desire is but his share of three natural Celtic traits: the love of beautiful women and strong drink, unbounded conceit, and the indulgence thereof. But he lacks something, some small characteristic which makes for success; could it be luck?

Blind Man's Buff is graphic rather than realistic; life in the lower strata of London is pictured with strength and clarity, yet without unpleasant odor. It is not the London of a note-taking realist, but a London of docks and streets and pubs, seen with the eyes of the tragic Mike O'Brady—more of an impression than a cross-section. Appearing dull at first, the action is soon seen to be an excellent study of the working of a turbid, sluggish mentality which wants to fight, wants to "kick out anywhere and anyhow because life hurts." The ending is achieved in a style at once refreshing in its originality, and indicative of the author's artistry.

R. B., II.

[BLIND MAN'S BUFF, by Louis Hémon. Macmillan.
\$2.00.]

THOMAS, THE IMPOSTOR

Oscar Wilde once said that lying and poetry are art. If this be so (and who would contradict so eminent a personage), Thomas, the Impostor, is a true and inspired artist. As Jean Cocteau says, Thomas, though unable either to skate or swim, yet can say, "I skate, and I can swim," and everybody has seen him on the ice

and in the water. The World War offered an excellent field for his unique gift and, posing as the nephew of a famous general, he obtained access for himself and his party to the most inaccessible places. He not only lied to others but he lied to himself. He convinced himself that he was in love with Henriette, while if he were in love with anyone (which is extremely doubtful), it was Princess de Bormes. Finally, in No Man's Land, he felt a blow in the chest, fell, and became deaf, blind. "A bullet," he said to himself. "I am lost if I don't pretend to be dead." But in him, fiction and reality were the same. Guillaume Thomas was dead."

Aside from the dazzling Thomas, Princess de Bormes is by far the strongest and most interesting character, worthy companion to the exotic impostor. While the conception of each of the *dramatis personae* (for indeed they are but actors upon a stage of chaos) is the glorious flight of a fine imagination, the ensemble manages to produce a distinctly convincing atmosphere. There is not a boring moment, and Lewis Galantière is to be congratulated on his fine translation. By all means read the novel. It will while away a couple of dreary hours and leave you the richer. I heartily second M. Galantière when he says: "For my part, I believe that *Thomas, the Impostor* in which I find poetry and intelligence, wit and measure, grace and freshness and dignity, as well as a superior technical competence, is in the direct line of classic French fiction."

R. C. B.

[*THOMAS, THE IMPOSTOR*, by Jean Cocteau. Translated from the French with an introduction, by Lewis Galantière. D. Appleton. \$1.75.]

(We are indebted for these books to Mr. E. S. McCawley, bookseller of Haverford.)

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Program for the Coming Month

MARCH

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| Monday | 23—Lois Wilson in "Another Scandal." |
| Tuesday | 24—All Star Cast in "The Warrens of Virginia." |
| Wednesday | 25 and |
| Thursday | 26—Lon Chaney in "He Who Gets Slapped." |
| Friday | 27—Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." |
| Saturday | 28—A Great Race-Track Story, "Gold Heels." |
| Monday | 30 and |
| Tuesday | 31—Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." |

APRIL

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Wednesday | 1—Betty Compson in "The Female." |
| Thursday | 2—Milton Sills in "Madonna of the Streets." |
| Friday | 3—Lewis Stone in "Husbands and Lovers." |
| Saturday | 4—Jack Holt in "The Lone Wolf." |
| Monday | 6—All Star Cast in "Those Who Dare." |
| Wednesday | 8—All Star Cast in "Reno." |
| Saturday | 11—Richard Talmadge in "American Manners." |
| Monday | 13—Charles Jones in "The Man Who Played Square" |
| Tuesday | 14—Conrad Nagel in "The Rejected Woman." |
| Wednesday | 15—All Star Cast in "My Wild Irish Rose." |
| Thursday | 16—Rod La Roque in "The Golden Bed." |
| Friday | 17—Ramon Navarro in "The Arab." |

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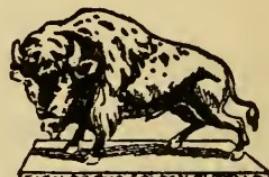
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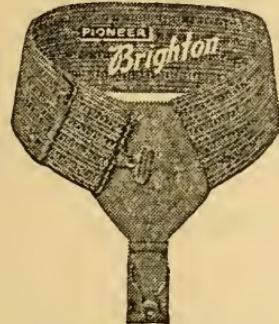
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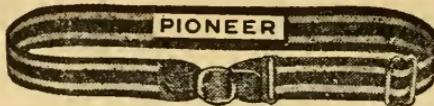
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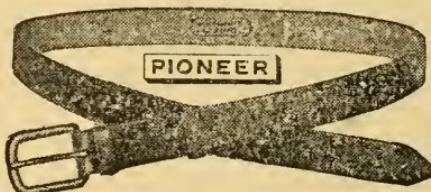
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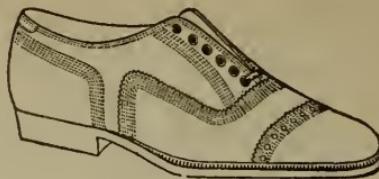
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MAY, 1925

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RICHARD C. BULL

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AMES JOHNSTON

THE SOUTH WIND
T. L. FANSLER

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLIV

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1925

No. 8

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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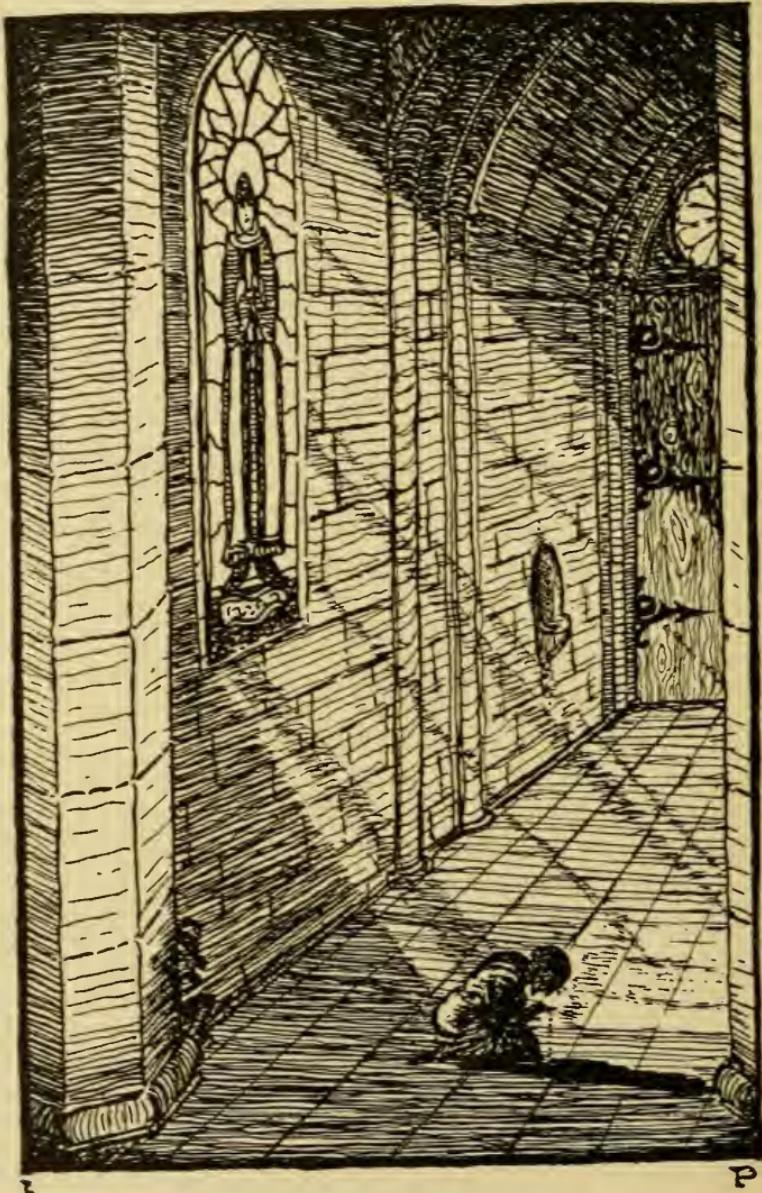
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F "She is thanking the Lord . . . "

Half-Told Tales.

Masquerade

THE big man with the gray vandyke was becoming excited. He beat his fists on the rickety table and burst into a passionate torrent.

"Look about you, Sons of France, look about you! The mob is everywhere. All that France has boasted of in past centuries, of art, of glory, of culture, is destroyed by their bloody hands. Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, are scarecrow towns filled with lustful brutes and wretched cowards. Truly our country is a maddened, self-devouring monster! It defies the great coalition gathering against it; it defies the universe; it defies God. It eats your women and your children. It defiles the Queen, beheads the King, and murders the Dauphin. Your *châteaux* are in ruins, your money is stolen, your servants are driven off. Even the Holy Fathers are not safe! The frenzied shop-keepers steal the blessed silver, destroy the images, burn the Bibles, and then set up a Goddess of Reason. Of REASON, as if mocking their own demented selves! How much longer shall this pandemonium reign, you scions of the ancient houses which have been the boast of France for centuries? How much longer shall the blue blood bow before the black? If the motherland has ever had need of noble sons it is now, yet here you sit quaking, hidden in a cellar, waiting to be smuggled across the seas, while Gaston le Brun, the young son and heir of our worthy brother, the Marquis de Carnac who so lately enjoyed the hospitality of Madame la Guillotine, awaits death in the great Bastille. Is none of you man enough to aid him? Has every spark of pride, of honesty, of faithfulness, left you?"

He paused to look at the eager faces about him.

Kind darkness robed the squalid wine cellar, and the smouldering torches, lighting up the serious, ardent faces, lent an impressive dignity and solemnity to the occasion. What months of toil and worry, what days of torture in revolutionary prisons, what a knowledge of the caresses of Madame la Guillotine, those upturned faces betrayed! Now they showed uncertainty. After months of terror, their goal—England—was in sight. Each day saw a few more aristocrats safely smuggled through the city gate; but the son of their dear companion was in danger. There their duty lay. A young noble arose.

"I," he said, "am with you, Monsieur le Duc de Mainnes. I shall regard it as an honor to do all in my power to assist the young Marquis de Carnac."

Others followed suit and soon a score of volunteers had been collected. There in the little wine cellar beneath the Rue du Sud, in the smoky, foul, ill-lighted room, each member of the band pledged himself by his honor, by his king, and by his God, to the task of rescuing the little Marquis who, quite oblivious of the meeting, lay awaiting death in the great prison, a sacrifice to the omnipotent Goddess of Reason, an example of the benign influence of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

The next morning the Duke of Mainnes began his work in earnest. The execution of the young Marquis had been set for September twenty-eighth, so that a week remained to effect the rescue. Spies had informed him that the noble was confined in a dungeon near the southern wall and brought tales of atrocious treatment. He was half starved and his tongue had been cut out. The situation of the dungeon offered a possible solution and a group of the band were soon at work laboriously boring a passage under the southern wall from a near-by sewer. One thing was becoming more and more evident—the affair must be kept secret and the revolutionists must be

put off until Gaston had been smuggled from the country. Their police system was daily more efficient and once they discovered that the boy was gone, they would leave no stone unturned until he should be found. How to do this was quite another matter. The Duke was not an ingenious man and, had it not been for the *muet*, he would have been quite at a loss.

He ran across the *muet* in the gutters one day—a dirty ragged little beggar—and, remarking that the boy could not speak, he thought of the young Marquis. As he bent over the wan face, he started. The features were those of the young noble! One never can tell! Of course, the coloring was different but that could easily be attended to. In the Duke's dull mind a plan was slowly forming. He took the *muet* home with him.

Exact descriptions of the present condition of Gaston were obtained through spies. Every detail of dress and coloring, every scar, every distinguishing characteristic, was minutely reproduced in the *muet*. Daily the resemblance became more striking and on the fifth day the Duke rubbed his hands with satisfaction. The time was at hand. The *muet* was the young Marquis. Constant drilling had brought the rescue party within a few feet of the dungeon. Spies in the prison arranged to distract the jailers' attention, and on the night of September twenty-seventh the stage was set.

The Duke hurried his charge through the sewer by torch light. At the passage the nobles had already gathered ready to break through the last few feet of earth into the dungeon. A tense excitement had taken possession of everyone—they were so near the goal. At eleven the jailers would be elsewhere. They waited nervously, frightened by the beating of their own hearts as the Duke looked at his watch. It was but a matter of seconds. He gave the signal and there was a pounding and scraping. A final heave and an opening appeared.

The way into the dungeon was clear. Holding the *muet* in front of him, the Duke advanced but suddenly, there was a warning "Hist!" Someone was coming through the sewer. The torches were extinguished and the men stood huddled against the walls. The footsteps came nearer. Whoever it was was speaking in low French. "Do you not smell smoke?" Off in the darkness a glimmer of light shone. Did he see them? The Duke held his breath. For an instant his grip on the *muet* relaxed, and in that instant he freed himself. The soldiers passed on, unconscious of the fear they had inspired. When their footsteps had died away in the distance the torches were relighted. The *muet* had vanished.

The Duke stepped through the opening and a strange sight confronted him. Near the dungeon door a wan, tongueless lad stood trembling and gazing, as in a mirror, at an exact duplicate of himself near the window. They were exactly alike. So delicate was his artistry that the Duke had deceived even himself. The plot had left his hands, run wild, and crushed him beneath it. To admit defeat to the nobles who had risked their lives to effect the rescue was impossible. The Duke vainly examined each boy, hoping against hope to find some distinguishing mark. There was none. A jailer was coming down the stairs. The Duke seized the nearest youth, him near the door, and carried him out through the passage. The hole was filled in. The tomb was sealed.

All the next day Madame la Guillotine drank her full of the noblest blood of France. All day the blood-spattered hags knit beneath her awful presence, catching the curls from the rolling heads. The mass was always large and enthusiastic. It is rare fun to hear the frightened women beg for mercy. It is rare sport to see the heads roll into the basket, or, occasionally missing slip down the glistening steps.

The crowd was even larger and more enthusiastic

than usual. Suddenly a great howl of joy went up. The prize was at hand. Soldiers were leading a pale boy to the platform. The crowd grew unruly and an old woman succeeded in striking his face, which blushed as crimson as the setting sun, ashamed of the deeds it had seen that day. His head was adjusted on the block amid the plaudits of the mob. Madame la Guillotine licked her chops in anticipation of this delicate morsel. A farmer's cart rattled noisily through the crowd. Concealed beneath bags of produce, a tongueless boy gazed aghast at the blood-thirsty mob. He starts. On the block is the image of himself. Frightened, he weeps, but still gazes intently, gripped by the ghastly spectacle—a wan face, a gloating, jeering mob, bloody hags eager to catch the curls, the awful face of the executioner, and the red of the setting sun reflected on the descending blade.

Richard C. Bull, '28.

The Wanderer

LÆRLING

IN A shoemaker's shop in a Norwegian village a tall, raw-boned apprentice sat working cobbler's wax over a board. He kneaded the pitch and mixed the grease in with it well, and when the black lump was on the point of stiffening he plunged it with both hands into a tub of hot water. This made his hands red and chapped and gave him hangnails.

"That's right!" said the master. "Warm the wax, then it binds all the better."

After that he had to wax thread until his arms ached so that he wanted to lie down and rest among the leather chips and odds and ends on the floor, for when one works from six in the morning until nine at night one gets sleepy. There was always something to be done, though, and he must needs be the butt of numerous practical jokes, besides. Certainly, a 'prentice who wore thick, *pince-nez* glasses would have many jibes to answer for, even if his uncle was a priest! Sometimes the men would send him out for sausage and bread and then there would be a feast, with a few bits even for the new boy. Sometimes he would be cuffed soundly for going to sleep on his bench and often the old master would take down his old knee strap and give him three or four healthy cracks over the back with it, just to make him learn the trade the faster.

He was a dreamy boy and did not like to make shoes.

CHICAGO

There is a street near the Chicago stock-yards which, before Prohibition, was a solid line of saloons for a dozen blocks. One Christmas eve a horse-car plodded along this street through the swirling snow. The conductor stood on the back platform stamping up and down to keep his feet warm. He was tall and foreign looking and wore *pince-nez* glasses. The car stopped in the midst of a crowd of Irish workmen from the yards and took in as many as could jam themselves in. Some of them were singing and some were swearing to amuse themselves, none of them was inclined to part with his nickel. The conductor wondered how the fare was to be gotten out of such a crew.

At the next corner a policeman stepped aboard, looked at the crowd, mumbled a few words to the conductor about holiday merriment and a cold night, and hopped off before the next corner. The conductor, realizing that there was no help from that source and that if he was to get the fares he himself would have to collect them, braced himself and stepped into the car.

"Why didn't you report us?" asked one of the men.

"I thought it unnecessary," said the conductor loudly, "I am dealing with gentlemen."

A wavering titter of laughter ran down the car, but some thought he had spoken well and saw to it that everybody paid.

HETTA

The sun beat down in the midst of a huge field of wheat stubble onto a smoke-belching steam tractor. A long belt flapped between the tractor and a clattering threshing machine fed by pitchers standing on two bundle wagons, one on each side of the machine. The straw

and chaff were blown out onto the field and formed a large, irregular mound; save that every now and then a whiff of breeze blew the chaff back into the sweaty faces of the pitchers, making them curse peevishly. As soon as one wagon was empty another drove up to throw its load into the mouth of the machine.

Husky, red-faced, overall-clad farm hands drove the wagons. One tall and muscular hand had a peculiar look to himself, and besides wore strong *pince-nez* glasses. When he pitched to the machine he flung the bundles with a strong, nervous vigor, but he had to stop in the midst of his work to wipe the sweat from off his glasses. The separator man did not like this, because it made the machine crash with only half its usual bite, but it wouldn't do to bawl out so good a hand as the big Norwegian. The sun had boiled his skin so red that the blond hairs on the backs of his hands shone like bright gold filaments.

SULT

A haggard face with burning eyes and a quivering mouth thrust itself into the office of Editor Edward Brandes of the Copenhagen daily, "Politiken." A tall, bent body, carrying a manuscript in its hand followed it into the room. Editor Brandes looked at the manuscript, saw that it was about seventy thousand words, and was about to hand it back as being of unsuitable length. He looked at the man curiously, looked at the title on the paper, thanked him, and thrust it into his pocket.

That night the editor sat and read it; half-way through he got up, hastily enclosed a ten krone note in an envelope, addressed it to the lodging of the writer, and ran out to mail it. When he came back he finished the reading.

That same evening Editor Brandes, talking with the Swedish critic, Axel Lundegård, said:

"It was not only that it showed talent. It somehow caught one by the throat."

"Was it really so remarkable?" asked Lundegård.
"What was the title of it?"

"Hunger."

"And the author?"

"Knut Hamsun."

BÖCKER

That was in 1888.

In 1893 appeared a book called in English *Shallow Soil* (in Norwegian "New Soil"). In it was told a tale of the *literati* of Christiania, of pettyness, of pitifully shallow lives.

A year later came *Pan*, the tale of Spring, the love of a crazy lieutenant, the coquetry of a factor's daughter, and sunny summer nights.

In 1906 *Under the Autumn Star* and in 1909 *A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings* appeared. They were tales of a tramp's lonely, happy life. He works, loves, departs, and finally comes back to his old love again. They make a poignant emptiness in the heart, these stories. One who cannot love must never read them.

In 1915 *Segelfoss Town*, the story of Holmengraa, the owner of the mill, the king of men, and of young Per the storekeeper, and of the Princess Marianne. There was the son of the old lieutenant, too, the romantic composer of music who wore rings on his fingers and silk socks on his feet.

The story of the earth came in 1917. *The Growth of the Soil* sweats and heaves its plough and sawmill and brand new reaper into the years of grandchildren and the title of squire from the days of a single cow. It is toilsome and beautiful. It was written because

someone labors and breaks life for himself out of the ground. It was written because a woman with a hare-lip is beautiful.

Ames Johnston, '25.

[NOTE: Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has been appointed the sole authorized American publisher of Knut Hamsun.]

The South Wind

*Oh, the south wind is blowing
And it's almost spring.
All of nature seems a-knowing
That the south wind is blowing,
That our violets are growing,
And the birds are on the wing.
For the south wind is blowing
And it's almost spring.*

T. L. Fansler, '21.

Half-Told Tales

“. . . But the Dwarf replied: *No; something human
is dearer to me than the riches of all the world.*”

—*Grimm's Tales.*

MAISTRE CRINOT

MAISTRE CRINOT is grinning, and playing with his little bones,—he cleans them, and polishes them, and arranges them, and labels them; he is a doctor, you see, and he loves his old bones.

It is bad weather outside; Maistre Crinot keeps his rooms well-heated.

There is a thin white hand knocking at the window pane, and a pale little face looking in.

“Que le bon diable” mutters Maistre Crinot, and the pale little face disappears.

Maistre Crinot is a doctor, you see, and must study his old bones.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

It is a breathless night in the monastery garden, and there is no sound except the distant tread of two monks walking down the cloister flagstones from opposite directions—a quiet, treading sound it is, for their sandals are of soft old calf’s leather.

They approach; and pass—murmuring their prayers—“sancta virgo,” “inducas in tentationem”

They have passed, and have ceased their praying—and there is no sound, except a quiet, treading sound of two monks going in opposite directions down the cloister flagstones.

“OF AN EVENING . . .”

Along the canal a gondola is gliding, like an ember in molten tar. In it are a rich lord and a rich lady . . . loving. The gondolier is humming to himself.

“The waters are very, very cold, my gallant, but not as cold as the touch of your hand on my forehead . . . Quiet, a moment!”

There is a cry, a little child’s, up high in the building by the canal; and there are some cursings, and queer noises, and a splash.

“Haste you —”

And the rich lord and lady continue . . . loving; and the gondolier is again humming to himself.

A SLY WOMAN

A waddling, hunch-backed woman is kneeling in the cathedral, in twilight, and her shadow is very long.

She is praying to the Lord for aid.

She clumps out, up a narrow dark byway, she is a sly woman, she is smiling a little. She stops and looks through a window into a dark room, where an old figure is lying motionless. Someone runs out.

“Oh Mother Agnès, old Félice has died this day!”

Mother Agnès is kneeling in the cathedral—there is a candle burning, and her shadow is black, pitch black.

She is thanking the Lord.

LE CARNIVAL

The street is a medley of colors in silk and samite and satin. This is the aristocrats’ section, and the poor prefer not to come here.

It is almost dawn, and the revelers are weary and drunken and sensual.

In a dark spot by the water stand a man and a

woman. The man is tall and straight—his wife lies at home in childbed. The woman is small and frail, and clad in black velvet.

"I think I rather love you," she whispers.

A COPPER COIN

The Duke and his Lady are sitting on the balcony and it is very late: there is no moon, but there is a fire dying down within the room, and it brushes bars of living red onto the balcony. One can see that the Lady is a dark lady, with steel-dark eyes.

A poor highway *jongleur* is strumming beneath the balcony. He is in love, and the sounds are rather sweet.

The Duke tosses down a copper coin, and it clangs paganly on the stone.

The musician lets it lie, for he is in love. The Duke is laughing, and will send down a handman to fetch the copper.

THREE SISTERS

A candle flame is sputtering bluely: the candle has almost burned down.

At opposite ends of a table in the candle-lit room, sit two white-haired women, knitting, knitting. They knit well, for they have knit a long time, they are old.

Presently one rises and moves to a curtained bed in a dark corner of the room. She parts the curtains softly, and returns.

"She is sleeping." And they continue knitting.

Presently the other rises, and moves to the dark bed in the corner. She parts the curtains and looks in.

"You were wrong. She is not sleeping; she has died."

And she hurries to light a new candle, for this one has quite burned down.

MATERNITÉ

There is an old, ragged woman running about with a thin little baby in her arms; she is overjoyed, for it is her own baby, her eleventh baby.

Several other women lean over their market-stands—apples, cabbages, fish, and whisper. For the old woman has no more milk, and she has already starved two thin little babies to death.

But high up in the air, over the old woman, over the apples, cabbages, fish, flutters a little white gown for the eleventh baby. It has been washed clean.

“IN HIS INFINITE MERCY”

A young, dark-eyed monk is illuminating a magnificent manuscript—it is a part of the Holy Bible, and he is doing it from memory; he is doing it in the red of Our Saviour's blood, and the green of the thorns, and the dark blue of the night sky that shone over his crucifixion, but most of all in gold, which is the Lord Jesus' own color.

He rises and kisses his manuscript; for it is undoubtedly a very beautiful manuscript.

A novice enters, and tells that Dame Trotain is above, and awaits confession.

Dame Trotain is rich, and very fair, and buxom; and our monk is young, and dark-eyed.

THE NUNNERY

Sister Mirande is young, and very beautiful. She has opened the casements of her chamber, and is listening to hear what the tall poplars without are whispering to her.

She has placed a veil on her head, and down over her shoulders. And she has placed a crown on the veil, and

she is pressing a precious chain of dark red beads to her cheek. She has taken the veil, and the crown, and the beads from the statue of Our Lady Mary in the chapel.

You must forgive Sister Mirande: she is very young; and she is very eager to hear what the silver poplars are saying.

A PARIS WINDOW Box

The room is rather stuffy and very, very dark, and it has a queer odor—a feverish sick-room odor. There is a bed by the window, and a lean dark-skinned figure is tossing about on it, in a queer heaving motion.

Presently the lean figure moves to the window, and pulls the shade up a little, and shows that the night outside, especially the moon, is very beautiful; and it opens the window a little, to smell the precious tulip in the window-box. But the flower has turned into a face with a hideous grimace, and the lean figure turns back into the dark, odorous room.

And people say that tulips have no fragrance.

Frederic Prokosch, '25.

Old Brother Francois

*April climbed over the ivied wall and rushed through the cloister,
Danced with the heavy grape vines;
Old Brother Francois looked up from his parchment
Lactantius.*

“‘Suo supplicio’—the agony in the garden, nonne?
Why haven’t I yet learned the truth, after fifty years—
God knows, my life has been his,
(For I did penance for my several little sins).
But I see very plainly now only this:
That the choir-boys curse at their hymns,
And the incense is sickening, and empty, and stupefying,
And the candles are mere pig’s tallow, and stink,
And the gilt is cracking off from Our Master’s body;
Then why haven’t I been told whether this is meaningless?
And ought not be, or at least ought not be thought about?
I have seen the stars at night—
O God, they are more than tallow flames—
And the poppies wavering in the breeze
Tell me more than the swinging censers;
Why, I have seen the sun rise, and the hills look blue,
And I could pray a millionfold more deeply
Than ever after St. Augustine, or Minucius, or Gregor.
No one has ever quite explained to me
Why I felt nearer to the Lord when the breeze blew
And lifted up a few white hairs from my old head
Than when I read this—‘suo supplicio. . . .’”

*But April had left the cloister and the vines,
And Brother Francois resumed his illuminated Lactantius.*

Frederic Prokosch, ’25.

The Superannuated Church

THE Church of to-day has become a kind of sacred antique. Handed down from earlier ages, laymen and clerks cherish it fondly, cling to it stubbornly and tenaciously, as if it were a revelation of the ultimate and final truth of the universe. But most men and women who think at all about their religion, know full well that a ritual, whose real significance only a Church historian can appreciate, can be of little value to modern life. They are not content with age-old creeds and dogmas, they feel the inadequacy of a form and symbolism which is without meaning for the modern trend of thought, and, naturally, they hold beliefs independent of an organization. "Church activities are centered in the Sunday services and these, we must admit, do not attract even the seriously minded among the younger generation," says Dean Inge in the February *Atlantic Monthly*. "Nor can we wonder at this when we consider the antiquated forms of our liturgies and the poor quality of the average sermon. But there is a great deal of diffused religious feeling and conviction in the Western nations," there exists in America a sincere spirit of religion quite apart from the Church.

Through centuries the Church has clung to certain forms and practices which long ago have ceased to be useful to men. She has refused to conform to a new economic and social order; she has failed to take into consideration a new mode of life completely revolutionized by modern science and invention; she has closed her eyes to modern enlightenment. She has not kept pace with human progress and, consequently, men have grown away from her. Indignantly she calls upon the

revolters to mend their ways, when, in truth, her own age-worn garments need drastic alteration.

In 1832 just before he left his congregation at the North Church, Emerson made the following entry in his Journal: "I have sometimes thought that, in order to be a good minister, it was necessary to leave the ministry. The profession is antiquated. In an altered age, we worship in the dead forms of our forefathers. Were not a Socratic paganism better than an effete Christianity?" Again a few days later he wrote: "Religion in the mind is not credulity and in the practice is not form. It is life." This the ministry of to-day does not realize, or, knowing it, attains to a deliberate blindness, the remarkable dexterity of a double mind. How can the modern divine support and foster a rigid system which purports to be absolute truth but which, in reality, is at variance with modern knowledge and modern life at so many points?

There can be no sharp cleavage between a religion and the daily life of its adherents. That platitude has become an axiom. Throughout its history the Church, unfortunately, has been forced to create just such cleavage, due to its rigid and highly organized system. Like all human institutions it tends to become solidified and to lose its plasticity. Each reformer believes he has attained to the ultimate truth and fails to make provisions for future amendments. It is my opinion that the Church has now arrived at the point where it cannot long continue without change and readjustment.

It is only natural that men should fail to receive spiritual satisfaction from a superannuated Church. They have discovered that they can believe in God without the support of an organized community; they have discovered the stupidity of such a doctrine as: *Nulla salus extra Ecclesiam*—no safety outside of the Church. Of course, there will always be those who

repeat their credos as unthinkingly as they would a jingle. There are many who hold a sincere faith in the forms and symbols of which I have spoken. There are many others also who do not believe in their dogmas, as I understand belief, but achieve some sort of willing suspension of disbelief. And there are still many others who, out of pure fear, flee to the Church as a child does to its mother. "Their motive is fear and their reward a refuge from the isolation which they fear. The prospect of being alone, to stand or fall by their own knowledge is intolerable to them." (John Middleton Murry in *Adelphi* January 1924.) But there is a vast number of people who have learned to stand alone, who have found God in their own way.

I think it was Whistler who once said the average tourist was most delighted with Mount Blanc when he could view it outlined in the bright sunshine of midday and, perhaps, discern some mountain-climber on its snow-covered side; but to the artist the true beauty of the peak was revealed only in the mystery of twilight. Mother Church should realize how distasteful creeds of photographic accuracy and precision have become to many of her children. Only through the twilight of their doubt and uncertainty looms the great truth of God. Their belief, although not clearly defined and formulated, is based on their own convictions, the result of the stress and strain of their own experience. They have learned to detect and foster the gleam of light that flashes across the mind from within. They do not dismiss without notice their peculiar thought because it is peculiar. Why should they accept without questioning a dead tradition, merely because it has been considered a sacred tradition? They understand that a true Christianity, minus the trappings which the Church has imposed upon it, is not marred or destroyed by reason, conscience, or personal conviction.

The truth of such statements the Church will not admit and cannot admit. The situation is not tragic, as some are wont to consider it, but points clearly to the necessity of freeing the Church from stupid traditions. If it is again to play an important rôle in society, if it is to perform its true function, that of leader in the spiritual life of the nation, the Church must conform to the trend of modern life. It must be thoroughly rejuvenated.

Martin Eshleman, '25.

Conquistador

—*And all the night her white sails sigh and yearn
For gold, for glory, and the West; and lo,
All glittering gilt, her slender angels blow
Their trumpets on the stately, towered stern,
By twinkling diamond panes that glance and burn,
By carven gold and scarlet scrolls that glow
Above the whispering, star-touched sea below
And white-foamed wake of waves that dance and turn.*

—*And watching for the gray, mysterious shore,
Sits Mary Queen, enthroned among the sails
That straining, whining, bear her on and on
To realms of witchery, and wealth, and war.*

—*The stars grow dim, the purple darkness pales,
The angels are more golden in the dawn.*

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.

Rendezvous

THE COUNTESS OF HURLDON
THE HONOURABLE JOHN CHEYNEY-BARROWS
WICKS

The beautifully appointed London apartment of the Hon. John. The time is five in the afternoon. The Hon. John, who is about thirty, good-looking, selfish and impetuous, is apparently awaiting someone. Enter WICKS, the butler, and later the COUNTESS, who is a stunning, piquant woman of twenty-eight.

WICKS: The Countess of Hurldon (*Exit after the entrance of the COUNTESS*).

J. C.-B. (*with relief, and rising*): Good afternoon. I am sure we both realized you would come.

COUNTESS: I thought I had better. My husband may conceivably be following me—or having someone else do it, which isn't quite so flattering. I didn't want to come particularly; no woman unless she is common, enjoys the fact of a rendezvous. It is only when the attraction is irresistible that—

J. C.-B.: But I certainly thought it was sufficient in our own case. You have always seemed to find it worth while in the past. What is the matter? Have you changed?

COUNTESS: Well—

J. C.-B.: You *are* cold. I shall begin to think you are in love with your husband, but that would be inconceivable!

COUNTESS: I don't see why.

J. C.-B.: Oh, it would be so stupid of you at this stage.

You and the Earl have always been properly indifferent to each other.

COUNTESS: Yes. I am reasonably sure that my almost imperceptible infidelity in the past has caused him no heartbreak, and I have never complained of *his* poaching, but—

J. C.-B.: Well, there you are. That is very creditable to you both. Our friends cause us so much annoyance that we can't be bothered with worrying about our relatives.

COUNTESS: You are, my dear Jack, in a position to profit very much by such a philosophy. It is convenient for you, particularly since you are entirely unencumbered.

J. C.-B.: I am glad you agree with me.

COUNTESS: I didn't say I did. I am not so cold-blooded about my family as you are, but I am a woman, and although any man can be thought respectable by being unusually polite, the moment a woman tries it everyone knows she is a scandal. If I treated Henry as I have been treating you it would be considered quite immodest. Henry would hardly feel complimented; he has too much sense for that. Even a more obtuse husband than he would scarcely be deceived. Nevertheless,—

J. C.-B. (*with sarcasm*): Nevertheless you love him, I suppose, and you are going back to him and give me up. I thought you cared for me, Ann. Why we had even planned to elope Friday. Surely you can't have forgotten that!

COUNTESS: I am sorry, my dear Jack, but I have changed my mind. And my husband——

J. C.-B.: Oh, your husband! Well, it is more respectable for you to go back to him. But I tell you, Ann, respectability, for which I think you are sacrificing your future happiness, is after all only a second-rate

virtue, a mob virtue. It is the resource of mediocre people, and is generally the only thing about them that could conceivably draw approbation; it is only a commonplace reciprocal courtesy from the iron-monger to the barber. It is such an unimaginative virtue, and one so easily admired. Respectability is the storm-cellar to which the silly green-grocer runs to seek shelter from the cyclone of a brilliant and original temperament. It is all these things and very much more just as absurd. And to think that you would prostrate yourself before such a palpably brazen idol! You see I refuse to believe that your love for me has flown. Your change of heart is only a temporary access of timidity, and if you succumb you will be sorry for it.

COUNTESS: It certainly is not timidity that has caused me to change my attitude toward you. As a matter of fact, if you knew the circumstances —

J. C.-B.: Circumstances! Doesn't everyone know that your husband is a beastly sot and a generation too old for you, and don't *you* know that I am devoted to you and would do anything for you? Don't you know that we are in love with each other?

COUNTESS: I think I have been deceiving myself, Jack, I don't believe I love you.

J. C.-B.: Nonsense! I have had it from your own lips countless times. You just fancy that you ought to continue your present doleful existence because our society, inherently cross-eyed, is unable to see you in a favorable light unless you are bound to that disgusting husband of yours.

COUNTESS (*with some pique*): Come now, do you think it particularly good taste of you to comment so vilely on my husband?

J. C.-B.: I beg your pardon. I reviled him as your lover, but as your husband I am bound to accord him the

consideration one gives the other conventions of society.

COUNTESS: My dear Jack, you are a perfect tempest! You are too certain that you know what the facts of the case are, and that the workings of my mind are as visible to you as though they were in a ten-by-twelve case in the British Museum. You are just as blind to the truth about me as my husband, and your blindness is less forgivable because it is most intense when you fondly imagine yourself seeing things clearest.

J.C.-B.: Surely I am not wrong about the facts in this instance. I don't see what you mean.

COUNTESS: Only this. When I intimated that I didn't care to elope with you, you immediately presumed that I was going back to my husband. I tried to tell you that my husband had nothing to do with my determination to stop seeing you. So you were wrong, quite wrong. I let you go on interrupting in your mad fashion because it amused me and at the same time convinced me that I was right in giving you up.

J. C.-B.: I don't understand. If you are giving us both up, where do you expect to turn?

COUNTESS: Why, as a matter of fact, I am eloping with Teddy Ashforth.

J. C.-B.: Teddy Ashforth? Why how long?—

COUNTESS: I've known Teddy for years and years. Almost married him years ago, in fact.

J. C.-B.: And you have been flirting with him all during our acquaintance?

COUNTESS: Not seriously until I saw that you were so satisfied at having hoodwinked my husband that it didn't occur to you that someone else might hoodwink you. It was too tempting.

J. C.-B.: Then you have only been pretending to love me so that you might amuse yourself duping me.

COUNTESS: No. I was really fond of you, Jack, and be-

lieved I loved you. (*She rises and prepares to leave.*) But when I saw I could deceive you as I had deceived my husband, it was all over with you. Heaven shouldn't expect a woman to be faithful to any man afflicted with such astounding myopia. (*Exit.*)

And after she has left, the Honourable Jack indulges in a lengthy misogynous soliloquy, or else

THE CURTAIN DESCENDS.

I. L. Hibberd, '26.

To C . . .

*Perhaps the passing years will calm the swell
Of wistful love which in me rose that day;
Perhaps—long after you've forgot the way
Our hearts in tune were beating—I will tell
You, one last time, I love you; then a knell
Will toll, and all will cry—"Away, away!
At last you've seen: now come and dance, be gay!
For all your sadness we shall soon dispel."
With halting-slow, unwilling steps I'll go
Down in their sylvan dell to watch them dance
And play, and hear them sing; but all the while
My heavy aching heart will pain me so,
I'll hear their joyous shouts, and catch that glance
Of Youth—but tears will glisten while I smile.*

Robert Barry, II, '26.

Summer

*Who has seen her wandering slowly
Down the path at close of day,
When sunset clouds bend over lowly
And the twilight gathers grey—
Who is Summer? What is Summer? Whither has she
gone away?*

*'Tis said she is a childish fairy
Masquerading as a jest,
Weaving circles o'er the prairie
At some lover elf's behest,
Or parading in the forest in her gaudy trappings dressed.*

*Others tell of love forsaken,
Lost in some far cemetery,
She but waits till he awaken,
Studying her breviary,
Living like a quiet nun in a cloistered sanctuary.*

*Nay, she is a lady stately
Passing with imperial grace,
These are butterflies sedately
Dancing round her lovely face,
Each a fragile emissary to the farthest realms of space.*

*And she goes in shady roadways
Where the prying sunbeams look,
Or at evening in the broadways
By diurnal folk forsook.
Lovers in the lane have seen her singing with the bubbling
brook.*

*When the hustling wren implores her
She will pause to hear him trill,
E'en the doleful mole adores her,
And the thunder does her will,
Stars and winds and quiet waters and the forest cool and
still.*

B. B. Warfield, '25.

The Work of the Church

RELIGION is a subject upon which everyone feels free to express an opinion and usually the less one knows the more dogmatic are the assertions made. Although no layman would for a moment seriously attempt to advise a physician in the diagnosis of a case or in prescribing for it, the same man would not hesitate to set himself up as an authority on religious subjects about which he probably knows even less than he does about medicine. Every attorney has received large fees from men who felt qualified to act as their own lawyers and who discovered, too late, that ignorance may be as costly as intended wrong. And yet, the average person claims, as a matter of course, a sort of "divine intuition" when he essays the *rôle* of an interpreter of religious truth. Nevertheless, the very ease with which religious matters come up in the most casual conversations of men and women of all types is an indication of the universality of its appeal. Men may possess half-truths or less; if they seek more light, as many are doing, they are not "far from the Kingdom," as Jesus said.

Religion is a very comprehensive term and so is Christianity. We find ourselves more limited when we center our thought upon the Church. Many, who claim to be religious or Christians, are frankly un-Churched or even antagonistic to the Church, while many within it seem to hold as essential, ideas utterly unreconcilable. If this be true, are we justified in claiming that the Church is and will be successful? Before giving an answer or attempting to pass a fair judgment, we must, *inter alia*, decide what we mean by the Church; we must consider what it is doing now and what the future holds for it.

Broadly speaking, the Church is that "Society" which Jesus established and for the extension of which He trained its first leaders. Coincident with growth came persecution and a scattering of the faithful. These, as they went here and there, organized new branches, but kept in touch with the "Mother Church" at Jerusalem. Expansion necessitated organization and a certain centralization. Leadership was first vested in the Apostles; then came a division of activities and the appointing of the "seven" so-called "Deacons" and gradually a variety of Orders arose, some of which were temporary and have utterly vanished and some of which continue, under one name or another, to the present day.

When we consider the present condition of the Church we can do one of two things. We can judge it solely by the experiences we ourselves may have had and from newspapers and periodicals that play up its dissensions and over-emphasize its reputed discords. Many do this and see no hope for it. On the other hand, we can look with open eyes at its present activities throughout the world. At home we see Church Schools offering the best educational advantages to thousands who otherwise would have none. Its colleges train men and women to face life and win. Its parish halls give pleasure and instruction to limitless numbers in the crowded cities and offer a center of life in rural communities. It is grappling with the real difficulties of a proper Americanization and is helping to solve the Negro problem through such Christian agencies as Hampton and Tuskegee. The Church ministered to the needs of the Indians long before the government recognized that they had any rights except the right to be exploited.

If we turn to foreign shores the present record of the Church is full of romance and adventure. In South America it is breaking the fetters of primitive animism

and imported superstition. The American University of Cairo enrolls the keenest youth of Islam and is on the friendliest terms with Muslam leaders. In China, Anglican and Quaker are one in collegiate work; its influences for good in India are so recognized that upon one American clergyman, who labored there for forty-three years, the University of Oxford conferred an LL.D., and the British government made him a Knight of the Order of the Indian Empire. When Japan was stricken, it was the American and other Churches that gave speedily and ungrudgingly to repair the damage. Christian agriculturists are making famines impossible; hospitals are relieving suffering and Christian Homes and Orphanages are making life worth while for those who, without the influences of the Church, would be left to perish in an agony of pain or to eke out a miserable existence.

Nor is this all. Through such efforts as have been enumerated, the Church has established points of contact, broken down prejudices and spread the Gospel of a God of Love revealed to men in Jesus Christ. That Gospel has done more than minister to the bodies of men, important as that service always is. It has dispelled the fear in primitive religions; it has brought quiet and peace to anxious and troubled hearts; it has sustained unnumbered men and women in the face of apparently overwhelming temptation; it has taken away all terror of death and offered the hope of an eternity of continued usefulness.

Finally, what of the future of the Church? That is bound up with the present, for the younger generation must supply its leaders. And it is doing so. Not only are the theological seminaries of this country, at least, more crowded than ever before, they are attracting a more virile type of men, many of whom have turned from business and professional success because in the min-

istry of the Church they recognize an opportunity for the finest service. With those who have no intention to serve other than as laymen the same is true. In one of the largest eastern Colleges—not a Church College—the presidency of the senior class was recently refused by a man who preferred to direct the activities of the Y. M. C. A. The example that he set was followed for several years.

What is true in America is true abroad. A graduate of Penn State, now a theological student, was recently over-seas with the European Student Relief Work, operating under the World Student Christian Federation. On every hand he saw evidences of work in and through the Church. In Prague, there is what is called "The Student Renaissance"; in Poland, the Roman Catholics are the active supporters of the Y. M. C. A.; the head of the German Student Self-help Bureau gave up the profession of Law to study for the Christian ministry.

J. Jarden Guenther, '08.

Cascade

Far up among the foothills
A babbling brooklet flows.
Between its mossy, pine-clad banks
Forever on it goes.

*And now the low, flat banks its sides
No longer line. Drowsy it creeps;
A while it lingers; then a turn!
Confusion reigns—The waters churn.
A frothing wave exultant leaps;
The billowing flow the white foam hides.
Chaotically the waters whirl;
They surge, and seethe, and toss, and twirl.*

*Foaming, frothing, swirling on
Between the rocks that pierce their way,
Between the cliffs that line their banks,
In Bacchian revels giving thanks
All reason flees; maddened they play.
They shriek, they curse, restraint all gone;
They broil, and fret, and shove, and push.
Unreined, unguided, on they rush.*

*Now comes a lulling of the noise.
A while the waters gather force;
At last approach the rocky edge.
Like suicides, upon the ledge
They hesitate; without remorse
They gaze beneath—an instant poised.
Pushed from behind, drawn by the deep
Dim chasm that yawns, frenzied they leap.*

*Down hurling, whirling, sweeping over all,
Gloating, distraught, oblivious of all save
The stupefying sense of power and sound,
Drunken and maddened, with an awful bound
They crash into mid-air. Then down they rave
In sheets and torrents. And the roaring fall
Drives them yet swifter as they tumble down.
Down . . . Down . . . Down . . .
Down . . . Down!*

*And now the jagged rocks loom up below.
There the descending waters strike and break,
Then, stunned and bruised, in hopeless silence lie,
Too crushed, too spent, too dead to moan or sigh.
But waters, pouring down, relentless make
Even the lingering laggards onward flow.
Waking slowly where in sleep it lay
The brooklet gathers strength, is on its way.*

Far up among the foothills
A babbling brooklet flows.
Between its mossy, pine-clad banks
Forever on it goes.

Richard C. Bull, '28.

Reviews

THE CAP AND BELLS PLAY

“THE Boomerang,” by Messrs. Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith, is not a play one effuses about; nor, on the other hand, one on which one wastes many paragraphs of critical fire and brimstone. It is too mediocre. The “boomerang,” it seems, is an attractive nurse who is assigned by a young physician to the position of counter-irritant in the case of a love-sick youth, and who describes a parabola back to the doctor himself. If the audience witnessing the local production wonders why this play held the boards in New York as it did, let them remember that it was there produced by the frocked Belasco, whose well-oiled and finely-adjusted producing machinery undoubtedly helped.

Haverford’s cast is relatively excellent. J. Tyson Stokes, as the young medico, deserves commendation for poise and a refreshing variety of inflection, and Eiseman, ever intelligent, has the other important male rôle. In the perplexing matter of women’s parts the Club has been more than usually fortunate, particularly with the *svelte* and lovely Whittelsey and the graceful Renninger, and (honestly, now) the other parts were most capably taken. Remarkably smart women’s costumes give *éclat* to the performance, and very great credit is due Mr. Fansler for efficient coaching.

In all my tomes of literary gall and wormwood I cannot find another galaxy of complimentary adjectives comparable to this. I can only apologize and assure everyone that I expect to pay for my own seat at the home performance.

I. L. H.

THE DARK NIGHT

One thing above all others one feels after reading May Sinclair's book of poems—that the author is an exquisitely good and great-hearted and loving woman. And, as in her novels and stories, just so in her poetry has she found her own and entirely individual medium with which she can best express her emotions: she has imbued her free verse with a sub-conscious rhythm; and with her power of infinite extenuation and compression, her power to express what so unmistakably and sincerely strives for expression, she has attained lyric as pure as that of Edna St. Vincent Millay or Sara Teasdale, a poetess to whom she is strangely related in mood.

Then too, she has caught something of the same ability to give to the inanimate a sense of the animate that one meets in "Mary Olivier" and Dorothy Richardson's writings. Everything—organic and inorganic lives in the thirty-three poems in which she tells, more or less consecutively, a beautiful love story. And she has succeeded in inspiring with something of life her trees, her flowers, in just such a way that the reader feels that perhaps he, too, has seen trees and flowers living and dynamic. What she says of her poet, we might say of her with a remarkable appropriateness—

*It is wonderful
That I should have a secret that he knows,
And that I should read it there
In his poems.*

F. P.

[THE DARK NIGHT, by May Sinclair. MacMillan. \$2.00].

O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH

When Mr. Byrne, in *Messer Marco Polo*, first waved his wand as Enchanter Extraordinary, it seemed that the exquisite color and beauty of his magic owed much to the rich tones of quaint diction. It seemed, too, that he had set his standard too perilously high; so high, indeed, that without daring the meshes of meticulous care he must soon fall back from the summit. But Mr. Byrne is a magician who weaves unparalleled warmth of color and beauty with the bitter-sweet of a wistful tale, always giving us a tapestry of hushed enchantment. And now he shows us he is in no way dependent upon elaborate expression, and that he does not necessarily have to set his narrative in the romance of bygone days, for while *O'Malley of Shanganagh* is told in a more clear-cut modern fashion, the fascinating charm is still there.

It is the tale of the love of an Irish gentleman and a young *religieuse*; it is a tale of pathetic romance, told in a style that is resplendent in sensuous imagery. We so easily feel the lovely charm of Ireland, of Venice, and we are always aware of the old Mr. Moore, although it is not until the end that we feel the sting of sadness in all its poignancy. We lay hope against hope for the ending, yet we sense the inevitable outcome. He enchants us, this Mr. Byrne; he is a Magician. For we indulge him his long lists of major and minor saints, his French phrases following by translations—he enchants us; he is a Magician.

R. B., II.

[O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH, by Donn Byrne. Century.
\$1.25.]

MARTHA

It was wise of Percy Marks to write a second novel in an attempt to duplicate the crashing success of *The Plastic Age*; but it was a dreadful error of judgment to have the thing printed. The only prudent way to publish *Martha* would have been under an assumed name in a paper-backed edition with a front cover bearing a highly colored picture of a gun-toting desperado in the act of snarling, "Curses!" or "Blaspheme!"—for *Maltreated Martha, or The Hardships of a Hapless Half-Breed* is quite one of the more successful strivings toward the dime novel ideal of cheap sensationalism. The difference is that dime novels are pure.

For example: "For the remainder of the week Martha lived in Frank's arms, so lost in her passion for him that the rest of the world ceased to exist." (The scene with Frank, *not* her husband, is one of a series of these charming little idylls.)

Later: "She's going to have a baby."

"Damn!"

"Your damn tootin' damn."

Etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

If this is the sort of thing you want to read you will find it rather more artistically written in *I Confess* or other of the elevating McFadden publications.

E. L. G.

[**MARTHA**, by Percy Marks. The Century Company.
\$2.00.]

(We are indebted for the books of the last two reviews to Mr. E. S. McCawley, bookseller of Haverford.)

Notes

The article in last month's HAVERFORDIAN on "The Junior College" was written by Thomas Newlin, '85, LL.D., D.D. He has been president of Pacific College, Whittier College, and Guilford College; as well as Vice-President of Wilmington College and dean of Guilford College. At present he is head of the Department of Philosophy of Fullerton Junior College at Fullerton, Cal.

Charles Wharton Stork, '02, is one of the most prolific translators from the Scandinavian in the country and a critic of note. He is the editor of *Contemporary Verse*.

Since his undergraduate days J. Jarden Guenther has been identified with religious work. During the War he was prominent in the Y. M. C. A. At present he is Assistant Minister at the Church of Our Saviour, in Philadelphia.

The June issue of the HAVERFORDIAN will contain an article by D. P. Hibberd, '90, and a review of A. C. Inman's latest book, *Of Castle Terror*.

The HAVERFORDIAN announces with pleasure the election to the editorial board of Robert Barry, II and I. Lloyd Hibberd of the Class of 1926; and of Richard C. Bull of the Class of 1928.

The HAVERFORDIAN will soon publish a collection of the writings of Christopher Morley which have appeared in its pages.

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| Tuesday | 21—Buster Keaton in "The Navigator." |
| Wednesday | 22—Agnes Ayres in "Tomorrow's Love." |
| Thursday | 23—Ramon Navarro in "Thy Name Is Woman." |
| Friday | 24—Viola Dana and Lew Cody in "Revelation." |
| Saturday | 25—All-Star Cast in "The Cyclone Rider." |
| Monday | 27—Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk." |
| Tuesday | 28—Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk." |
| Wednesday | 29—Betty Compson in "The Fast Set." |
| Thursday | 30—Jean Stratton Porter's "The Girl of the Limberlost." |

MAY

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Friday | 1—Ramon Navarro in "The Arab." |
| Saturday | 2—James Kirkwood in "Broken Barriers." |
| Monday | 4—All-Star Cast in "Fools in the Dark." |
| Tuesday | 5—All-Star Cast in "When a Man's a Man." |
| Wednesday | 6—Bebe Daniels in "Miss Bluebeard." |
| Thursday | 7—All-Star Cast in "It Is the Law." |
| Friday | 8—Blanche Sweet in "Tess of the D'Ubervilles." |
| Saturday | 9—Tom Mix in "Teeth." |
| Monday | 11—Richard Dix in "A Man Must Live." |
| Tuesday | 12—Ben Alexander in "A Self-Made Failure." |
| Wednesday | 13—Dorothy Mackaill in "The Painted Lady." |
| Thursday | 14—Strongheart, the Wonder Dog, in "Flapper Wives." |
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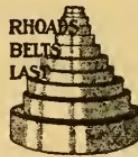
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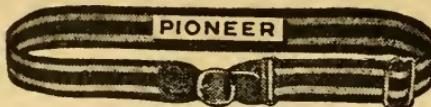
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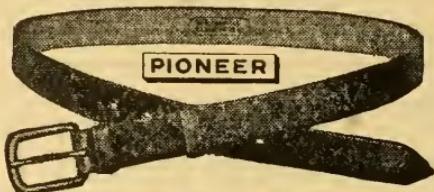
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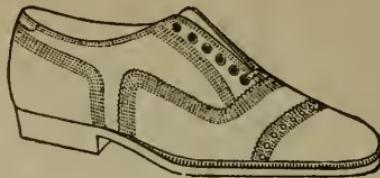
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